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World's most metaphysical rock weekly

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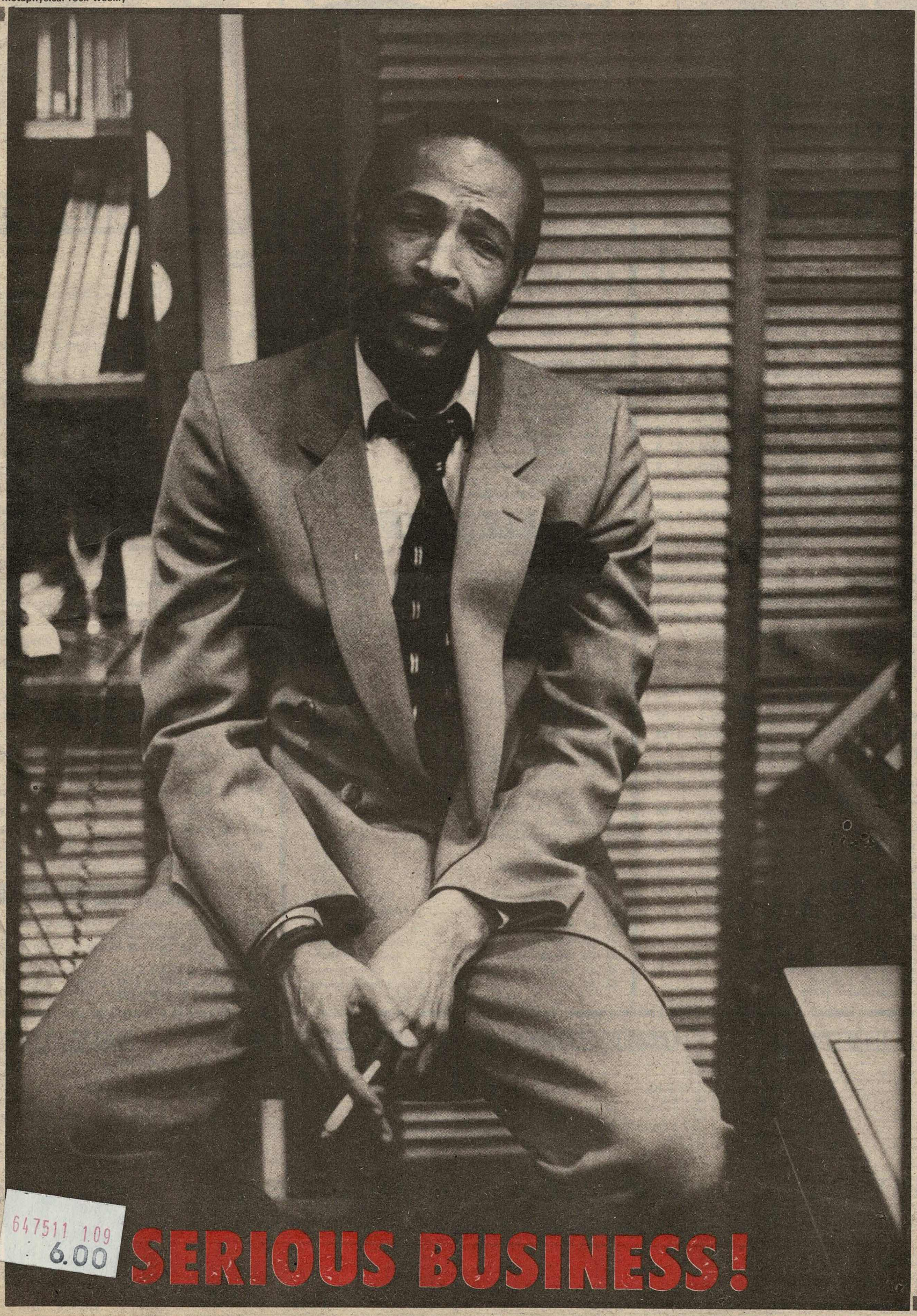

MARVIN SUITS HIMSELF/PIC: PENNIE SMITH

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SERIOUS BUSINESS!

MARVIN GAYE TELLS HOW TO SURVIVE THE APOCALYPSE

Joe Dolce hits number one! Whaddya say to that?!
Joe Dolce hits number one! What do you say to that?!

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
February 28th, 1981

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(3)	**Shaddup You Face**	Joe Dolce (Epic)	3	1
2	(1)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	1
3	(6)	**I Surrender**	Rainbow (Polydor)	4	3
4	(2)	**Woman**	John Lennon (Geffen)	5	2
5	(5)	**Oldest Swinger In Town**	Fred Wedlock (Rocket)	3	5
6	(4)	**In The Air Tonight**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	6	1
7	(16)	**Message Of Love**	Pretenders (Real)	2	7
8	(9)	**Return Of The Los Palmas 7**	Madness (Stiff)	5	8
9	(11)	**Rock This Town**	Stray Cats (Arista)	3	9
10	(10)	**Romeo And Juliet**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	5	9
11	(—)	**St Valentine's Day Massacre EP**	Motorhead/Girlschool (Bronze)	1	11
12	(14)	**Fade To Grey**	Visage (Polydor)	6	7
13	(15)	**We'll Bring The House Down**	Slade (Cheapskate)	2	13
14	(—)	**Jealous Guy**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	14
15	(—)	**Do The Hucklebuck**	Coast To Coast (Polydor)	1	15
16	(24)	**Southern Freeez**	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	3	16
17	(18)	**Sgt Rock**	XTC (Virgin)	4	17
18	(12)	**Ant Music**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	10	2
19	(21)	**A Little In Love**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	12
20	(7)	**Rapture**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	4
21	(—)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	1	21
22	(—)	**Four From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)	1	22
23	(25)	**That's Entertainment**	The Jam (Metronome)	3	23
24	(19)	**I'm In Love With A German Film Star**	Passions (Polydor)	3	19
25	(—)	**Imagine**	John Lennon (Apple)	9	1
26	(—)	**(Somebody) Help Me Out**	Beggar & Co (Ensign)	1	26
27	(20)	**The Freeze**	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	4	12
28	(29)	**Once In A Lifetime**	Talking Heads (Sire)	2	28
29	(17)	**Young Parisians**	Adam & The Ants (Decca)	6	5
30	(23)	**Gangsters Of The Groove**	Heatwave (GTO)	6	15

BUBBLING UNDER

Star — Kiki Dee (Ariola)
Jones v Jones — Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)
Take My Time — Sheena Easton (EMI)
Reward — Teardrop Explodes (Phonogram)
Hot Love — Kelly Marie (Calibre)
Planet Earth — Duran Duran (EMI)

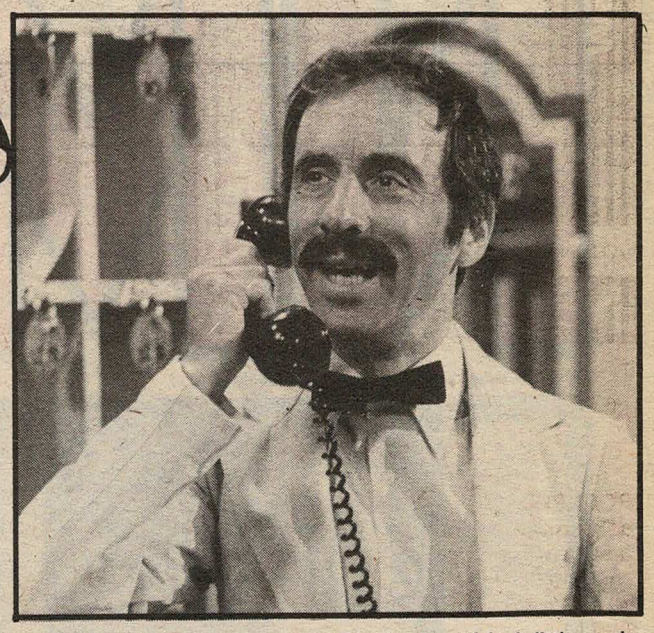
US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	**9 To 5**	Dolly Parton
2	(1)	**I Love A Rainy Night**	Eddie Rabbitt
3	(4)	**Keep On Loving You**	Reo Speedwagon
4	(3)	**Celebration**	Kool & The Gang
5	(6)	**Woman**	John Lennon
6	(5)	**The Tide Is High**	Blondie
7	(9)	**The Best Of Times**	Styx
8	(7)	**Same Old Lang Syne**	Dan Fogelberg
9	(15)	**Rapture**	Blondie
10	(10)	**Giving It Up For Your Love**	Delbert McClinton
11	(17)	**Crying**	Don McLean
12	(13)	**Treat Me Right**	Pat Benatar
13	(14)	**I Ain't Gonna Stand For It**	Stevie Wonder
14	(19)	**Hello Again (Love Theme From 'The Jazz Singer')**	Neil Diamond
15	(16)	**The Winner Takes It All**	Abba
16	(11)	**(Just Like) Starting Over**	John Lennon
17	(12)	**Hey Nineteen**	Steely Dan
18	(20)	**A Little In Love**	Cliff Richard
19	(8)	**Passion**	Rod Stewart
20	(22)	**Games People Play**	The Alan Parsons Project
21	(21)	**Heartbreak Hotel**	The Jacksons
22	(26)	**Kiss On My List**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
23	(24)	**Smoky Mountain Rain**	Ronnie Milsap
24	(25)	**Hearts On Fire**	Randy Meisner
25	(28)	**What Kind Of Fool**	Barbra Streisand
26	(18)	**Love On The Rocks**	Neil Diamond
27	(29)	**Ah! Leah!**	Donnie Iris
28	(31)	**Living In A Fantasy**	Leo Sayer
29	(34)	**Fade Away**	Bruce Springsteen
30	(37)	**Don't Strand So Close To Me**	The Police

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
2	(4)	**Hi Infidelity**	Reo Speedwagon
3	(3)	**The Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond
4	(2)	**Greatest Hits**	Kenny Rogers
5	(7)	**Paradise Theater**	Styx
6	(5)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
7	(6)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
8	(8)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie
9	(9)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
10	(11)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder
11	(12)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	The Police
12	(10)	**Gaucho**	Steely Dan
13	(13)	**Celebrate**	Kool & The Gang
14	(25)	**Captured**	Journey
15	(16)	**The Turn Of A Friendly Card**	The Alan Parsons Project
16	(15)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen
17	(18)	**Gap Band III**	Gap Band
18	(21)	**9 To 5 And Odd Jobs**	Dolly Parton
19	(19)	**Super Trouper**	Abba
20	(17)	**Foolish Behaviour**	Rod Stewart
21	(14)	**Eagles Live**	The Eagles
22	(22)	**Fantastic Voyage**	Lakeside
23	(26)	**Ghost Riders**	Outlaws
24	(23)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
25	(31)	**The Two Of Us**	Yarbrough & Peoples
26	(28)	**Horizon**	Eddie Rabbit
27	(20)	**The Game**	Queen
28	(29)	**Making Movies**	Dire Straits
29	(33)	**Arc Of A Diver**	Steve Winwood
30	(38)	**Trust**	Elvis Costello & The Attractions

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Manuel doesn't hit anything at all with his cover of Joe's little number, but his (sort of) album does alright.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(3)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon and Yoko Ono(WEA/Geffen)	14	1
2	(11)	**Face Value**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	2	2
3	(1)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	14	1
4	(2)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	2
5	(—)	**Difficult To Cure**	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	5
6	(9)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	13	6
7	(22)	**Moving Pictures**	Rush (Phonogram)	2	7
8	(4)	**The Very Best of David Bowie**	David Bowie (K-Tel)	7	2
9	(8)	**Dance Craze**	Soundtrack (2-Tone)	2	8
10	(10)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	28	3
11	(5)	**Makin' Movies**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	7	5
12	(17)	**Dr Hook's Greatest Hits**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	11	2
13	(—)	**Themeninblack**	Stranglers (Liberty)	1	13
14	(14)	**Barry**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	12	4
15	(7)	**Shaved Fish**	John Lennon (Geffen/WEA)	7	7
16	(27)	**Southern Freeez**	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	3	16
17	(26)	**Supertrouper**	Abba (Epic)	14	1
18	(12)	**Visage**	Visage (Polydor)	4	12
18	(6)	**Imagine**	John Lennon (EMI)	7	4
20	(19)	**Arc Of A Diver**	Steve Winwood (Island)	6	16
21	(15)	**Mondo Bongo**	Boomtown Rats (Mercury)	5	8
22	(20)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	16	1
23	(18)	**Absolutely**	Madness (Stiff)	21	2
24	(23)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	12	3
25	(—)	**Fawlty Towers Vol 2**	Various (BBC)	1	25
26	(25)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)	18	1
27	(13)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	19	2
28	(29)	**Candles**	Heatwave (GTO)	2	28
29	(28)	**Remain In Light**	Talking Heads (Sire)	2	28
30	(30)	**Trust**	Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat)	4	13

BUBBLING UNDER

Diminished Responsibility — U.K. Subs (Gem)
Shades — J.J. Cale (Shelter)
My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts — David Byrne & Brian Eno (Polydor/EG).
Celebrate The Bullet — The Selecter (Chrysalis)
All American Girls — Sister Sledge (WEA)
Photographs As Memories — Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red).

INDIES 33s

1 **New Age Steppers** (On U Sound)
2 **Photographs as Memories** Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
3 **Scientist Meets The Space Invaders** Scientist (Greensleeves)
4 **Thirst** Clock D.V.A. (Fetish)
5 **Black Arc In Dub** Black Ark Players (Black Ark Int.)
6 **Signing Off** UB40 (Graduate)
7 **Grotesque** The Fall (Rough Trade)
8 **Toyah Toyah Toyah** Toyah (Safari)
9 **Closer** Joy Division (Factory)
10 **Dirk Wears White Sox** Adam & The Ants (Do It)

INDIES 45s

1 **Give Me Passion** Positive Noise (Static)
2 **Dreams To Fill The Vacuum** I'm So Hollow (Hologram)
3 **Yo Yo** Frankies (Human)
4 **Still Reflex** Repetition
5 **Reachin'** Theatre of Hate (SS)
6 **Nagasaki Nightmare** Crass (Crass)
7 **Is Vic There** Department S (Demon)
8 **Industry (12" U.S. Import)** Industry (Sky Disc)
9 **Its Obvious** Au Pairs (Human)
10 **Eiseigr Wind** Louis Tut (Rough Trade)

Chart by: Saul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

REGGAE

1 **Open Up** Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
2 **Sandy** Sugar Minott (Germain)
3 **Love TKO** Hugh Porter (Success)
4 **You're The One** Tropical Breeze (Daddy Kool)
5 **Street of Gold** Heptones (Tom Tom)
6 **She Rob and Goon** Barrington Levy (Strong Like Samson)
7 **My Liza** Ranking Dread (Artscraft)
8 **Free The Whole Wide World** Burning Spear (Spear)
9 **Moulding** I Jah Man (Jahmaine)
10 **At The Club** Victor Romero (Special Request)

Chart by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1.

DISCO

1 **Love No Longer Has A Hold On Me** Johnny Bristol (Hansa)
2 **Southern Freeez** Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
3 **(Strut Your Stuff) Sexy Lady** Young & Co (Excalibur)
4 **Underwater** Harry Thuman (Phonogram)
5 **Twelfth House** Delegation (Ariola)
6 **Burn Up The Carnival** J. e Sample (MCA)
7 **Help Me Out** Beggar & Co (Ensign)
8 **Don't Stop** KIB (EMI)
9 **Lately** Stevie Wonder (Motown)
10 **Jones v Jones** Kool & the Gang (Phonogram)

Chart by: HMV Record Shop, Oxford Street, London W1.

5 YEARS AGO

1 **December '63** Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
2 **Rodrigo's Guitar Concerto** Manuel & The Music Of The Mountains (EMI)
3 **I Love To Love** Tina Charles (CBS)
4 **Forever And Ever** Slik (Bell)
5 **Convoy** C. W. McCall (MGM)
6 **Mama Mia** Abba (Epic)
7 **Love Machine** Miracles (Tamla Motown)
8 **No Regrets** Walker Brothers (GTO)
9 **Love To Love You Baby** Donna Summer (GTO)
10 **It Should Have Been Me** Yvonne Fair (Tamla Motown)

Week ending February 28, 1976

10 YEARS AGO

1 **My Sweet Lord** George Harrison (Apple)
2 **It's Impossible** Perry Como (RCA)
3 **Pushbike Song** Mixtures (Polydor)
4 **Resurrection Shuffle** Ashton, Gardner & Dyke (Capitol)
5 **Baby Jump** Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
6 **Amazing Grace** Judy Collins (Elektra)
7 **Stone Love** Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8 **Another Day** Paul McCartney (Apple)
9 **Rose Garden** Lynn Anderson (CBS)
10 **Your Song** Elton John (DJM)

Week ending March 3, 1971

15 YEARS AGO

1 **19th Nervous Breakdown** Rolling Stones (Decca)
2 **These Boots Are Made For Walking** Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
3 **A Groovy Kind Of Love** Mindbenders (Fontana)
4 **Sha-La-La-La-Lee** Small Faces (Decca)
5 **Barbara Ann** Beach Boys (Capitol)
6 **My Love** Petula Clark (Pye)
7 **Inside Looking Out** Animals (Decca)
8 **Backstage** Gene Pitney (Stateside)
9 **Lightning Strikes** Lou Christie (MGM)
10 **I Can't Let Go** Hollies (Parlophone)

Week ending March 6, 1966

20 YEARS AGO

1 **Walk Right Back** Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
2 **Sailor** Petula Clark (Pye)
2 **Will You Love Me Tomorrow** Shirelles (Top Rank)
4 **Are You Sure** Allisons (Fontana)
5 **Are You Lonesome Tonight** Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 **FBI** Shadows (Columbia)
7 **Who Am I** Adam Faith (Parlophone)
8 **Calendar Girl** Neil Sedaka (RCA)
9 **Riders In The Sky** Ramrods (London)
10 **Rubber Ball** Bobby Vee (London)

Week ending March 3, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NATIONAL MEDICAL ENTERPRISES. HMM . . . IT'S GOT A RING TO IT

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Rockpile crack up

ROCKPILE are the latest addition to 1981's fast-growing roster of rock casualties, with the announcement this week that they have ceased to exist. It was not completely unexpected, as speculation about a possible split has been growing for some time. But suggestions of a rift between the band and F-Beat chief Jake Riviera appear to be discounted by the conciliatory nature of the press release.

Rockpile fight it out L–R: Williams, Lowe, Edmunds, Bremner

The statement from the band — Dave Edmunds (guitar), Nick Lowe (bass), Billy Bremner (guitar) and Terry Williams (drums) says simply: "The members of Rockpile have all agreed to devote time to pursuing solo careers, and therefore Rockpile will be disbanding. They wish it to be known that the decision is a joint and amicable one."

Rockpile came together as a unit after Edmunds and Lowe had habitually worked on each other's projects. But it was never really more than an occasional band, because of the heavy demands on the services of the two principals. In fact, it was not until just before Christmas that their debut album was released — an LP which, ironically, has now proved also to be their farewell album.

— Tourists too

THE TOURISTS have decided to call it a day — after four hit singles, three commercially successful albums and several major tours at home and abroad.

The decision to terminate their 2½-year career was made in Bangkok, at the tail end of a lengthy tour of Australia and the Far East.

Commented singer Annie Lennox: "Our musical attitudes were becoming polarised, as well as having to cope with our steadily deteriorating personal relationships. I'm greatly relieved at the decision and glad it's all over, but it was fun while it lasted."

Since the split, Annie and guitarist Dave Stewart have formed a new project called Eurythmics, and they've already been recording in Cologne with noted producer Conny Plank.

Among other musicians involved were Jackie Liebezeit and Holgar Czukay (both ex-Can) and DAF percussionist Robert Gorl. Other members will be added, though the line-up is likely to remain fluid.

Eurythmics have signed a deal with RCA, for whom The Tourists recorded, and their debut single and album are due for release within the next few months. But further activities are largely dependent — for the time being, at any rate — on the health of Dave Stewart, who recently underwent a lung operation and is reportedly still in poor shape.

As far as the other Tourists members are concerned, guitarist Pete Coombes and bassist Eddie Chin are getting together a new band called Acid Drops, but drummer Jim Toomey hasn't yet announced his future plans.

Bow Wows' Rainbow funfair — without Annabella?

BOW WOW WOW turn the Finsbury Park Rainbow into a funfair this Saturday — and they have added another dozen dates to their major UK tour, making a total of 24 shows in all. They still have to confirm a batch of Irish gigs at the beginning of April, but the tour now closes with another London appearance — at the Lyceum Ballroom on April 12.

Other new bookings are at Durham University (March 17), Poole Arts Centre (19), Taunton Odeon (20), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (21), Bristol Locarno (22), Cardiff Top Rank (25), Wakefield Unity Hall (29), Edinburgh Tiffany's (April 6), Glasgow Tiffany's (7), Lincoln Drill Hall (9) and Northampton County Ground (11).

In order to accommodate these additions, there are two changes in the original date sheet — Brighton Top Rank moves from March 29 to 23, and Derby Assembly Rooms from 31 to 26. And instead of playing Birmingham Top Rank on April 1, they've switched to a larger venue in the city — the Odeon on April 10.

Plans to convert the auditorium into a fairground for this Saturday's Rainbow concert were finally clinched on Monday. It seemed last week that they would have to be scrapped because of possible damage to the theatre's floor, but all problems have now been overcome. So Saturday's show will feature a funfair, sideshows, a number of "special surprises" — and Bow Wow Wow, too.

To tie in with the tour, their new single 'W.O.R.K. (N.O. No Nah My Daddy Don't)' is released by EMI on March 9, in both orthodox and cassette form. The B-side is the Spanish version of 'C30, C60, C90 Go!' and the cover is rumoured to feature a picture of two naked young teenaged girls wearing headphones.

A less likely rumour has also been circulating this week, to the effect that singer Annabella Lu Win has been kicked out of the group and replaced by a 16-year-old clothes shop assistant. EMI themselves are in the dark — they've heard the rumour too, but have had no word from the McLaren camp to substantiate or deny it.

● THE SELECTER have added four more dates to their British tour, announced three weeks ago — at Bolton Sports Centre (March 18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (26), Swindon Oasis Centre (28) and Birmingham Odeon (29). Still more gigs are at present being finalised, to be followed by a handful of dates in Ireland and a short European tour.

BOB FOR ST LUCIA COMEBACK?

By VIVIEN GOLDMAN

SPECULATION that Bob Marley will make his stage comeback in the Carnival of Caribbean Arts has intensified with the news that his wife Rita Marley is to play a week-long season in the event from June 1 — and her act will feature The Wailers plus "a very special surprise guest". The implication is that Marley's name is being kept under wraps, as a safeguard against the possibility of relapse after his recent illness.

As already reported, the carnival is being staged on the West Indian island of St Lucia from May 1 to June 26. It's not solely a music event, but many British bands — including The Specials, The Beat, Aswad, Madness, Black Slate and UB40 — are flying out to take part at some time during its run.

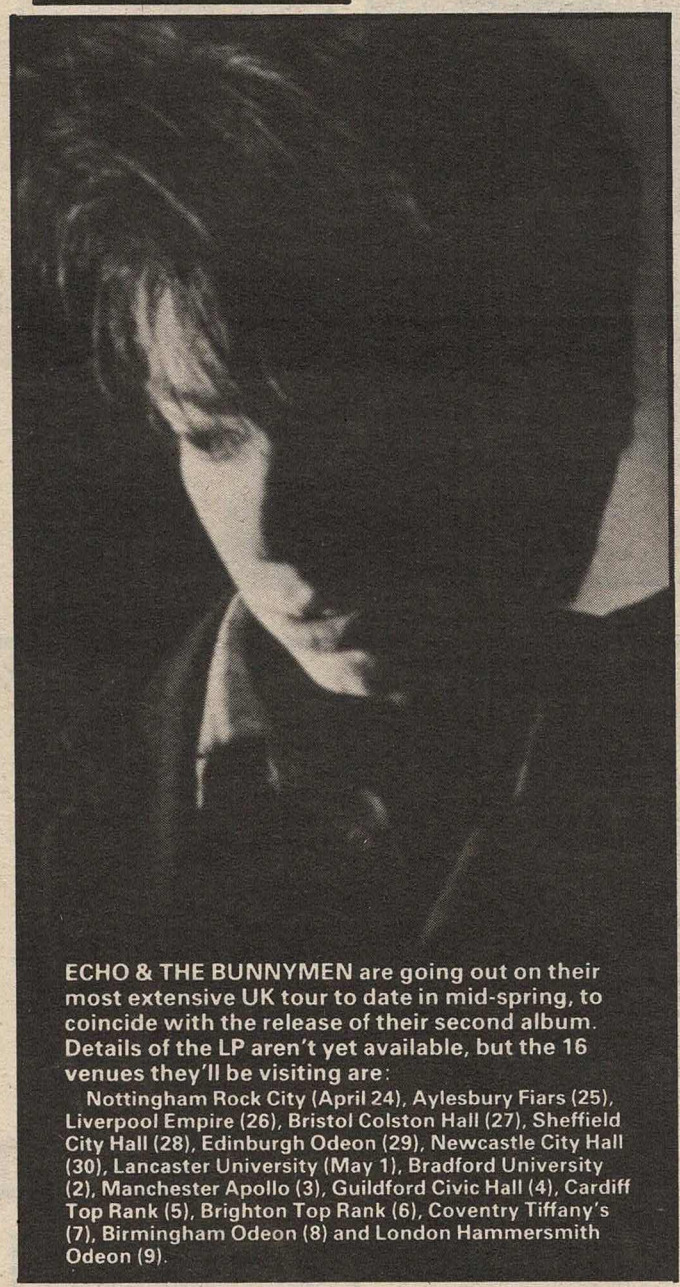
The festival, staged to raise funds for the island's earthquake fund, is being organised in collaboration with the St Lucia government by one Alan Biggs, who formerly spent a decade or so promoting gigs in Scotland.

Biggs decided to pull out of that line after The Who kept on insisting on a £260,000 fee when he could only offer them £40,000. Thus, in '78, he and his family fulfilled a long-cherished desire. They went to the airport, and bought a ticket on the first plane out. Just like that. In the travelling years that followed, Biggs found himself returning to the tiny island of St Lucia over and over. "It's the right place for someone who's been battered by music," he says feelingly.

Biggs is conscious of disturbing the island's tranquillity; thus he's moving the many events around to different island spots. So the movie of the fest could be a tourist guide too; they should pay special attention to the concert-in-a-live-volcano (Biggs assures me it's safe . . .)

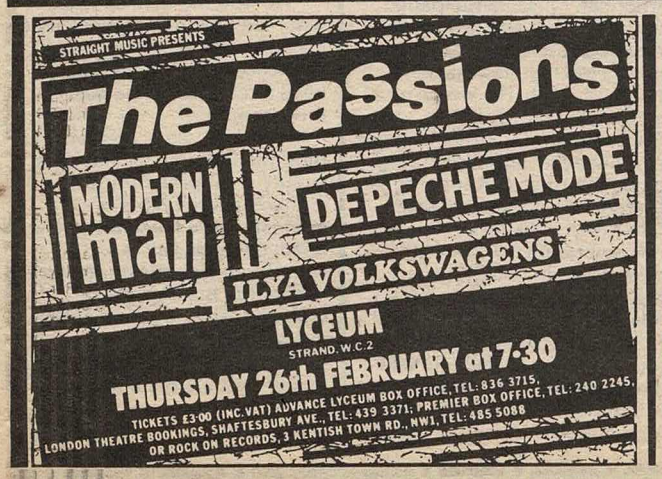
At present Madness are playing May 25-31; Aswad May 30-June 30; Steel Pulse May 10-18; Selecter May 21-8. Also present: The Specials (for all eight weeks), The Beat, Black Slate, Judy Mowatt and the I Three, Freddie 'Jogging' McGregor, possibly Toots and the Maytals and Eddy Grant. There are possibilities of a Police presence, and The Rolling Stones — well, whatever you think of 'em,

■ *Continues over*



ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN are going out on their most extensive UK tour to date in mid-spring, to coincide with the release of their second album. Details of the LP aren't yet available, but the 16 venues they'll be visiting are:

Nottingham Rock City (April 24), Aylesbury Fiars (25), Liverpool Empire (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Sheffield City Hall (28), Edinburgh Odeon (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Lancaster University (May 1), Bradford University (2), Manchester Apollo (3), Guildford Civic Hall (4), Cardiff Top Rank (5), Brighton Top Rank (6), Coventry Tiffany's (7), Birmingham Odeon (8) and London Hammersmith Odeon (9).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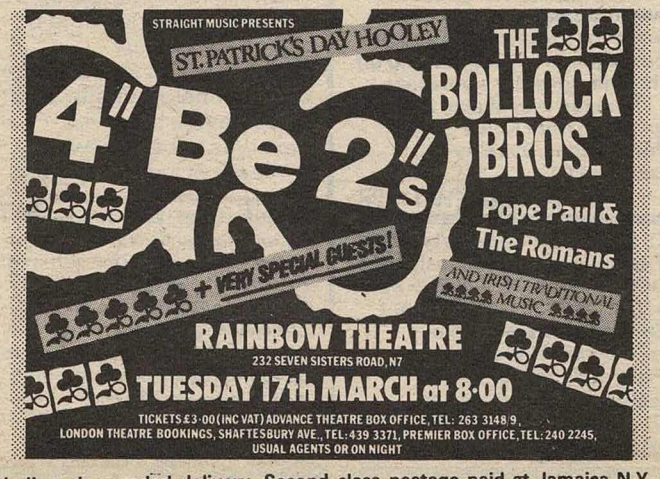
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USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

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Bob Marley

■ *From previous page*

they're lending their mobile studio to the project.

Financially, it's £30 for a week's films, music, etc. There are special fares from Caribbean Airways, and Pegasus Holidays (01-828 2151) are offering £450 for a two-week stay. A return ticket for up to 59 days starts at £345. All profits to the St Lucia Relief Fund — and if you're in a position to hustle that kind of bread, it sounds too good to miss.

● Bob Marley was last week reported alive and much improved and staying in a villa with friends outside Munich, where he has been receiving treatment at Dr Josef Issel's cancer clinic. Marley was hoping to return soon to the farm in Ethiopia which he visited before entering the clinic. After that, he's due to start work on a new album in Jamaica.

The anti-nuclear family

IF CHARLIE'S ANGELS went into a Venice Beach hang-out, the band on the jukebox would sound a lot like The Nuclear Regulatory Commission. But as you can guess from the name, the NRC have more on their minds than cleavage.

The NRC call themselves such because it seemed to them the genuine Federal article of the same name weren't doing their job. They weren't regulating and prosecuting local authorities who ran power stations in a hazardous manner.

So the new NRC do it for them. Plus they run a group on the side.

Home is a ground wheat commune for 1,350 outside. Nashville Tenn. From here, the NRC have already taken on their local Tennessee Valley Authority, whose defunct mine in South Dakota was blowing out uranium poisons. And also the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. — where the commune's portable 'Nukebuster' detected a pile of display rocks oozing excessive background radiation.

Since these early successes the group have acquired a new pigtailed front woman/singer Bonnie Bonnickson, whilst their video-making skills have expanded to the point where mainstream American TV has got interested. The "alternative humour" programmes *Saturday Night Live* and *Fridays* have each offered them a slot to appear/perform/run amok.

And now their new album called 'Reactor'. It's nine tracks were recorded and mastered in their own Farm studio. The sound is Hollywood hepcat with lyrics of the intelligent, sometimes witty, sort packed into every available service.

Bonnie balances off in her looping, post-Modern voice lines such as: *"Man has created a vast array of systems for the preservation of the status quo/so many complicated systems to try to substitute for the natural law.* (Eat your heart out, Debbie Harry!).

A lesser performer might have died in the attempt. But Ms Bonnickson lives. Not the world's great album but if you want the prosecutions and the propaganda to keep coming off the mill, consider a purchase.

'Reactor' is available for £3.50 (p/p incl) from Kona Publications, 335 City Rd, London EC1.

— **ANDREW TYLER**

□ **Self-styled Game Wizards TSR Hobbies inform us that the DUNGEONS & DRAGONS basic set costs £7.50 in the UK (not £8.25 as mentioned in our recent article) with just one Players Handbook for Advanced Dungeons and Dragons at £7.95. But will Spizz write a song about it ...?**

LEMMY — the awful truth!

MS KADOODLEHOPPER: Doctor what's wrong with him?

Doc Quackski: He's flipped out, wigged.

Ms: I don't understand.

Doc: Y'know we warn these kids about messing with drugs but they never listen. We're the squares — the unhip — what the hell can we tell 'em? But this guy's findin' out the hard way. Y'see, miss, what your friend Lemmy is experiencing is total personality exchange. Everybody in this world has a twin spirit in the same way as every town has a twin in some other country, and what's happened here is that Lemmy has put such a strain on his psyche over the years that the news of his single going straight into the chart at 11 has taken him over the edge. He's no longer truly himself.

Ms: Well who is he then, doctor?

Doc: Well from what we can gather from his inner self, middle consciousness, deep psycho being and total mind experience aura, is that he's Mr Clement Hunglider of Sparrow St., Illinois, expert angler, math major, son of a storeholder and basketball coach.

Ms: Your research told you all that?

Doc: No, we found his diary in his slacks.

Ms: How boring!

Doc: You're kidding, you should check out April 6th. Anyway, you're gonna have to realize that Lemmy, as you knew him, is dead. You owe your dedication to re-adjusting Mr Hunglider now. When he snaps out of the post-exchange trance he's gonna want a helluva lot of explaining done. For a start all his bullet belts will be three sizes too small.

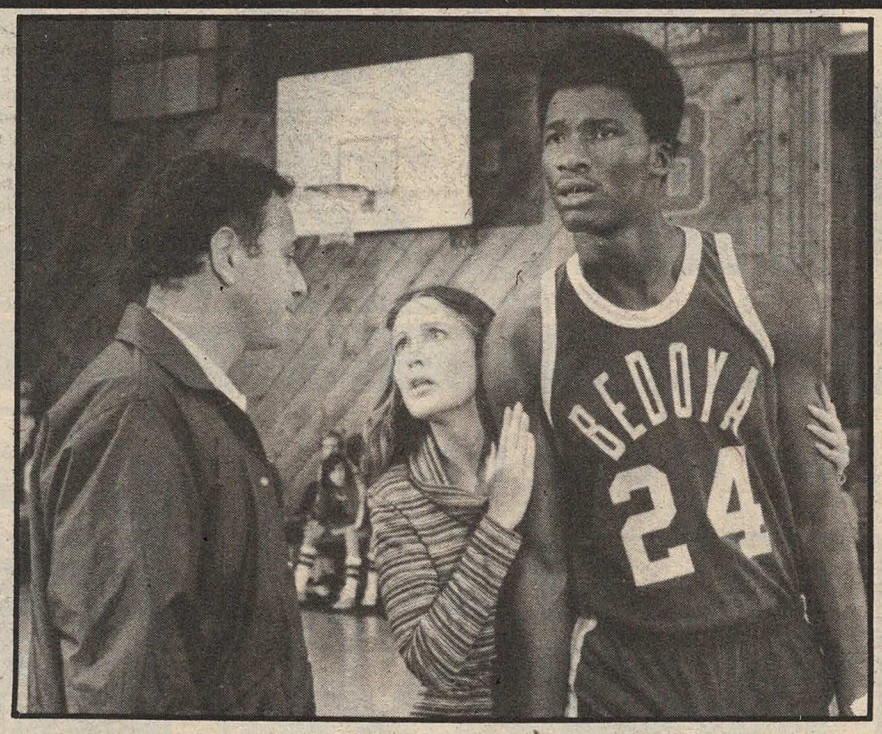
Ms: And what about Lemmy . . . *my* Lemmy.

Doc: Well all I can tell you is that there's a Principal at a college in Illinois whose track star has just become a real banana. And downtown, there's a storeholder someplace asking the Lord why his son is currently white, unshaven and telling all the customers to piss off.

Ms: And all this because of drugs?

Doc: Lady, don't look so surprised. We've been telling you for years, you just been too busy to listen . . .

(Music swells, titles roll and audience spend next fifteen minutes on hands and knees under seat looking for the keys that fell from your jacket pocket).



Virgin go to Heaven

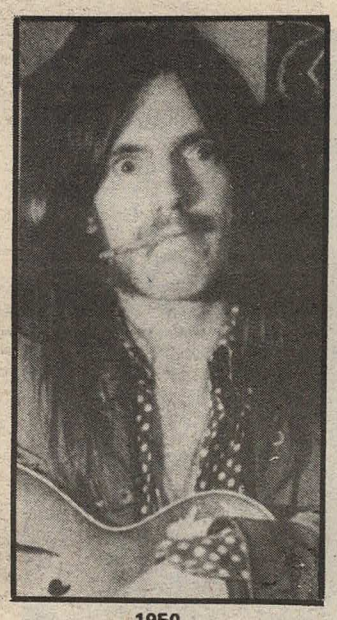
THE VIRGIN Records empire is about to expand its interests in London's night-life by taking over the capital's premier gay disco, Heaven.

Situated underneath-the-arches behind Charing Cross, Heaven — once notorious as the Global Village — was entirely rebuilt less than two years ago as an annex of the Embassy Club. Virgin spokesperson Keith Bourton refuted speculation that the intention was to run Heaven along similar lines to Virgin's other night-spot the Venue, and that Heaven regulars would be forced to seek alternative hang-outs.

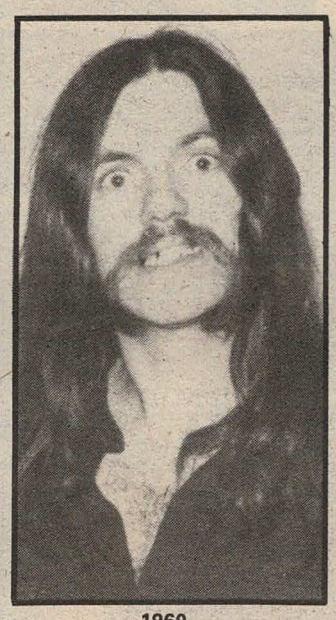
"It will still be a members and their guests poicy," insisted Bourton. "The only difference would be that there would be more live bands booked into the club than before. But it won't be run along the same lines as the Venue. The bands that will play Heaven will be those who either aren't right or ready for the Venue or don't want to play the place."

The staff who now manage and operate Heaven will probably be retained under the terms of the soon-to-be-signed acquisition.

And — exclusive! — the changing faces of Clement Hunglider



1950



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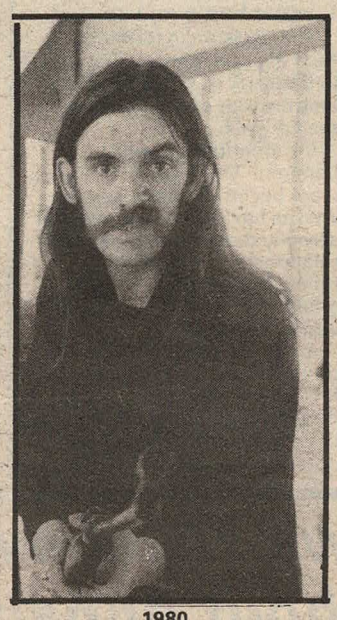


1980

1990

MIKE BLOOMFIELD 1943-81

Death of a craftsman

A WEEK after Mike Bloomfield's death and still nobody claims to know anything more than the depressingly bare facts.

Bloomfield, 37 years of age and formerly one of rock's most innovative guitar-players, was found slumped over the wheel of his car on Sunday, February 15. Police immediately ruled out any considerations of 'foul play'. Bloomfield's death, they said, was "probably not an act of suicide", since no suicide note was found — though an empty Valium bottle was located laying somewhat ominously on the adjacent seat.

Until a full autopsy report is made public, it would be foolhardy to draw conclusions as to the nature of Bloomfield's death. What he achieved, however, deserves to be reviewed.

The son of a wealthy Jewish Chicago restaurant supplies manufacturer, Bloomfield was initially drawn towards guitar-playing by such seminal rock instrumentalists as Scotty Moore, James Burton and Chuck Berry. But far more formidable inspirations were to be found much closer to home — literally — when the teenaged Bloomfield discovered the black urban blues that was being created on the South Side of Chicago.

After forming and fronting his first ensemble at 16, Bloomfield committed himself to hard-nosed blues by backing Big Joe Williams. In his late teens, he subsidised these liaisons with session-playing behind such disparate figures as Sleepy John Estes and Mitch Ryder.

In 1965, at age 21, Bloomfield entered his most creative period. A blindingly terse, lyrical exponent of blues leads, Bloomfield joined The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, a racially-integrated blues ensemble fronted by the stocky Butterfield (whose apprenticeship in South Side clubs studying harmonica was virtually identical to Bloomfield's). This coalition also occurred in tandem with Bloomfield playing on Bob Dylan's first essential electric sessions. It's Bloomfield's guitar weaving through the dense gothic melody of 'Like A Rolling Stone', rising at the song's chorus to sustain the accusative nature of the lyrics, adding a triumphant second voice to Dylan's own. Although history has tended to pinpoint Robbie Robertson as Dylan's key partner-in-crime when he chose to 'go electric', it is Bloomfield whom Dylan first conspired with — Dylan in fact wanted Bloomfield to be a permanent fixture in a live band, and opted for Robertson as second choice. Bloomfield's stinging leads are all over key tracks on 'Bringing It All Back Home' and particularly 'Highway 61 Revisited'.

Bloomfield did play in concert with Dylan but only strictly within the context of Butterfield's outfit, who provided back-up at the notorious '65 Newport Folk Festival gig where Dylan was booed.

The Butterfield connection has left behind a formidable legacy in two Elektra albums, the first simply a powerhouse blues exercise with Bloomfield well to the fore, the second — 'East West' — a veritable classic, climaxing in the 13-minute title track where Bloomfield and second guitarist Elvin Bishop improvised around a futuristic instrumental motif built on an Indian raga scale.

By 1967, Bloomfield was America's number one young blues/rock guitarist, easily the equal of Clapton. Yet he worried constantly about whether his middle-class upbringing afforded him the right to play authentic blues, and fought shy of the guitar-hero worship that ran riot in the twilight years of the '60s. It was this inner conflict that was to be his commercial undoing.

Most obvious was the failure of The Electric Flag, an American music band loaded with talent but also with too many egos. Bloomfield was always too restless to see things through. His single most successful recording — 'Supersession' — he walked out of, halfway through recording, leaving partner Al Kooper to fill out the album's second side with Steve Stills for company.

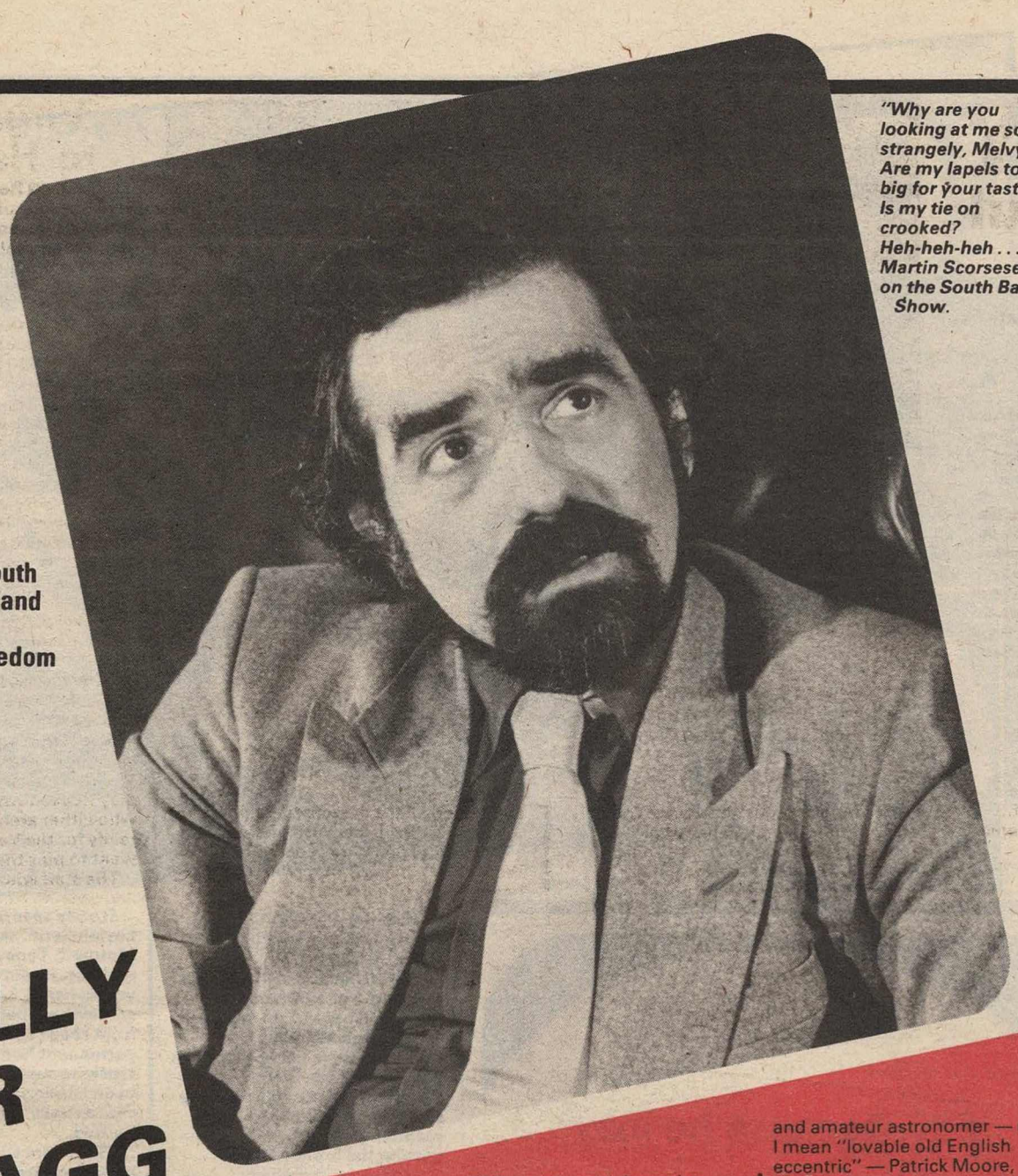
A reputation for irresponsibility blighted Bloomfield through the early '70s. A muddled, confused but amiable character, Bloomfield was coaxed — twice — to take part in lamentable supergroups — 'Triumvirate', boasting Dr John and John Hammond's maverick talents alongside Bloomfield's, and KGB, boasting too much of nothing to possibly gell.

In the latter '70s, Bloomfield recorded for the Takoma label and though the three records currently available are comparatively humble efforts, the guitarist seemed finally to have found his level. In '76, he recorded 'If You Love These Blues', a functional yet impressive aural companion for *Guitar Player* magazine. Next came 'Analine', followed by a gospel album simply entitled 'Mike Bloomfield / Woody Harris' which featured Bloomfield as an acoustic instrumentalist playing such evergreens as 'Peace In The Valley' and 'I Will Overcome'. Available here through Sonet, who are in fact awaiting tapes and artwork for a fourth Bloomfield album.

"We have no idea exactly what the music is, or what style it's in," a Sonet spokesman stated last Friday, "but we will have it released in the next three months."

In his final years, Michael Bloomfield found his niche as simply an unpretentious craftsman after years of confusion as a failed artist. His death coincides all too soberingly with the undeniable realisation that the age of craftsmanship in music is also virtually dead; a sad punctuation mark to the life of one of rock's quieter talents.

— **NICK KENT**



"Why are you looking at me so strangely, Melvyn? Are my lapels too big for your taste? Is my tie on crooked? Heh-heh-heh . . ." Martin Scorsese on the South Bank Show.

IAN PENMAN visits the South Bank Show and finds a rare sense of freedom

BULLY FOR BRAGG

THE **South Bank Show (ITV)** profile of director Martin Scorsese was — let's take it on the chin — one of the most worthwhile programmes television has yet produced on the cinema. *And* it had lots of clips of Robert De Niro.

Seriously, it really did hit an irresistible harmony between informative academic background and gleeful upfront enthusiasm — the opposite poles reflected in the personages of interviewee and interviewer: Scorsese for all the world like an evil monk or Grand Inquisitor in a '40s

DANGEROUS VISIONS

Hollywood Epic, Melvyn Bragg almost squirming away with a look of bewilderment on his brow from this twitching bundle of Catholic nightmare nerves.

Scorsese started out sensible and sage, ended up in manic titters and a waterfall of sweat, darting drug fiend stares, parting his beard and snogging with his handkerchief. Summing up some dense, helter skelter matter of Catholic faith — "you know what I'm sayin'?" — in record time, and back to Bragg with *the* most quizzical facial response.

The humour was scandalous! Bragg started to detail Travis Bickle — the vigilante Vietnam veteran of *Taxi Driver*, sort of a crucifixion cross between Mary Whitehouse and Dirty Harry — and Scorsese butted in with *his* characterisation: "He's a bit edgy" (!). Bragg is slightly phased; so is Travis a good guy or a bad guy? "He's basically good," Scorsese starts to grin, "except that he goes about some things in the wrong way . . ." Scorsese bursts out laughing, and continues, "yeah, he has the best of intentions," wipes a tear from his eye, "and *I* really felt like Travis." A bit "edgy" you mean, Marty?

Bragg asserts that Travis seems rather alienated from the lump and grind of the social world — he disapproves of people enjoying themselves, especially sexually. Scorsese's eyebrows do gymnastics and brimstone is suddenly in the air: "Of course! Of course! Sin! Sin! It's terrible!"

He does go on to explain the religious undercurrents in the movie — well, more of a tidal wave, given scriptwriter Paul Schrader's jumpy Calvinist worldview. It's all done with Original Sin. (Scorsese ends a long theological trek with a classic line: "Did Christ really say that? I dunno." Films on the early Christians are in the pipeline. Of course! De Niro! God! It's just right!)

Most of the time, Bragg managed to steer an intelligent course through the thick fog of religious dogma and barefaced bluff — the rallycross end of TV chat, this. The rules of a Little Italian childhood were contrasted with the tenets of Hollywood, clips of the formative Scorsese's favourite films intercut with the later, references to and uses of them, technical devices were linked to the emotional impact they achieved.

Instead of being read for a single meaning — the driving narrative topic, the "genius" of the director — individual films were pressed and played with, emerging as endlessly engaging, reflexive circuits of symbolism, jigsaw puzzles made up of traces and signs from a multitude of sources. It was, in other words, the best kind of demystification — it educated without sacrificing the pleasures, loves or irrational interests which actually keep movies alive and up for analysis.

A perspective was set up by concentrating on four closely related movies, rather than flitting from theme to theme — a fatal mistake with someone as eclectic (screwball) as Scorsese. The only other big 'official' documentary on Scorsese — *Movies Are My Life* — is a good illustration of just that mistake (and plenty more) — but that's probably not the reason the BBC once turned down the chance to screen both it and *Mean Streets*. More likely it was the presence of what they always euphemistically term "language".

In other words, because someone like Scorsese ciphers the normal language of everyday communication (be it ejaculatory rage, loving obscenity or a jolting rhythmic backdrop of pop music) into something unsettling, genuinely sexual and psychologically challenging.

But the question is a lot bigger than whether Robert De Niro's exquisitely ennunciated "fucks" get into your cocoa. ITV — for all their smutty, dodgy quiz show faults — broadcast programmes the BBC wouldn't touch with a Rumpole: the Scorsese prog (contrast with *Parkinson's* De Niro), *Sense Of Freedom*, *City!*, last year's Dennis Potter plays, probably even Ken Loach's *The Gamekeeper*. And the thing all these programmes have in common is that they unflinchingly etched the tensions and problems of individuals within much wider social and political contradictions — thereby upsetting that sacrosanct thing "balance" essential to all good British Broadcasting codes of practice and visual codes. (Why do you think the BBC turned down *Scum* but hyped *Strangeways?*)

Did You See? (BBC2) this week featured infamous careerist/semiologist Colin MacCabe as one of its speakers (he didn't have two heads or spout Commie theory — looked more like a likely Dr Who, especially in the Cambridge tie). MacCabe's "pet" programme was Barry Norman's **Film '81 (BBC1)** which he rightly numbered as typical of television's treatment of movies: TV lives like a vampire off movies but has scant critical respect for or rapport with them.

Norman — in that oh-so-droll, after dinner chit chat, self-centred style — is the apex of the conveyor belt attitude, jut as *Did You See?* itself sums up the BBC's approach to its own medium (contrast with ITV's non-hack-"personality", abrasively analytical *Look Here).*

The previous week's *Did You See?* featured part time fascist and amateur astronomer — no, I mean "lovable old English eccentric" — Patrick Moore, who was also very upset about that ol' devil "language", most of which slipped out in *City!* I wonder what he made of *Sense Of Freedom* — and, worse, the fact that a fairly responsible and intelligent bunch of adults were prepared to discuss the nasty thing the night after it was broadcast.

Long Term Solution (ITV) — that discussion — was, however, extremely disappointing. It rarely rose above a chorus of defensive squabbles and didn't really deal with any of the good or fudged aspects of its subject.

Decaying Glasgow looks set to be TV's equivalent to Scorsese's Little Italy: after *Sense Of Freedom* came **Maggie, BBC2's** new twice weekly "superior" teeny-soap — and they had at least one identical scene in common: the Family tearfully watch their old tenement home being pulled down, the mood funereal.

Maggie's "superiority" consists of the Facts of Prole Life being bared: tranquilisers are brain not pain killers, booze is a living room sedative not a Rover's Return knees up, one parent wants Maggie educated, the other wants her (keep) employed. Kitchen Sink with vomit in.

It looks fairly promising, at least a hint or two of the complex and contradictory Glaswegian psycho-drama landscape: Protestantism, Catholicism, matriachal worship and savage machismo. (One of the things no one pointed out about *Sense of Freedom;* e.g., a bloke who owes Jimmy Boyle money — and retches with fear at the prospect of facing him penniless — is more intimidated by his wife, who he hands his paypacket straight over to; the only person Boyle himself feels anything for is his mother — her death tears him apart when nothing else can.)

Maggie, poised between wanting to study anthropology and a job in the hairdressing salon, could be the person to come up with the symbolic goods. But knowing the BBC's "balance" fetish she'll become a social worker on a North Sea oil rig and we'll end up with something like a semiological *Triangle.* (That's one with more than two degrees in linguistics.)

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UNDER-AGE CULTURE SHOCK

FREDDY WAITE once had about 13 number one singles in Jamaica as part of a vocal trio called The Technique. In addition to singing, he also plays some 15 different instruments — it was 14, but at the cost of a blistered and bleeding lip he taught himself B-flat trumpet last week. He casually recalls working in the studios of names that have taken on the quality of myth: Duke Reid, Prince Buster, Coxsone . . . and getting "about £10 each a session".

These kids have just done their first tour. Their average age is 11 . . . Report: SHERYL GARRATT. Pictures: AL JOHNSON

Left: Freddy Waite and Toney Owens

After The Technique's last hit in '66, Freddy packed up his vast accumulated fortunes and left for our green and pleasant shores. He is now unemployed, living in a tower block in Nechells, Birmingham, and has been playing "as a kind of one-man band" in various pubs around the city.

Finally, though, Freddy is fronting a real band again — working with a group of young musicians banded loosely under the title of Cultural Music Workshop Youth: Junior, aged 13 (drums), Patrick, 12 (bass), Michael, 10 (keyboards) and Calvin, 9 (guitar).

The Workshop is mainly the dream of Toney Owens, another ex-Kingston musician — although his band, The Cariboes, were never in the top pay bracket like Freddy. He laughingly remembers paying £100 for the honour of recording a single and never getting the money back.

"There was so much sufferation them days to play your music," he explains. "But now we can shortcut all that. We have the experience, and there's no need for the youth to go through it all again."

Owens already plays a large part in local reggae — managing, promoting the big names from home, mixing, and making small numbers of records for people to distribute among friends — but his real aim is to pass on his music to the new generation. It is something he and Freddy have worked towards with religious fervour.

They once dug out a cellar in Stetchford, Birmingham, furnished it and acquired an arts grant to equip it as a studio, only to be refused final permission from the council who claimed that, in spite of it being 12 foot underground, soundproofed and close to no house save that of the owner who had let them dig there in the first place, it would "disturb a residential area". It is still there, unused.

Now, though, their plans look secure. SPAM, a community arts project in the inner city area of Saltley, have donated space and cellar excavations have again begun, this time with the red tape processed beforehand. At present there is little but large damp hole under the floorboards, but Toney can already point out where the rehearsal rooms will be, the mixing desk, the acoustically-tiled studio, and even, he half-jokes with an optimism that would be tragic were it not so convincing, "the pressing plant".

Freddy sees Birmingham, Leylandland, as the new Motown; Toney is more realistic. He simply envisages young bands having somewhere better than the front room to rehearse, and a permanent home for the teaching sessions they have been holding irregularly in church halls and private houses.

"There are so many musicians around here that were there at the beginning and helped the stars now to the top, that nobody knows about. It's a waste 'cos there's just no outlet for them."

For the moment, though, recording has to take place in other people's studios, and the Workshop's first offering, 'Political/General', played by Freddy, Calvin, Michael, Patrick and Junior will be released on 021 Records in the next few weeks. A plea to the Powers That Be to reduce the dole queues and ban the bomb respectively, it is hard, competent reggae, if a little traditional, and they are currently touring the large black clubs to promote both it and the Workshop.

A trip through the fog to Bristol then, in a coach laid on by the Rialto, the most important of Handsworth's many small clubs.

"Huddersfield was most exciting because I'd never been on a motorway before," explains Calvin when I ask him if he is nervous. "What's the crowd like?"

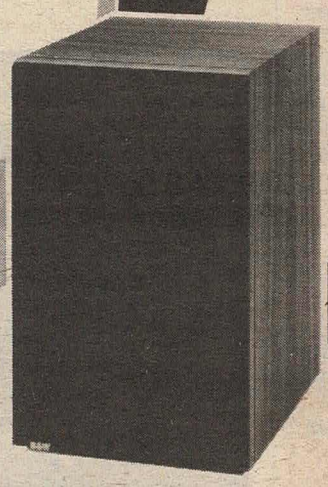
A seasoned trouper already: they talk chords like I used to talk crisp flavours, and their professionalism is daunting — although Junior will also tell you about his football team, and the interview skids to an abrupt end with their discovery of my new computer game . . . In the post-gig analysis, they point out faults that bypass me completely. Their verdict was a failure; the audience loved it.

The set is what Junior defines as "Rockers: culture music from the Yard", and they claim a repertoire of some 30

Junior

"Equipment reviews? Never read them."

Pity, because he may not know about this 14-inch giant among loudspeakers.



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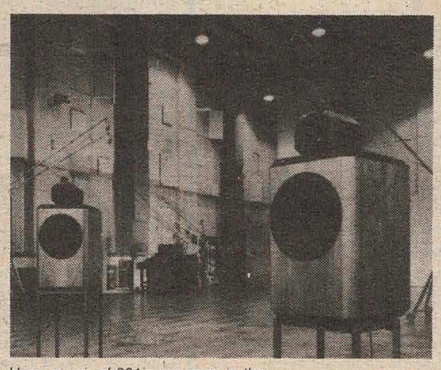

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AND THE SECOND ISSUE IS.....

ZINE SCENE by CYNTHIA ROSE

IN DOGGY DAYS like these when a glossy like *Greatest Hits* is down the dumper before issue two, it's good to see a few flag-bearing publications hold their ground. But it's also worth examining just what their prolonged life has to offer.

ZG 80 **made a modest debut some months ago — with a self-distributed run of 3,000 organised by editor Rosetta Brooks, who teaches fashion at St Martin's College of Art. Brooks wants "something which falls between *NME* and *Screen Educational* — which can think seriously but talk simply about art, film, music, fashion and architecture". Issue one — which did not sell well — ran features on painter Duggie Fields, 'Blitz Culture', Two-Tone, Factory, posing.**

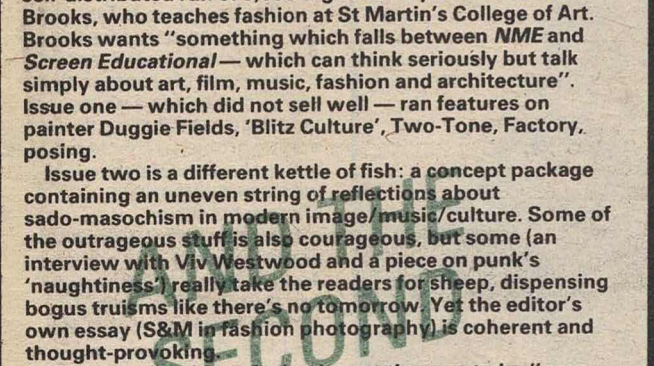
Issue two is a different kettle of fish: a concept package containing an uneven string of reflections about sado-masochism in modern image/music/culture. Some of the outrageous stuff is also courageous, but some (an interview with Viv Westwood and a piece on punk's 'naughtiness') really take the readers for sheep, dispensing bogus truisms like there's no tomorrow. Yet the editor's own essay (S&M in fashion photography) is coherent and thought-provoking.

"I have a clear idea of what I want the mag to be," says Brooks, "but it is really hard to find people with ideas who can write simply."

ZG 81 **No.1, which is out March 4, sounds like an improvement — it contains pieces by Roxy Music moulder/fashion designer Antony Price and artist Victor Burgin. And with the run up to 7,000 it looks like *ZG* might make it. Contributions are "most welcome", the price is 65p and the address is Gallery House Press, 23 Montrell Rd, London SW2 — cheques and POs to Gallery House Press. And, oh yes: *ZG does* stand for zeitgeist.**

The second issue of heavily self-promoted *i-D* magazine is also selling well. The layouts look better than ever, but lots of 'friends' have begun to sneak into the ostensible street organisation of the 'zine (more Axiom employees, Blitz's George, and *another* pic of Rusty Egan — why, the traffic wardens and dole queue habitues are beginning to look like token figures!). And since editor Perry Haines is PRing for M and helping out as a Spandau Ballet satellite, *more* plugs for Willy Brown's Modern Classics and Stephen Jones' millinery seem a bit out of order (not to say pretty behind the times as features).

Bits and pieces of very lively stuff remain, but it would be a terrible shame if *i-D* took the same plunge as all the other lemmings of Today — into Packaging over Content — or if it went the way of its naive slogan, "*i-D* surfs on the crest of every wave". After all, it was one of the first 'zines to aggressively promote the fact that people are *not* sheep. *i-D:* 60p from Better Badges with 25p postage (286 Portobello Rd, London W10) or 71 Sherriff Rd, London NW6.



i-D

songs which they adjust according to "the mood of the crowd". In Bristol, the mood produced a lover's rock version of 'I Will Survive', and emotive cover of The Slickers' 'Johnny Too Bad', but mostly their own numbers. Here, the influence of their teacher is clear, and although enjoyable, the music is often traditional and slightly dated.

On the other hand, Michael kept mumbling in the background about playing disco because "it gets boring with just reggae all the time" — and when the adults left the room, the others urged him to "put in those bits you made up the other day" during the stage show . . .

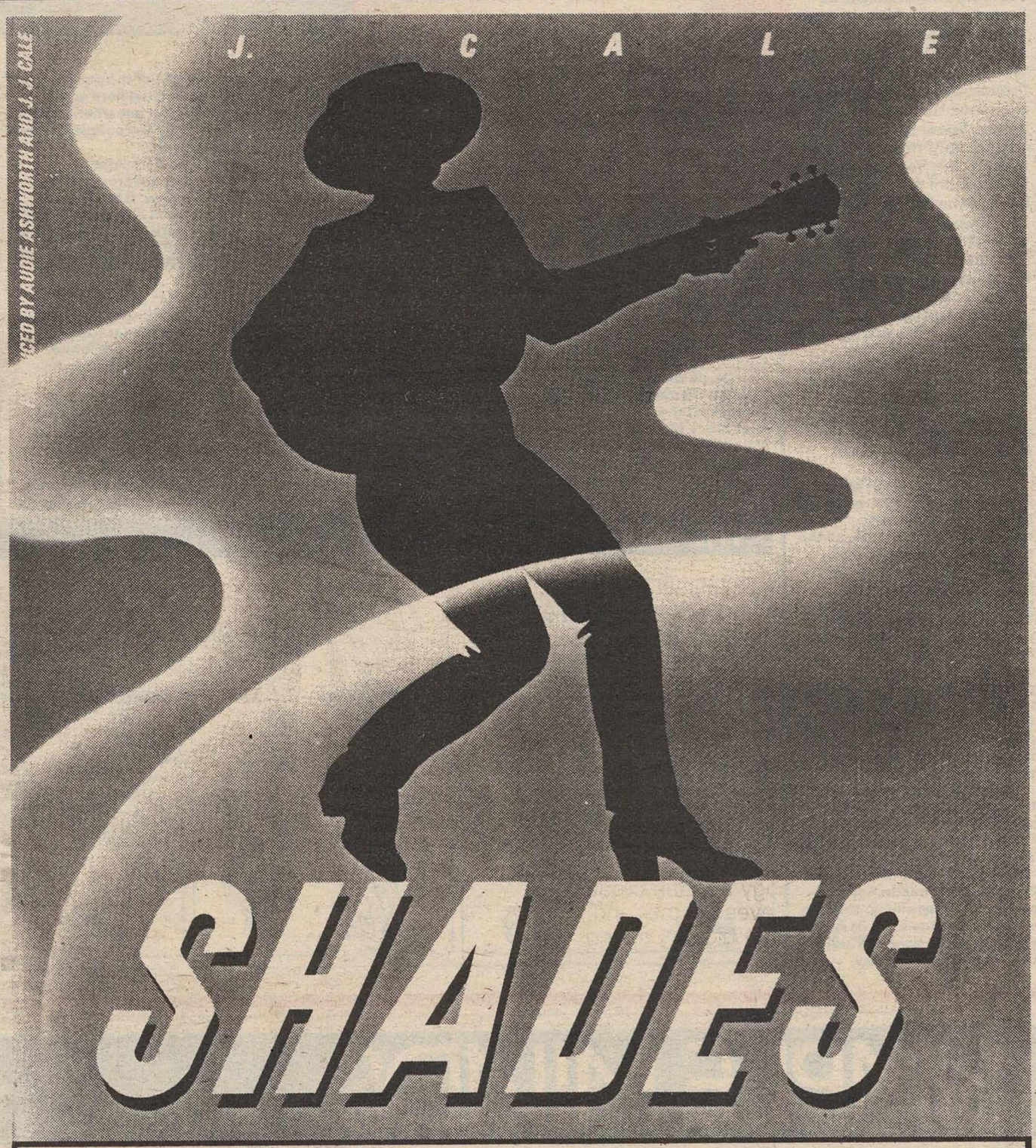
The Workshop facilities will not just be limited to prospective reggae players, and providing the various arts councils, trusts and companies come up with the necessary grants, as the project develops kids like this will be left more to themselves. Which could mean a whole new hybrid of music emerging from a basement near the gasworks in Saltley.

Calvin

Patrick

LOWRY

"Look at this, will you? I'm IMPOTENT!"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THE SPEAR GUIDE TO HIGHER STEPPING

By VIVIEN GOLDMAN

Spear decorates his dressing room. Winston Rodney pix: Jean Bernard Sohiez.

BURNING SPEAR on tour. In the dressing room at the Birmingham Odeon, certain thick-set members of Spear's Burning Band mutter that they want to kill me for criticising them in a live review; I hope they're joking.

Basically, though, it's a sociable situation. Some French reggae fans who've tagged along on the tour since Paris, white dub women giggling in French/Jamaican patois as they look through colour snaps. Spear invites two shy schoolgirls in; they tell us that they're suspended from school for answering back in the English class. Spear goes upstairs to eat the delicious food cooked by Lucky Gordon, chef to the finest reggae artistes.

Bobby Ellis, horn player supreme, explains that he's learnt a lot on this tour; before, he'd always thought that winter in Europe was just rain, sleet and snow. It was a shock to realise that you get light, bright days in winter, too; that in Switzerland, you even get sunshine while the snow's lying deep all round.

We reminisce about the old days. Bobby says that on all the classic old reggae discs, recorded on a four-track, all the musicians would be in the studio at once, starting with the rhythm: drums, bass, organ, and the rhythm guitar. The secret of Prince Buster's success, Bobby explains, was that he would come and dance while the musicians were playing in the studio, infecting them with an extra sprightly dance swing. No, Spear doesn't dance alongside the players in the studio, but he'll come and spread the vibes still.

When Spear gets back, we talk about the days when he started out at Studio One, cutting such games as 'Rocking Time' and 'Marcus Garvey'. "Music really hit I, then me and Bob (Marley) used to have some nice reasoning in the hills — we both come from St Anns, you know. Bob said — Studio One. I went on a Sunday, audition day, and they select me. There were lots of people, singers, meeting, it was exciting. Everyone wanted to get through. You would go in a room with a piano and do your thing."

Like all other Studio One alumni, Spear says, "It was a college, all the people went through Clement Dodds school did well after a while. So the next day, a Monday, I just went in and record 'Door Peep' " — the majestic, bottom-heavy African anthem that's become a Spear classic. "I was never nervous. I don't know why, but I'm never nervous even on stage show. Never nervous, just — *firm*, you know?"

As regards today, Spear has observed a difference in the Brits since he was last here. "They look more sick, they don't walk straight. Sometimes people look like they're crazy. It seems to me that the masses should get more access, more opportunity to get what their hearts desire. Now it looks like something's wrong with them.

"But the only way this system will remove is through the thought of the people. That applies not just here and in Jamaica, but anywhere in the world. Only the people can free themselves."

With Eddie Seaga's right-wing government in Jamaica now, it looks like America will now be lining up large injections of money. How does Spear think that contrasts with ex-PM Manley's Cuban links?

"Well, it is a good thing to help Jamaica out with money, but what is the return? That's what I would like to know. Sometimes a return can be really fishy."

The Odeon isn't full that night, and as usual, Spear warms up as the set goes on. He has a tendency to wander off and play a standing drum, which is hard to hear PA-wise, thus a bit of a waste. A slightly lacklustre gig, but there are still moments where Spear's free-form vocals swing and soar. The band have improved over the last European dates. In the audience, a fair assemblage of Midlands reggae musicians — people from Steel Pulse, UB40, Charley Anderson, and so on.

Earlier on I'd asked Spear whether he'd heard any 2-Tone music. "Yes. . .that music came through we, we are the founder. But they get more promotion and regular airplay; I and I should get that too. But it doesn't happen because most of the channels are not controlled by people like we. But the people who are interested in our music will get to hear it.

"I can't beg — that was *hundreds* of years ago."

Return of the Ugliman

WHEN JOURNALIST Carl Gayle left England for Jamaica, a lot of people felt it. Writing in the mid-70s in *Black Music* magazine, he was the prime chronicler of the emergence of Britain's dread musicians.

Gayle travelled to Jamaica, and returned with insightful articles on many crucial musicians, including Yabby You, the Diamonds, The Wailers — free-form journalistic pieces that set a picture, a colour, a smell — an all-round sense of Jamaica for the youth, black and white, for whom it was a distant dreamland.

Like Linton Kwesi Johnson, Carl discovered that traditional English couldn't express the blackness of his content. So he evolved patois as a written language, confronting the same artistic problems that led James Joyce to use all those funny words and rhythms in *Finnegan's Wake*.

In England, Carl was writing about the khaki-clad militants: Aswad, Delroy Washington, and the rest. He was their spokesperson as no one else could be, for unlike myself or Penny Reel, he was a black Briton discovering himself as a son of Africa, through Rasta, as they were.

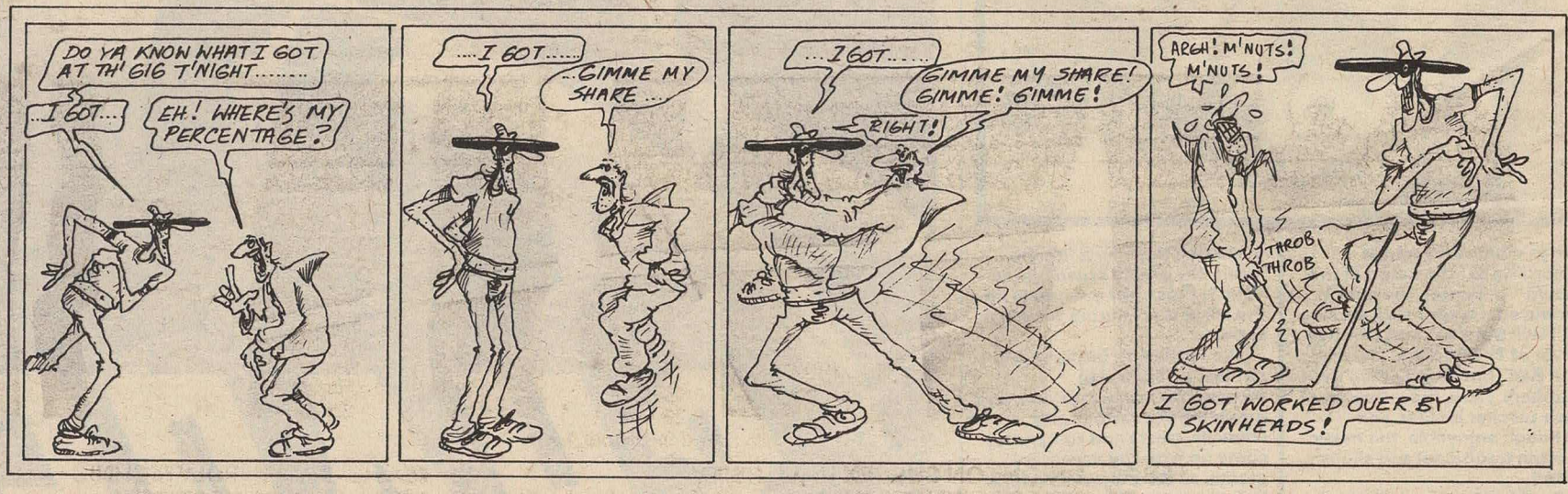
Carl's seriousness eventually led him to move to Jamaica — right into the hills, where the true Rasta lifestyle is most accessible — with an old school friend of his from London, Yvonne.

If there were any need to vindicate the move, the second edition of Carl's independent magazine *Jah Ugliman* has now appeared. It's an extraordinary publication; mixing serious reasonings with musicians (Black Uhuru, Burning Spear, Horsemouth, a 'Requiem for Don Drummond' by the likes of Tommy McCook) with a 1973 interview with Emperor Haile Selassie. As a fanzine, it transcends the genre.

Jah Ugliman is available from Rough Trade Mail Order, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11, at £1.20.

— VIVIEN GOLDMAN

THE LONE GROOVER — BENYON



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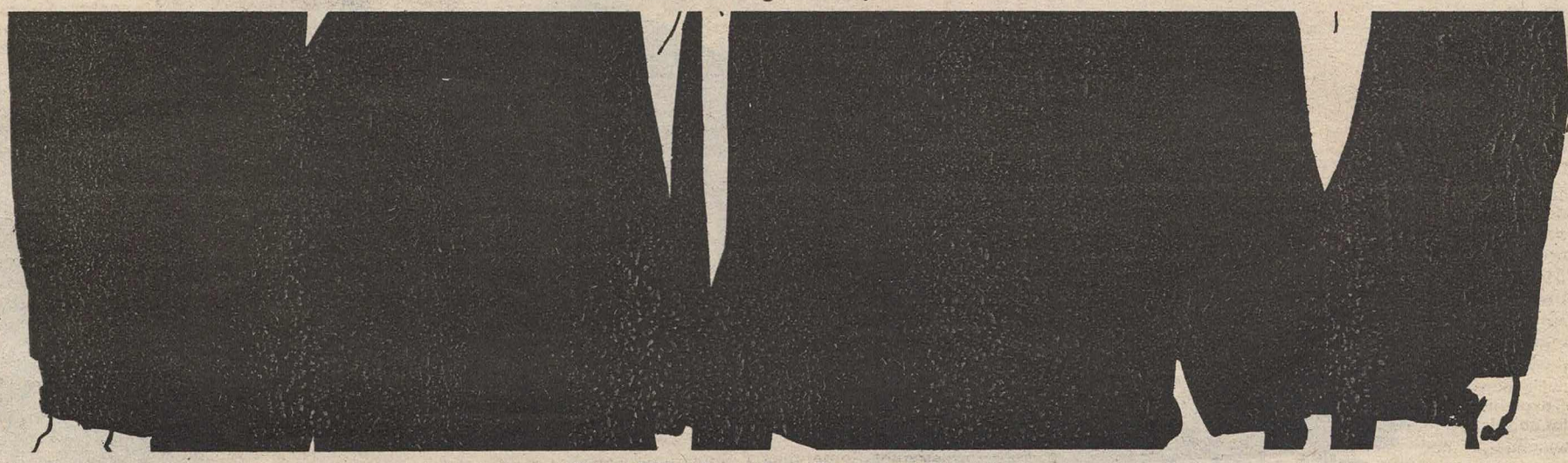

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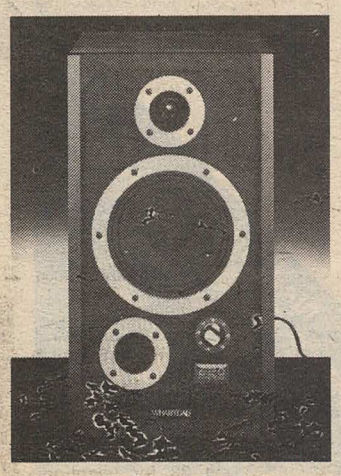
We've tried telling Mick that.

But, with his E20's belting out in the background, he still hasn't heard a blind word.



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Millionaires pick out a bar-room boogie L-R: Paladino, Holland, Deegan, Paice. Pic: Philip Grey.

Randy Newman plays Tamla?? GAVIN MARTIN squeezes the truth out of Jools Holland's Millionaires

BOOGIE TILL YOU GET RICH

"I THOUGHT The Millionaires would be a really good name for the group because if I came across a musician I really wanted to have I could say to them, 'Do you or do you not want to be a millionaire?'

"Who could refuse an offer like that?"

As he steers a large American Buick through the residential streets of SE London, Jools Holland is explaining how he put together his new group The Millionaires.

Five months ago Holland, former pianist and MC with Squeeze (he of the outsize cigar, shades and spotty bow-ties) left his lifelong Deptford chums after a commercially successful career spanning some three years, during which time the group enjoyed hits in both Britain and America.

"We had a whopping great hit with 'Cool For Cats' and another whopping great hit with 'Up The Junction'. They were two very different songs with two very different sounding singers. If we had brought out another single with me singing it would have been even more confusing.

"At first I thought I could carry on with Squeeze and do my own records on the side but I soon discovered that it's impossible to make that sort of compromise."

Out of rehearsals and fresh from a few preliminary dates over Christmas and the new year The Millionaires are playing a short nationwide tour and their debut single, an instrumental called 'Bumble Boogie', is soon to be released.

It took some time for Holland to find the musicians he wanted, but after a series of auditions the four-piece came together, comprising Holland on piano and vocals, Mike Paice (saxophone and harmonica, formerly with Red Beans And Rice), Pino Paladino (bass) and Martin T. Deegan (drums). Did he feel the need to be in control of a group?

"I think it helps if someone's there to say exactly what should and what shouldn't be done. Though the contribution of the rest of the band is probably just as great as mine. However when decisions have to be made it's like everyone has one vote and I've got two."

The Millionaires' sound is more influenced by various styles of black American musics than Squeeze. Holland inexpertly labels it as a cross between Randy Newman and Tamla Motown.

Out of the thirty or so songs the group have handed to producer Pete Wingfield, about half are the product of Holland's songwriting partnership with Squeeze frontman Chris Difford. (Holland's split with Squeeze was purely musical, and Holland remains very close friends with the rest of the group, who live within a two-mile radius of him.)

The five or so tracks I heard suggested The Millionaires to be a capable bunch combining a number of diverse styles which are ignored by the mainstream but could become popular if done in a suitably ebullient fashion. This may well be the band to do that. They play a rich stew of boogie, club jazz, country and straight rock'n'roll. 'The Same Old Heart' is the most immediate with its fingerpopping Motown feel, 'Bumble Boogie' the new single is a crazed chutzpah with a rollicking bar-room beat (the best instrumental I've heard in ages) and 'Your Gone' comes from the other end of the spectrum, a seductive reggae sway with some very loose and very saucy sax blowing over the top.

Holland's not playing this one strictly for laughs, but he's looking forward to playing smaller venues on a low-key goodtime basis, which it became impractical for Squeeze to do when they reached a certain level of popularity.

"We don't want to be like the Bonzos or The Barron Knights but at the same time we're not an aggressive band and it will be good-humoured. I like to think the lyrics show a sense of humour."

Looking round his house at the ornaments and memorabilia, it's obvious he's something of a '40s American archivist — a leaning which extends to a love for boogie-woogie piano. While with Squeeze he released a solo single called 'Boogie Woogie 78', which he now plans to follow-up with some piano duets he recorded with Pete Wingfield during The Millionaires' spare studio time.

The hyperactive Holland also has another venture completed and ready to be released. Sharing the same manager and record company as Police drummer Stewart Copeland, he recorded a couple of reggae influenced tracks with him as soon as he left Squeeze.

"They were going to release them as a single but it didn't make it, so they'll probably turn up on a compilation album. I thought it would have made a great single — but then I'm a terrible judge, I was one of the people who thought Sting had an uncommercial voice."

Now we all just have to wait and see if The Millionaires can strike it rich.

TIRED AND AGEING Milwaukee DJ Delisle is squatting mid-stage fresh out of cool — but then he would be, reading page three of *MM*.

Much the same fate overcame the four-piece band in the background when their Deutsche diva Nina Hagen stormed off in the summer of '79 in search of stardom, only to find pregnancy lurking on a Malibu beach.

Reinhold Heil, Herwig Mitteregger, Bernhard Potschka and Manfred Praeker picked themselves up and started over. They should have changed their names at the same time.

The four Berliners, who play tight as a chicken's arsehole in the immaculate perfection of the Germanic rock tradition, found DJ Rik, Australian Busby Berkeley Alf Klimax and ex-Gruppo Sportivo singer Jose van Iersel (above) and spent months putting together a 'radio show' — two hours on stage and 50 minutes vinyl, complete with jingles the likes of which Capital would never play.

OK, it's derivative. Take a portion of *Breaking Glass*, add the most spotless sound this side of Fleetwood Mac, and pour the lot over the Albertos' Snuff Rock. It's so clean it could be sterile — despite the message (another venerable cliche): Let's knock the record companies.

Not that CBS mind. They're doing their best to sell the band, and are prepared to pull their trousers down to reveal yet another pimple on the bum of the recording industry with the newly released album 'Spliff Radio Show' — supported last weekend by the inevitable *Old Grey Whistle Test* spot.

***"We are taking a leak down the recording business's trouser leg,"* sez Spliff. But they fail to mention that it's down the inside.**

— MARTIN CLEAVER

NEXT WEEK IN

NME

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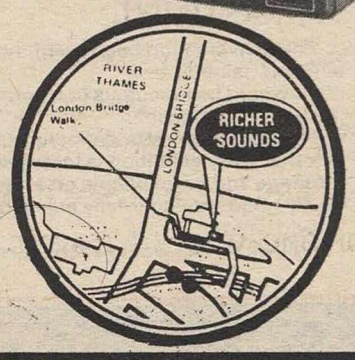

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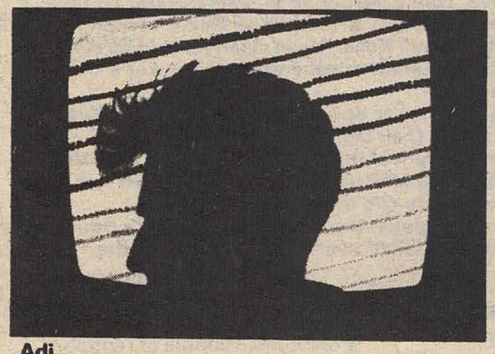
CLOCK DVA

THE TIME WHEN THE WARRIORS AWAKEN

. . . and worriers fall asleep. But no cause for alarm! (Oh yes there is. . .) They're only another rock band! (Oh no they're not. . .) Watch how cleverly they plug their album in this in-depth advert by Paul Morley. (Sorry, Clocks, just winding you up, that's all. . .) Photo-art: Peter Anderson.



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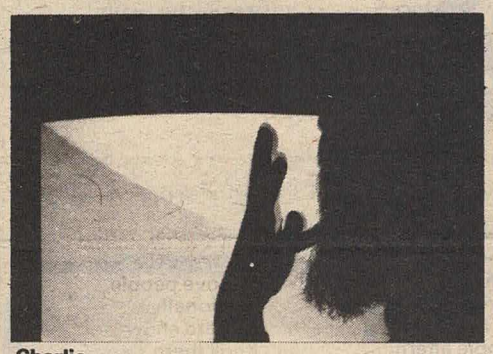
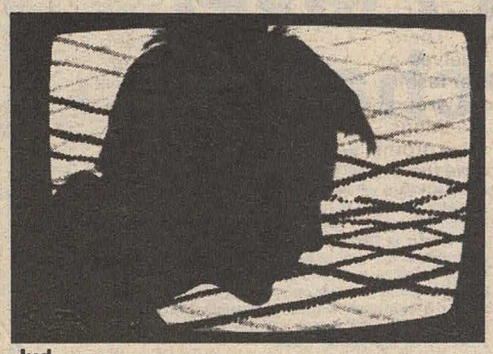
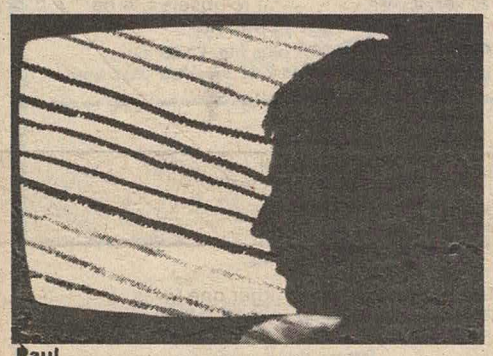


Charlie



Jud



Paul

DETECTION

I slot the second cassette containing Clock DVA conversation and argument into the tape recorder: a third side of tangential talk to transcribe, voices bumping into each other in downbeat contention that need to be sorted out.

RAVING — an unrecognised voice starts raving at an ungentlemanly volume — RAVING!

I don't remember this! I jump out of my skin: smudge my mascara. Perhaps when I left the room during the interview some Clock-wag screamed a message to the free world into the tape.

Now I remember!! I get my bearings.

A recording of a Doors bootleg is on the other side of the cassette. The noisy gnawing intrusion is the late Jim Morrison crying through one of his rant / raps.

YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF FUCKING IDIOTS. HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO LET THEM PUSH YOU AROUND!

Wonderful. The words don't jar against the internal attitudes expressed during the Clock DVA interview, don't contradict the integral spirit of the group. In strange ways the violent words re-inforce in a much more immediate and immoderate way the DVA presentation. So what's lazy.

The rant cuts out. Ears humming I flip the tape over, wind back and slip back into the less fraught and more localised Clock DVA conversation . . . battling northern accents, the crunches as chocolate biscuits are bit, the hisses as Carlsberg Specials are opened, the healthy chuckles as nonsensical private jokes are considered. . .

Yet, no, the Morrison chant isn't out of place. It could have been a Clockman tripping out and leaping out of his chair impatient with the aimless interview. . .

The talk and my transcription resume. Something about the current collapsing of ritualised rock shows: their all-round boredom. I thought Clock DVA might be frustrated at playing standard rock clubs.

"We'd be getting a bit niggly if we started to select venues to play. Really it's not the rock gig that is collapsing, it's the audience . . . groups turning out automatic music knowing that an audience will be there to take it. You've got to change the audience before you can change the music."

VITIATION!

The conversation bends slightly. Clock DVA are entertainers.

"It would be ridiculous to try and deny that," accepts a Clockman.

"It depends on your definition," interjects another. "My definition is for players to get up on stage and make people go away feeling really good, having totally enjoyed what they'd heard."

"My definition would be more twisted," decides the first Clockman. "What, you hold the general view that entertainment is simply serving up what an audience expects."

Not especially, says the first Clockman, not sure what the second was defining.

"What I am saying," explains the second, "is that my definition of entertainment is to get up onstage and move people in every way, make them go away feeling better. To go to a gig, and leave feeling totally floored. That is entertainment, no matter how you do it."

Anticipation!

The five Clockmen — unusually — seem all to agree with this thought. They nod and murmur in unison. Entertainment is, or should be, a special enrichment, a dramatic communication. Clock DVA entertainment is the unexpected.

"It's better to diverge than to converge."

You cay say that again.

"There's nothing wrong with creating accidentally."

You can say that again.

"We should always push towards other things. We could never be satisified staying in one place."

You can say that is alien. For Clock DVA it must be changes and changing: or no go.

DISQUISITION!

And who are the worriers. Clock DVA are warriors; they're workers. Literally clocking in (and rarely clocking out). The wicked comedians are from tight and airless Sheffield . . . you know what they say.

"Sheffield is pretty grey. But all that image thing is blown up out of all proportion . . ."

One of those easy handles.

I interview the five individuals — "Clock DVA are a group, definitely not a band" — in the living room of Fetish Records' Rod Pearce's compact Victoria flat the day before the Fetish Nite Out at London's dreary Lyceum.

The interview starts out strained, dribbles into bickering, then eases out into a pleasant aesthetic amble. Bassist Jud Turner sits behind me and says little. Adi Newton the singer perches on my left, working to control the interview, sulking now and then, revealing utter commitment to the group he founded with Turner. Guitar player Paul Widger and percussionist Roger Quayler squat in front, their voices merging into each other. Bearded beery Evan Parker-lookalike sax player Charlie Collins stands opposite, cheering up the conversation, deflating it . . .

"The first record I ever bought was 'Sealed With A Kiss."

Charlie, who must be in his 30s, could be to DVA what Saxa is to The Beat. That idiosyncratic wisdom, gentle oddness, visual peculiarity, inspiring musical commitment. His presence is a beautiful twist.

"We all come from such totally different backgrounds."

The five Clockmen refuse to gloss over the fact they all think differently and feel differently about the music and its values . . . vigorously! Their opinions and attitudes coincide on basic levels, but fundamentally the DVA-shape is pulled five ways. Their system is all go.

Variation!

What a stretch! At the Lyceum, coming at me and from within me, the DVA drew me out and drained me. They're spoilers, not prepared to let a listener settle. You feel comfortable? Then they'll begin. Theirs is a huge sound, a hard sound, an exceptional sound . . . full of incidental revelation, a mixing of levels (of meaning, experience, language) that is manipulated and negotiated by a self-conscious uneasiness. Theirs is this motion that is both intense and relaxed — open tensions and subtle shifts — where essential conventions are teased and treated. A bitter erotic music, a terrible new age romanticism . . . Clock DVA's grievous integration.

Deviate to recreate and WAIT!

"It's reached the stage where everything has been done."

BUT!

"You must constantly re-evaluate and push out and explore."

Ablution!

Clock DVA are on the same label as The Bongos, a faithful pop group. Fetish is not a snob label.

"Being on the same label as The Bongos, and then again Throbbing Gristle, is good. Such different music helps destroy people's conceptions of the label."

And so hopefully dissolve certain prejudices: those which would dismiss DVA as MORBID BASTARDS.

Are they morbid bastards?

"No we are not."

Well, praise the Lord for that. But some

Clocking in (left to right): Adi, Jud, Roger, Paul and Charlie.

Adi clocks his future on the video screen.

prejudices are accurate. I'm dead prejudiced when it comes to dealing with Clock DVA: I think their rag music is challenging and strengthening, deeply rooted in modern experience, and I think their perspective is responsible. This is their work. Swaying and troubled.

– Disconnection!

Drop in on the talk, the transcription: the rise and fall flattened out into black and white print.

"When people describe our music they always feel they have to bring in comparisons . . ."

ACR, Pop Group, JD, Coltrane . . . usually pretty misleading.

The most interesting comparison I've come across is Henry Cow. This is received with a mixture of horror and indifference. I think Henry Cow — an old time Virgin group who at their best were sort of dried up Beefheart — were used because of the superficial 'difficulty' involved in DVA's music.

At one extreme DVA music has a muted accessibility at another a mutilated accessibility. Charlie insists the music is not difficult. I say that it can be PERCEIVED as being difficult: and scatty or scattered structure can turn listeners away from inner spirit.

Widger: "There's nothing we can do about that."

But if they ignore such problems, might they end up withdrawing into themselves?

Widger: "No."

Charlie still insists that it's not difficult music.

"It's difficult for us to understand it being difficult," explains Wedger.

It's more difficult than The Look, some could say.

"Oh yeah."

And you shouldn't neglect Look fans.

"We're not neglecting them. If they won't get into us then they're neglecting us."

You think The Look are difficult?

"It's not that. The Look are blocking us out and I suppose we're blocking The Look out. Maybe it's a problem that people might be put off by the scope of our music. I prefer to play in places where people can't escape to the bar."

You mean like torture.

"Well, not quite . . . You've got to impose yourself if you're going to get across."

You can't turn it into something sacred.

"Of course not. But I like to make people listen."

An interrogation.

"It's not that bad. You're overdoing it a bit. I'm not saying an audience *should* be in the room all the time. I'd just like them to see all the set rather than a bit. It isn't immediate music."

Charlie moves in: "It's not so much that, it's the fact that when you go somewhere to play and you've driven 300 miles you don't like everyone stood at the bar. We could be really obscure if we wanted to be."

Quayler: "You speak for yourself."

Charlie: "Yeah we could!

"If we went and played stuff like on the 'White Souls In Black Suits' tape, if we played like that for an hour there'd be no compromise there."

Adi: "Some people might enjoy that."

Charlie: "Some people would, some people wouldn't. We compromise slightly in a way in that when we play we play old songs."

Widger: "But it's numbers that we want to play and they're done differently."

Adi: "Doing a song four or five months after you recorded it and trying to recapture the original feeling is fairly stupid for us."

Charlie: "If you come and see us in six months there won't be one number from the LP that we'll still play."

Widger: "You attract people by them knowing what they're going to get, and you can also attract people by them knowing they're going to get something new."

Charlie: "Really there's no such thing as an obscure band. Obscure bands are created by people like you, journalists, they sort of write about them as if they were obscure, but there are no obscure groups. Go out and see everything!"

Widger: "Maybe when we played if we did all the tracks off the LP people would be happier . . ."

But what is happy. . .

Charlie: "We're happy playing the new . . ."

Widger: "It's the selfish thing . . ."

Charlie: "If we were playing songs off the LP all the time we'd have given up rehearsing . . ."

Widger: "We made the LP back in September. A long time ago."

Adi: "Do you want to ask us anthing about that?"

You want to plug the LP? Everybody laughs, except Adi, who looks hurt.

Ventilation!

Charlie: "I don't like Evan Parker! Everybody says I play like him, or Coleman or Coltrane — must be the only jazz men they know — but I don't like his sopranao playing . . . Don't put that in the advert. Yes, put that in the advert."

Advert! Good interpretation.

"In the interview. Freudian slip! I hate Evan Parker."

Widger: "You've said quite enough now Charlie."

AMPUTATION

'Thirst' follows the release of two tapes, 'White Souls In Black Suits' (Industrial) and 'Fragments' (Dvation) and their quarter on the Neutron cassette, '1980 — The First Fifteen Minutes'.

'Thirst' is flesh and blood where those tapes and things were flash and brood. 'Thirst' is some curse/reaction: some course of action.

The LP is a spiralling, separable sequence of sustained experiment, rhythmic stop and surprise, trapped vocals, a malignant dynamism. 'Thirst' is a parody of order made with the confidence of despair: mobile and flexible technical control splashing against primitive passions.

Clock DVA are re-discovering, re-aligning, with a queer sense of joy: their music can alter our way of seeing. A work of inciting pressure, and oddly stressed pleasure.

'Thirst' is the first brilliant LP of 1981 and one of the great records of the '80s.

Dvation!

On 'Thirst' DVA bond trusting and industrial experimentation (all absurd and altering manners of insertion, reversion, desertion, contusion) with reassuring structual enterprise. The improvisations on, say, 'White Souls' are full of intrigue and broken delight, but 'Thirst' — featuring vaguely recognisable detail, idiom and atmosphere — is by far the more complete and compelling work. The group worked within a formal, in this case, actually liberating discipline: they created sounds and played with space through 'White Souls' but on 'Thirst' they've developed a radical transforming style.

Violation!

Pure scenic movement and an emphasis on rhythm, 'Thirst' is quality enough to override the sheer imposition of false descriptions. In a manner of speaking, it's something to get to know.

Clock DVA worked quick to establish spontaneity: even if they'd been allowed all the time in the world they wouldn't have wanted it. Sophistication is not important, but restlessness. It is not smooth edges that should be worked for: menacing edge should be retained. Or whatever comes first.

Clock DVA don't get worked up; yet their music is paranoiac, heady, hostile. Clock DVA are cool tempered yet the music is irritable. They don't take the process seriously and are never smugly satisfied with the product.

Adi: "Once you start to get satisfied with what you're doing, that's the time to give in."

Clock DVA are unquenchably thirsty.

ACTION!

Drop back into the talk, the transcription. Scattered . . .

Charlie: "We all just enjoy playing things. If people like what we do then that's just a bonus . . . But we do want to move people, spiritually, physically and emotionally.

Widger: "I think it's important to show people alternatives. I don't think there's any obligation for anybody to follow those alternatives through though. . ."

Diffusion!

Adi: "I personally dislike people who set themselves up as purveyors of something, style or fashion or whatever, and say, this is it. It goes wrong when you try and forcefully tell people things."

With a group like Clock DVA, externals become the obviously accessible elements. They don't reject style. For instance the 'Thirst' cover is very strong.

"We were in the Virgin Megastore today . . ."

Signing covers?

"Oh yeah! Charlie was playing extracts from the LP on his sax . . .

"And we were looking at the way people were walking through the C's and looking at the cover. It was interesting to observe. A bit voyeuristic, and no one bought it."

Adi: "I can't really afford to buy records, except the ones I really want."

People have to dish out pounds for your product.

Widger: "I don't buy many records and yet you want and expect people to buy yours. . ."

What's your favourite LP, Charlie?

"Of all time? Oh, it's too hard . . . erm, maybe The Art Ensemble Of Chicago, 'People In Sorrow'."

Not 'Trout Mask Replica?'

Charlie: "That was the other one I was thinking of, 'cos that's the rock LP."

Rock!?!!?

Continues page 53

LENE LOVICH

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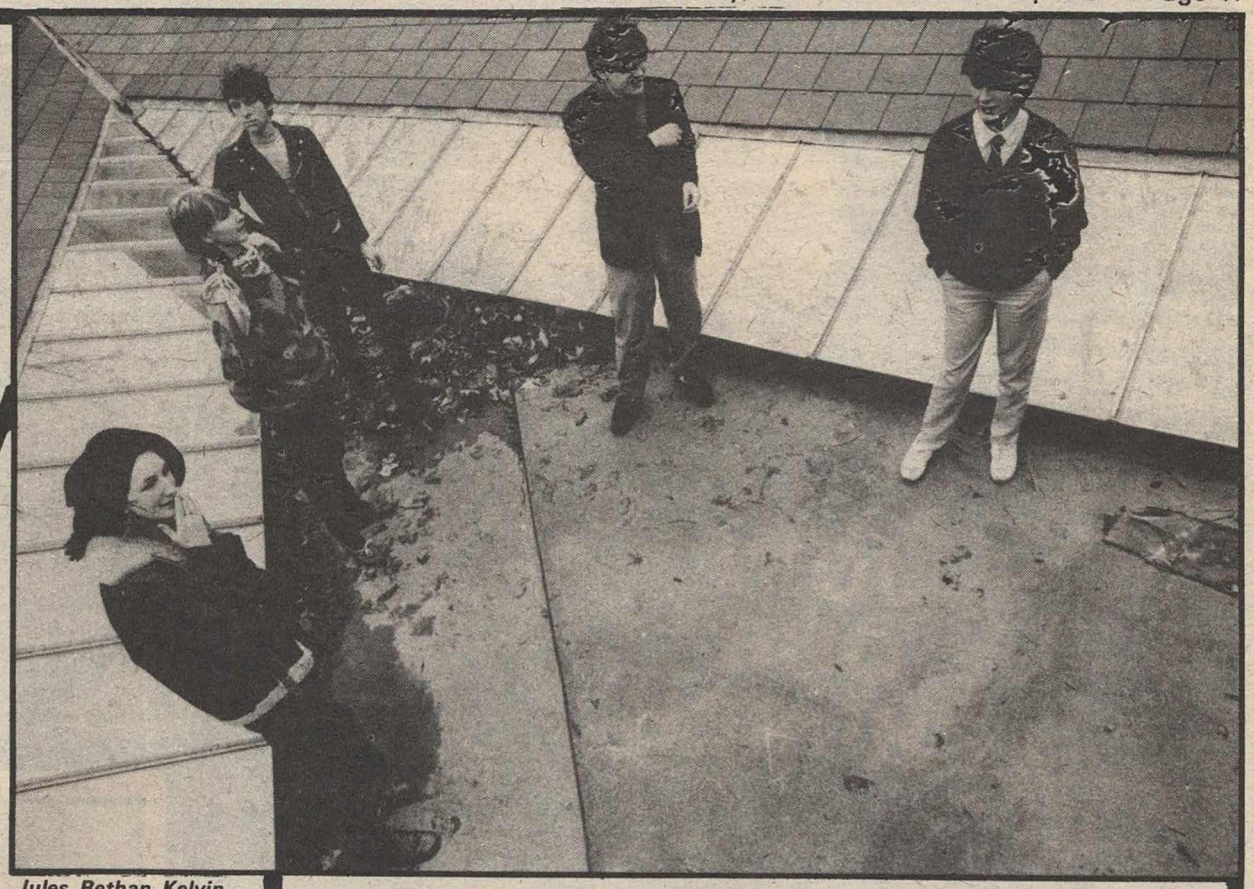
INDIES EXPOSURE:
A crime or a cry for help?



Jules, Bethan, Kelvin, Alan and Roz spend a night on the tiles Pic: Peter Anderson

Delta 5 try to talk their way out of a life sentence in an alternative prison.

Richard Grabel passes judgement

WE'VE CARVED out some interesting new boxes for ourselves. Check the charts pages. There's the 'real' charts, the national sales charts (impeccably reliable of course) the key to the kingdom of *Top Of The Pops,* riches and fame. And down there below are the 'indie' or the 'alternative' charts, the supposed repository of credibility, hipness and relevance.

Occasionally these boxes intersect. Joy Division and UB40 have done it spectacularly. But more often, much too often, the 'indie' and the 'real' charts remain separate worlds.

Delta 5 have been consistent chart-toppers in those independent boxes, but have never come close to that big breakthrough. This despite the fact that they've got the songs, the heart and every other sort of appeal necessary to do the job.

They've had three singles released by Rough Trade — 'Mind Your Own Business' b/w 'Now That You've Gone', 'You' b/w 'Anticipation', and currently 'Try' b/w 'Colour' — all of them consistent turntable hits in the places I go to hear music, and all of them inspiring slices of real life, emotional confrontation and whooping great spirit.

Their music doesn't trivialize emotions, doesn't mythologize itself or its makers, *and* you can always dance your way through it. No matter how serious or insightful the subject matter, Delta 5's music never loses its grip on the motion, the fun, the compelling beat. They don't make esoteric puzzles, they don't make 'difficult', minority music. They make pop music, fun, alive, vibrant stuff.

So is anybody listening?

Yes, definitely yes. Exact numbers are hard to come by, but Delta 5 reckon that 'Mind' sold about fifteen thousand copies, 'You' about seventeen thousand, and that 'Try' is doing better than that. 'Try' has been hanging around the top part of the 'indie' chart for weeks. It adds up to quite a respectable number of ears being reached. But not enough to make Sheena Easton sweat.

Some blame can be attached to the records themselves. Good as they are, none of them has really captured the band accurately, something the band members all readily admit.

Everytime I've seen Delta 5, twice in New York and once at the Moonlight Club in London, they've been consistently great. With The Bush Tetras at Hurrah they made a perfect bill. Both bands work a similar beat, a swinging, cracked-funk that pushes and pulls, stops and starts, holds back and explodes. The New York audience loved them.

The London audience more than loved them. It saw the band, as English pop audiences tend to do, as an extension of themselves, and celebrated not just the performance but the existence of the band itself. A band like Delta 5 makes this seem a positive thing. Onstage, they convey a sense of supportive cooperation (not competition), appealing good looks (not pin-up glamour), friendship and familiarity (not grandstanding gestures).

In interviews, Delta 5 insist that everyone in the band has a share in the songwriting and an equal contribution to the band's identity. But seeing them play it becomes clear that the femaleness of this band is crucial. Alan (guitar) and Kelvin (drums) are strong players, and provide much of the band's musical toughness. But their presence onstage is self-effacing, part of the background. They've a job to do and they just get on with it. It's Bethan, Roz and Jules who define the band's personality.

The importance of the way they play their roles shouldn't be missed. The Delta 5, The Au Pairs, The Bush Tetras — the women in these bands are discovering new ways to play what was very recently a man's game. They are finding ways to appeal, to express their personalities, without being exploited or exploitative, finding non-sexist ways to be sexy. It's quite a breakthrough.

It's also great fun. "The way we are onstage," Bethan tells me, "it's not engineered to be ideologically correct. It's quite natural."

"I like to think we project more than just having a good time," Roz says.

"Yeah," Bethan counters, "but then if we didn't enjoy projecting that it wouldn't be worth doing either."

Roz: "It's not that serious. But it can be a useful medium for expressing distaste for certain things in society."

Bethan: "Or just to put a different slant on things. That is, if people can hear. That's the trouble with gigs, so often people can't hear the words anyway. But if people get the general atmosphere of what you're putting across and realize that it's not just going "la la la", then that's alright."

DELTA 5 hail from Leeds, but like brother-band Gang Of Four, they've moved down to London now to live. "All our friends have left Leeds," Bethan says, "and a lot of them live here now. It's much easier for us to be here."

Last year Delta 5 got to America, Holland, Belgium and Finland. They enjoyed the touring but didn't have much luck with recording.

Jules: "We tend to feel inhibited in the studio. You feel that everything is being totally analysed while you're doing it, whereas when you play live, that's it, you've sung it and it's gone."

What about doing an album?

Alan: "We're sort of biding our time, see what turns up."

Bethan: "When we do it we want to do it properly. We're not going to sell ourselves short. We have the songs getting good through playing them. We've got tons of live work to do. There is a certain feeling that we'd like to get it done, but we want it to be really good and we don't want to skimp on it."

They've decided not to do an album with Rough Trade, but there is no ill will on either side.

"It's financial," Bethan says. "Rough Trade haven't got the budget we'd like to have for an album. The singles were done in cheaper studios, and I think they suffered for that. If you have a good studio and the time not to hurry, it can be much better. There's nothing worse than a big build up to a first album and then pffff, nothing."

They would like to fight their way out of those little boxes on the bottom of the charts page and into the big boxes.

Bethan: "Oh yeah, it'd be great. This is why we'd like to have major distribution. If we can get there being the way we are, it'd be great. Independent distribution can sell enough records to make it worthwhile, but it's not really getting across."

Did they think that the independent labels had become a kind of ghetto where more advanced music could be kept in its place, safely out of the way.

Roz: "No, I don't think so. Independent label music can be popular. I think it can stand for something important, not selling yourself short for a big record deal. It enabled people that wouldn't fit into the mainstream to do something."

Alan: "But this idea that if you were on an independent you were ideologically sound, but if you were on a major label you'd sold out . . ."

Bethan: "Yeah, that's wrong. There's some absolute dross on the independents, too."

DELTA 5 make appealing music with something to say. Their songs should be familiar hummables for many, not smart picks for a well-informed few. They'd look great on *TOTP,* and they think so too. But they're cautious about ascribing any great meaning to what they do.

Jules: "Our songs don't necessarily say anything more or anything less than a lot of singles that are actually on the charts."

But they deal with very personal subjects, emotional situations that people can identify with.

Bethan: "Yeah, it's funny you should say that, because a lot of people hear 'Try' and they say 'yeah, that's me and my girlfriend' or something like that."

Alan: "If it articulates something for them, that's good, if they get a feeling from the songs that really comes out of themselves."

Bethan: "They're not specific, though. They come from a collection of experiences from us, not a specific experience. But to somebody else they might be absolutely bang on the nail."

Jules: "What I wrote of 'Try' was specific."

Alan: "But the song in its entirety wasn't."

Do you think your songs contribute to understanding why men and women have so much trouble getting on with each other?

Jules: "I think it highlights things."

Roz: "But I don't think it throws any insights into the reasons why things go wrong."

Bethan: "It comments on certain things that have happened, but it's not saying this is how you should go about things. It's not a counselling thing."

Alan: "Sometimes the songs help us."

Empathy, the ability to put yourself inside another person's mind, is the one theme that runs through the Delta 5's songs. It's obvious in the dialogue of 'Try' or the challenging accusations of 'You'. It's there in their unrecorded songs. 'Shadow', for instance, is about a man being followed, and realizing for the first time how his girlfriend feels when it happens to her.

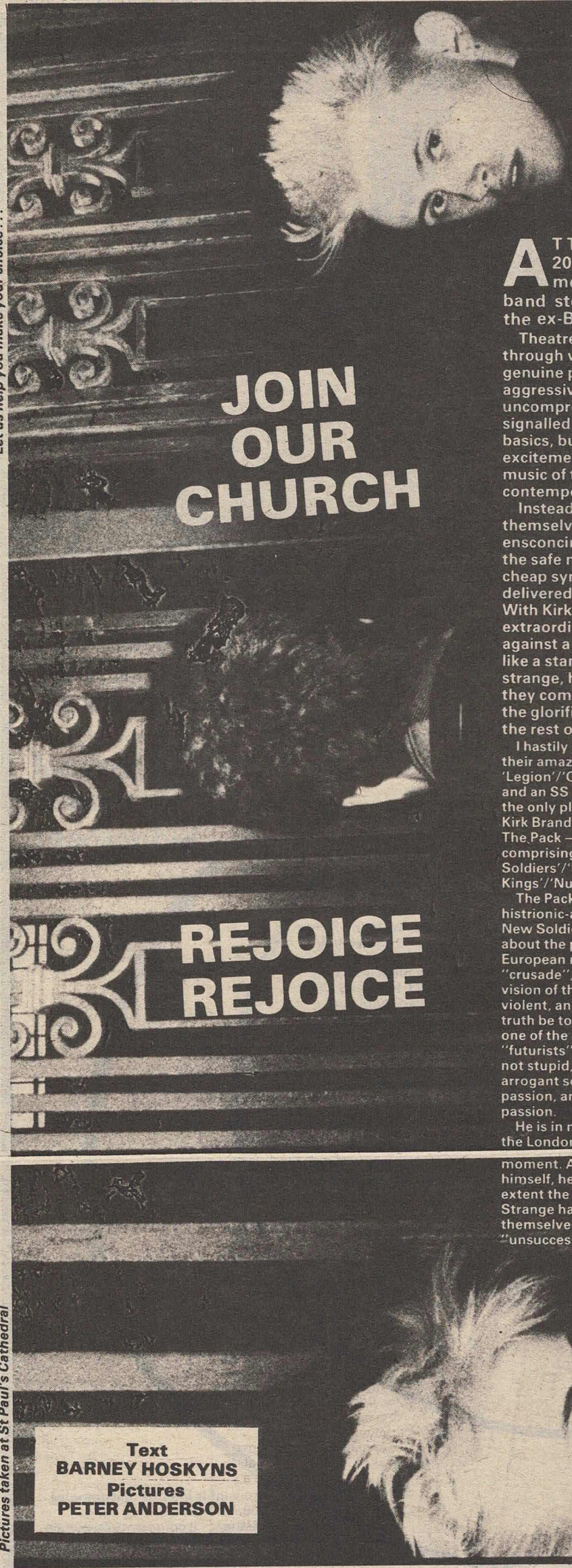
They deal with the real problems of identity. So they offer no easily identifiable fashion for their fans to cling to. More boxes we don't need!

Alan: "Well, you can dress like Delta 5 if you like. *(General laughter).* We should make up this composite Delta 5 person."

Bethan: "They call this new glamour thing individualism, but it's just another uniform. I think we are more individualistic."

Do an empathy dance.

Theatre of hate



"Let us help you make your choice . . ."

Pictures taken at St Paul's Cathedral

Text
BARNEY HOSKYNS
Pictures
PETER ANDERSON

AT THE LYCEUM 2002 Review a month ago, one band stood out from the ex-Blitz crowd.

Theatre Of Hate cut through with an edge of genuine passion. Their aggressive and uncompromising set signalled a return, not to basics, but to a primal excitement lacking in the music of their direct contemporaries.

Instead of tarting themselves up and ensconcing themselves in the safe machinery of cheap synthesizers, they delivered from the hip. With Kirk Brandon's extraordinary voice set against a rhythm section like a stampede and a strange, haunting sax, they completely upstaged the glorified decadence of the rest of the bill.

I hastily acquired a copy of their amazing 'Legion'/'Original Sin' single, and an SS Records reissue of the only plastic testament to Kirk Brandon's previous band The Pack — a 'four-track pack' comprising 'Brave New Soldiers'/'Heathen'/'King Of Kings'/'Number Twelve'.

The Pack were histrionic-apocalyptic. 'Brave New Soldiers', for example, is about the possibility of a European military youth "crusade", and Brandon's vision of the future is bleak, violent, and free of cliches. If truth be told, he is perhaps one of the only real "futurists" in London. He's not stupid, but nor is he an arrogant sod. He sings with passion, and he speaks with passion.

He is in no two minds about the London scene of the moment. An ex-Blitz kid himself, he has seen to what extent the likes of Steve Strange have revealed themselves as the "unsuccessful businessmen" they really are. "If they're futurists," he says, "then what kind of future are they supposed to be offering us?"

For Brandon, it's clear that Spandau Ballet and their hangers-on are just playing it safe — playing the media game. The dressing up is a substitute for the punk energy they lack. Theatre Of Hate have gone back to the spirit of those first few months of punk and come up with something entirely new. "If there's one good thing to be said for the so-called futurists," continues Kirk, "it's that they're paving the way for the real bands who'll take over."

I met Kirk Brandon in the offices of Blackhill Enterprises, and first attempted to probe for a few elementary facts. Since Kirk was too bored by his past and the formation of TOH to want to recall them, this attempt met with little success. Nevertheless, it is a fact that in '76 he was playing in a band called The Caine (of which he cares to remember nothing at all) and it is also a fact that in '77 he was, like "everyone else", a good conscientious punk getting a massive buzz off the Pistols.

The Pack started life in that year as The Pack Of Lies, and stuck together for the next two years, picking up Jim Walker from PiL on the way. The finest moment on the '4-Track Pack' is 'Number Twelve', which anticipates clearly the direction Kirk was to go in forming Theatre Of Hate around the spring of 1980. Produced, as were 'Original Sin' and 'Legion', by Akronite Liam Sternberg, it is a savage, doomy slice of post-Pistols punkodrama.

Theatre Of Hate materialised when bassist Stan (an amazing player and terrific visual performer) came from The Straps, and drummer Luke from reds-under-the-beds Crisis. Guitarist Steve is an old friend of Kirk's and John, the Canadian saxophonist (an ex-student of the Berkeley School of Music) turned up through an ad in the paper. Theatre Of Hate were immediately set up with the aim of countering the growing number of Bowie clones that were roaming the streets of London. All the clones can do, says Kirk, is mimic themselves to death. Which is what, with any luck, they'll do.

"What I really accuse the old Blitz kids of," he goes on, "is straightforward cowardice. They have lost the spirit of rebellion and so a new rebellious movement will take their place. Theatre Of Hate is above all a *live* band, and its rebellion is its energy, and I as a performer am not afraid to say to the people who come to see us: 'I am different from you'."

Isn't Kirk Brandon right? Isn't futurism really just a pathetic rehash of *Cabaret*-style decadence . . . something that looks not forwards but straight back over its own shoulders? In two years no doubt we shall look back to today and think "Wow, what a hip scene!" but actually what's happened is that the media game — as played, for example, in this very paper — has got totally out of hand. The media has in fact *created* a vast overpopulation of bands, all of whom are too scared to do anything besides effect minimal changes in their image and sound that will tactfully set them at a slight remove from the most adjacent bands around them.

The media is responsible for these paranoid thousands; soon everyone in England under 25 will be in a group. But the media is too busy destroying the ideals of the bands that *have* made it to invent new ones for those who haven't. As TOH manager Terry Mylet put it in his terse Scots manner, "every cause is automatically a lost one". All I can say is, wait for the next Theatre Of Hate single, 'Rebel Without A Brain'. It says it all.

What Theatre Of Hate want to see is "youth being given back their youth", instead of all the bands and fans reading about each other all the time, anxiously storing up new labels to pin on each other. They may be dressed as pirates or Indians or drag queens or what have you, but inside those endless layers of disguise they still think about nothing deeper than *Crossroads* and quick brew tea. It wouldn't honestly surprise me to learn that they all sat down in full regalia to Sunday roast with their parents.

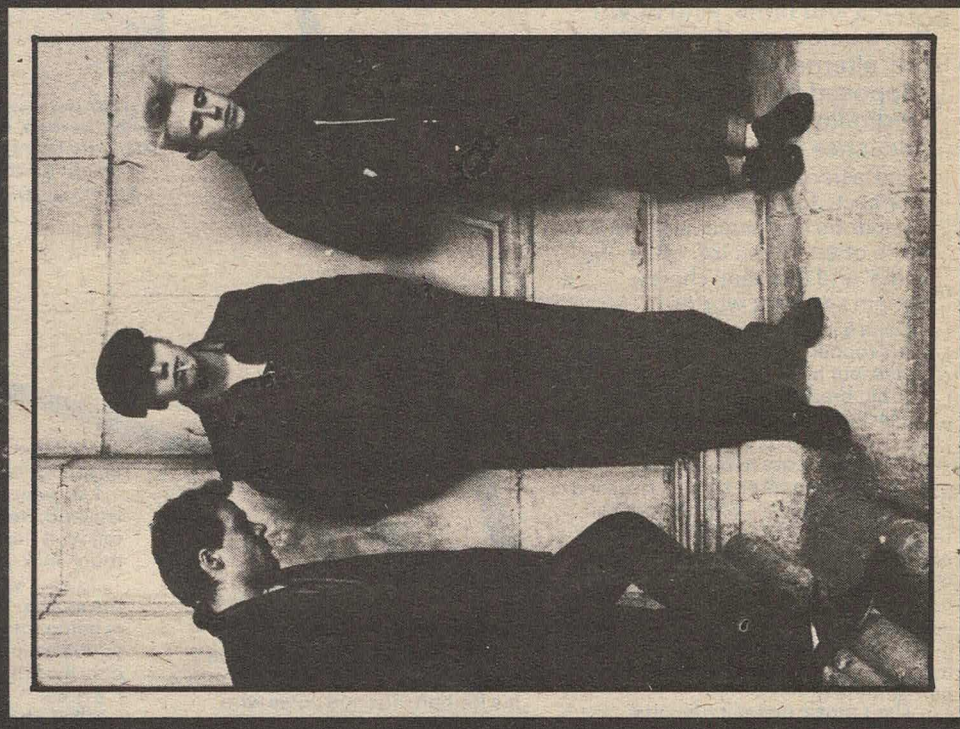
This is why Theatre Of Hate care so desperately about education, about waking these zombies out of the trance in which the media has put them. The "carnival" — Kirk's word — is over.

"As far as I can see," he says, "the only celebration of youth left to kids today is war. And that's what this is all about — the danger of that situation."

Is that his last word?

"My last word," he reflects, "goes like this: He Who Dares Wins."

Do you dare, my dears?



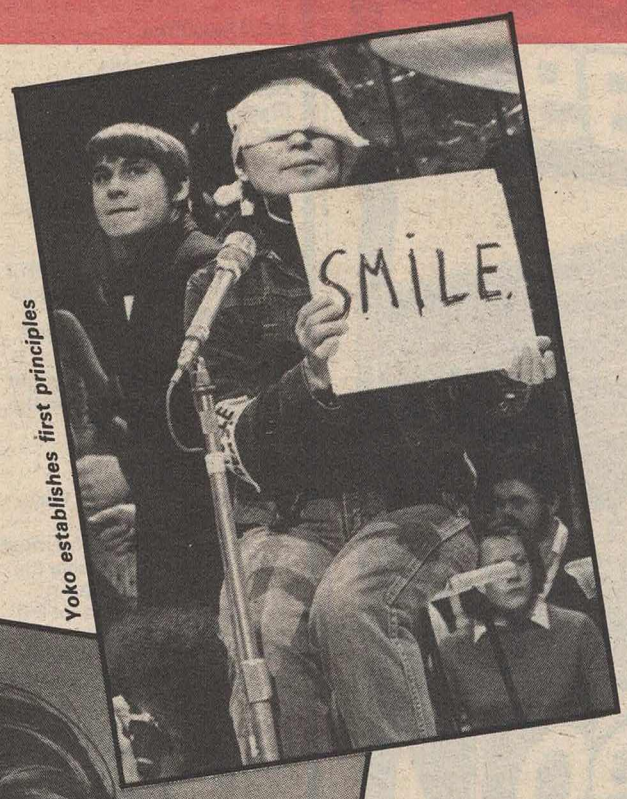
Stan, John, Kirk / Steve, Luke, Kirk

SINGLES

Giving 'em enough Europa: CHRIS BOHN

LOVE ABOVE ALL . . .

NEW ORDER: Ceremony (Factory): New Order marks a brave new beginning, one that acknowledges its past without milking it for the myths with which others ungraciously embroidered it. They've always been too honest to pay them heed anyway, as they proved by carefully skirting media-bound London until they were properly prepared — not that anybody's duty-bound to play here. That Heaven concert didn't let anybody down, and this, their long-awaited debut, goes on to fulfil all expectations. As if some great weight has been removed, 'Ceremony' is at once lighter in feeling and more youthful in subject than anything they've done before. A stunningly effective, simple instrumental intro, based around a characteristically melodic Hook bass line sets the premonitory mood for Albrecht's beautiful, fragile vocal. The words aren't always audible, adding to the song's dreamy, elliptical quality; he tells a cautious love story, featuring one lover warily pacing around the other, as much wanting to get involved as he's frightened of where it might lead. A painfully shy, revealing single — its first words sum it up best: *"This is why I get so nervy/Define it all — a different story . . ."* Indeed it is.



Yoko establishes first principles

THE DANCEABLE SOLUTION

HEAVEN 17: (We Don't Need This) Fascist Groove Thang (B.E.F./Virgin): If Euro funk activism is to have any meaning, then its exponents (DAF, ACR) must be prepared to point the finger as uncompromisingly as they kick ass — Heaven 17 do both with a vengeance. That's a mite surprising, considering they're basically ex-Human Leaguers Ian Marsh and Martyn Ware, plus vocalist Glenn Gregory. But where the League got lost in a fantasy world of '50s science fiction movies and '60s trash aesthetics, Heaven 17 have absorbed the grittier language and spunk of funk which they've good humouredly re-modelled into a distinctive electronic dance bolstered by guest John Wilson's more conventional bass and rhythm guitar. It's a language suited to this part poker-faced part-serious call to arms (roll call in the disco!) The message, simply put, is: it's their party, dance if you don't want it and SING: *"BROTHERS, SISTERS, WE DON'T NEED THIS FASCIST GROOVE THANG."* The flip's an instrumental outline of 'The Decline Of The West'. Fabulous.

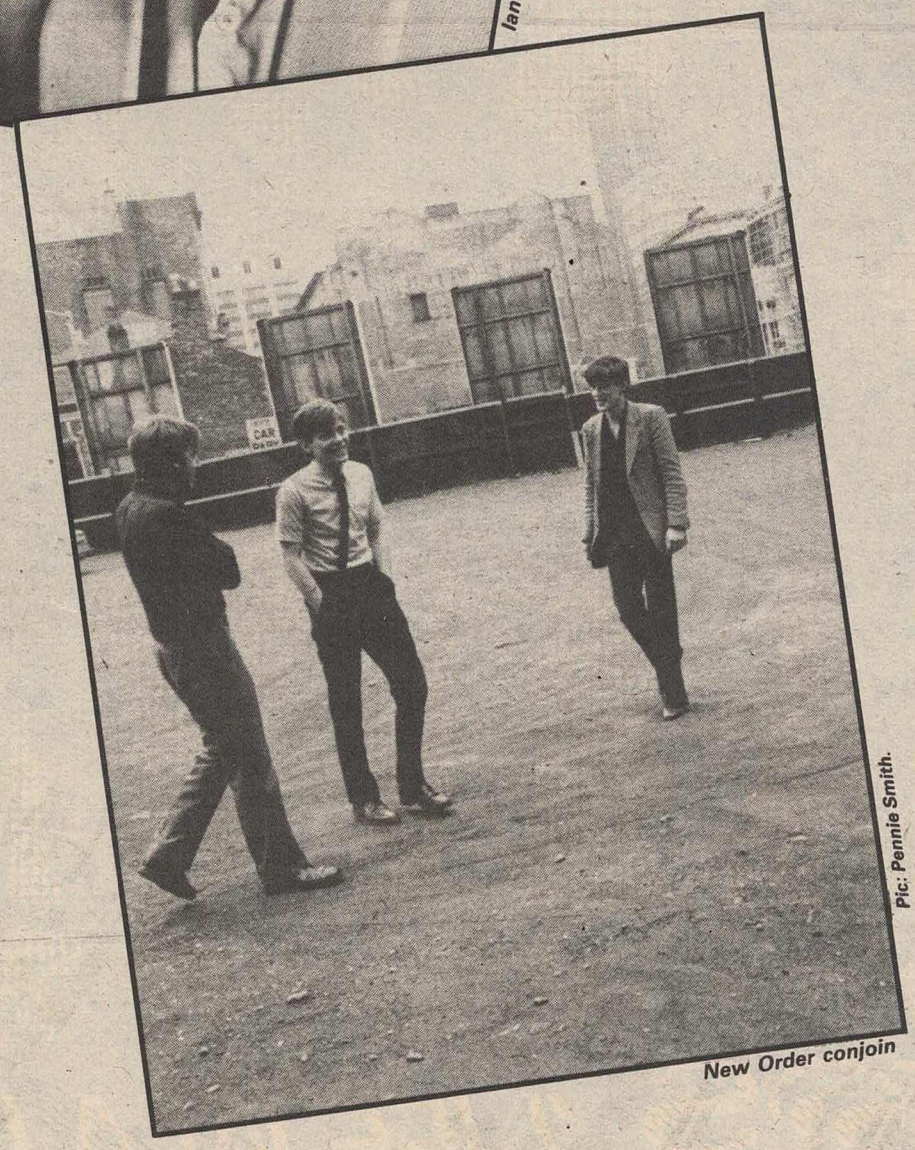
Ian Marsh concurs Pic: Anton Corbijn

SIMPLE MINDS: Celebrate (Arista 12"): Simple Minds' most sensual of sounds is ideally suited to the sensurround treatment accorded by the 12" form, but it'll come as no surprise to their fans that their late record company waited until after they'd gone before recognising the fact. The fuss Arista kicked up about putting out 'I Travel' in the larger format immediately arouses one's suspicion as to the motives of this release, especially when that already exploited track crops up here again on the flip with 'Changeling'. However, Simple Minds deserve the hit even if their erstwhile patrons don't, and this exotic re-mix could well do it: That immense big beat is that much bigger, the grand exaggeration that is Jim Kerr's voice that much grander. A really swell record.

YOKO ONO: Walking On Thin Ice (Geffen): The song the couple were mixing the night he was murdered. Sentiment aside, you can't ignore the poignant resonances the event brings to the words: *"I may cry some day/But the tears will dry whichever way/And when our hearts return to ashes/It'll be just another story . . ."* The rest of the song's equally moving, but what really grabs is the hardness of the music — it's far tougher than anything on the predominantly wet 'Double Fantasy' album. A brittle rhythm underlining the vocals suddenly tautens during dubwise passages, featuring Yoko wailing banshee-like staccato bursts in time to chattering guitars of Hugh McCracken and Earl ("Station to Station') Slick. Lennon plays lead and keyboards by the way.

The other side's 'It Happened' — *"At a time of my life when I least expected"*, is less successful, but then I've got a blind spot for the 'Amazing Grace' tune.

23 SKIDOO: Ethics/Another Baby's Face (Pineapple Products): Their first tentative steps in the studio last October do scant justice to the more confidently aggressive edgy funk 23 Skidoo make now. 'Ethics' is too respectful by far, a run through of white reggae mannerisms down to the treated percussive effects, but 'Another Baby's Face' is a better hint of what they're doing today: an angry stomp/hot dance beat wittily curdled by slyly cool voice.



New Order conjoin

Pic: Pennie Smith.

DEPECHE MODE: Dreaming Of Me (Mute): Despite the narcissistic title, 'Dreaming Of Me' is as sweetly unassuming a slice of electronic whimsy as anything by early Orchestral Manoeuvres. Deadpan vocals, programmed rhythm rejoinders and a candy floss melody makes for a pleasant three minutes. Live, they look great, make comfortable background noises, but don't really sustain attention for much longer than that.

HARDER THAN THE REST

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS: From A Whisper To A Scream (F-Beat): For once Costello lets the mask slip long enough to let out a heartfelt plea (to be heard by his lover), as clouded as it might be in the inevitable word games. Though a good album track, it's a daft choice for a single — his excessively mannered voice makes much of the song incomprehensible on the first few plays, while the duet format — featuring mis-matched Squeeze vocalist Glenn Tilbrook — diffuses its focus still further.

LES VAMPYRETTES: Biomutants/Menetekel (EMI/Electrola German import): Les Vampyrettes are ace German engineer and producer Conny Planck, and ex-Can bassist Holger Czukay hamming it up something rotten in the studios, frightening the local wildlife with two excellent pieces of murky mood music ideally suited to accompany movies by the likes of David *(Shivers, Scanners)* Cronenberg. Studio manufactured bubbling swamp noises, mutant bass sounds and other-worldly voices make for uneasy, look-behind-you type laughs. The Damned should get this — they could learn a lot from it.

CRASS: Nagasaki Nightmare/Big A Little A (Crass): At last a Crass record that is as engaging and as enterprising musically as their graphics have been visually. They apply a similar collage technique to constructing this awesome multi-dimensional noise, beginning with Japanese conversation and a calm female voice-over outlining the effects of radiation on the survivors, a flute carries them both over into a vaguely oriental guitar chop before Eve Libertine recalls the horrors implied by the title to a more conventional Crass thrash — intermittently coloured by the above. If Crass continue to make records as good as this one they might appeal to more sensibilities than those still locked into '76's primal screams. 'Big A Little A' is a return to that, but there's nothing to stop you turning off and confining yourself to reading its reasoned analysis of the state of our nation reproduced on the excellent, informative poster/sleeve.

KORPUS KRISTI: Stadt Der Blauen Eier/Ausgesetzt (Zizkzack German Import) — available from Rough Trade: The Hamburg-based Zizkzack label puts out far too many records far too often and mostly before they're properly finished. Consequently, potentially good singles by the likes of Wirtschaftwunder are never fully realised. Korpus Kristi, however, are mind-numbingly noisy exceptions. Their 'City Of The Blue Eggs' is as total as Killing Joke, but a touch of humour brightens their bleak visions. Much better is 'Marooned' on the flip, which features a sombre ugly tune over which the singer engagingly yells about his plight.

OUT OF STEP

NIKKI SUDDEN: Back To The Start/Ringing On My Train (Rather): The welcome return of a Swell Map revives the melody of 'Leaving On A Jet Plane' with a swollen tongue planted in cheek, exploiting the tune's nostalgia value and building on it with some fine shammy/shimmy guitar. 'Ringing On My Train' is the product of a less dogmatic Mark E Smith imagination. More than nice to have around.

STERNHAGEL: Vielleichtbinicheinpank/Hauruck (Ich Liebe Dich) (Rondo German import) ZK: Das Graden Geht Auf Grosse Fahrt (Rondo — German import) VORSPRUNG: Technoland (Rondo — German import): The before and after of German punk: Vorsprung, once called Male, were one of the first to release an album and, within its stylistic limitations it wasn't at all bad. Since then, they've

experienced the same uncertainties and loss of direction as The Clash. Maybe they'll pull through, but this half-hearted stutter of a song doesn't augur well for the future. Much better, at the moment, are the exceptionally cheeky and, best of all, very funny ZK. Four excellent examples of their ramshackle tragi-farce here veer from the harder 'Black Boot' through the vague synth meanderings of 'Husband And One Order' to the punky Spike Jones country parody of 'Just Like Conrad'.

While in the Spike Jones vein of irreverent pop, give Sternhagel's daft, delightful 'Hauruck (I Love You)' a spin. One fully in keeping with the current vogue for cabaret — or, more pointedly, Madness' one-band revival of Butlin's holiday camp entertainment. *(Rondo contact: Camphausenstr. 8, 4000 Dusseldorf, West Germany.)*

FURIOUS PIG: I Don't Like Your Face/Jonny's So Long/The King Mother (Rough Trade): A barbershop vocal quartet for the post industrial funk age of the severe A Certain Ratio cut. Vastly entertaining if you've got the patience to adapt to the inventive unusual mouthings that wittily establish their own rhythms and structures. The less controlled screams and blurtings of 'The King Mother' are a bit wearing, but the way in which the noises gradually shape up into the articulated titles of 'I Don't Like Your Face' and 'Jonny's So Long' are genuinely inspired.

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SINGLES

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DALEK I LOVE YOU: Heartbeat/Astronauts (Backdoor): Led by Alan Gill, the Liverpudlian left behind in the media overkill, he's since garnered a fanatical cult following that deserves something better than the slight electronic throb of 'Heartbeat'. They get it with the cute kitsch combinations of 'Astronauts'. Great harmonies accentuate Gill's dreamy, starry-eyed vocal. If you liked Lois Lane's skylight serenade of Superman in the movie, you'll love this.

RETRACING STEPS

THE WHO: You Better You Bet (Polydor): Pete Townshend's soul is the most searched of all to survive the rigours of two decades in rock, but there's not a lot left to reveal, going on the evidence of this and the past few Who records. Daltrey's mid-Atlantic voice quite understandably has problems investing the writer's slight protestations of love with any real conviction, while the oft-repeated Who ballad format is a faint echo of the band's considerably barren early '70s style. Retirement would be more graceful.

PHIL COLLINS: I Missed Again (Virgin): Exactly. While the modern Euro-funk activists gleefully and disrespectfully plunder their teenage disco memories, Phil Collins merely apes the commercial radio blandness of the likes of Earth, Wind and Fire after they'd gone soft — he even uses their horn section. For him it's just another style, another accessory — not a necessity. The lack of commitment is felt, even if it's not immediately apparent.

LOVE OF LIFE ORCHESTRA: Beginning Of The End (Beggars Banquet 12"): N.Y. keyboard whizzkid equivalents of Barry White's insipid Love Unlimited Orchestra. Don't be fooled by the presence of David Byrne and ex-Modern Lover Ernie Brooks in the credits — 'Beginning . . .' is as bland and as inconsequential as their overweight muse's music. A wisp of a melody, a breeze of a rhythm . . . hopefully it'll blow over soon.

LENE LOVICH: New Toy (Stiff)

THOMAS DOLBY: Urges/Leipzig (Armageddon): The promise Dolby showed on his contribution to the Factory/Benelux tape is betrayed by both his own single and the song 'New Toy' he wrote for Lene Lovich. Like her, he tacks on modern trappings — uncomfortable electronics, German city names — which disguise both his best and worst qualities. However 'Urges' isn't a bad coming-of-age teen courtship trial — one nice line: *"He's the new Clark Gable"*. Who? I'd hazard Midge Ure going by the Ultravox-like superficiality of 'Leipzig'. Makes no difference what 'New Toy' is about — it's just another rut for Lovich's heavily-stylised vocal vehicle to fall into. The once exotic gregorian chant back-up vocals and the fat keyboards squiggles have become threadbare through repetition. And The Stranglers should claim royalties for the b-side instrumental 'Cats Away'.

THE dB,'s: Big Brown Eyes (Albion): The Knack-ered Beatle preoccupations of 'Big Brown Eyes' continues America's longstanding love affair with British beat. They're too much in awe of their sources to do anything with them. The hushed 'Baby Talk' is better, in so far as it's not so easy to pin down and it features some great fingerclicks and a spindly sax break.

REAL TO REAL: Mr and Mrs (Red Shadow)

PINPOINT: Yo-yo (Albion)

9 BELOW ZERO: Three Times Enough (A and M)

LEE KOSMIN: Getting So Exciting (Parlophone): The rockist route from pubs to small-time clubs to Dingwalls to label has resulted in far too many basically worthy live groups making worthless records that don't stand up to or deserve the added exposure. 9 Below Zero are an R'n'B staple that'll help sell more pints than discs. Lee Kosmin possesses an okay sulky voice that fails to spark the irony intended by the dolefully sung title. A depressing party scene set to a hackneyed blue-eyed soul beat. Pete Wingfield under-produced. Can't for the life of me understand why anyone's still persisting with Pinpoint's provenly sloven imaginations, its jerky pop reminiscent of The Jags. Real To Real, thrust upon us via 101 Club Records prolific output, make reggae-rock as mediocre as the couple 'Mr and Mrs' describes.

THE LINES: Nerve Pylon (Red Linear): Doggedly carrying on the spirit of Syd ('68), The Lines' dizzy mix of psychedelia and present day cynicism works better for them than it did for the happily-defunct Only Ones, but they stretch it all across too lax and addled a tune this time for it to sustain attention.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX: Guilty (Liberty): The band most willing to live with the dopey futurist tag are predictably the worst. Imagine a pub of the future with a revox tape programmed with Bowie parts replacing a battered piano and a drunken vocalist taking the mike to do his Saturday night Tom Jones impersonation and you'll have some idea how forced Classix Nouveaux sound.

CONTINUED PAGE 53

THE PHOTOS *new single* *'LIFE IN A DAY'*

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Billy and Pauline sat on the mat.

WHO KNOWS THE SECRET OF BLACK'S MAGIC POP?

THE LAST time I went to Coventry to see The Selecter, a boy was beaten up after the gig.

A circle of boots kicked mechanically at his fragile face as he curled in a doorway off the city precinct. In the few seconds that I was frozen to the club steps facing the scene, his half dozen attackers hammered punches into his huddled frame.

Then the street was suddenly still, except for the can that spilt stale beer as it rolled out past his unconscious form. The staccato thunder of running footsteps was replaced by the heavier tread of approaching policemen...

It was an ironic incident, I say to Pauline Black, after the strong stance against violence that The Selecter made on stage that night.

"It's not so much ironic," replies Pauline, "as that's the way it *is*. That's what you're battling against. All you can do is struggle all the time towards actually getting rid of it. What underlies that violence are far more fundamental questions than you can solve musically."

REALISM, idealism and confrontation — British ska specialities which are the same now as when the movement first started, even though 2-Tone is threatened by the insubstantial chimera of changing fashion, and — more seriously — by an internal disillusionment that has caused The Specials to stop large scale touring.

Only 18 months ago, Pauline Black was working as a radiographer in one of Coventry's hospitals. The 2-Tone boom that swept the country to such an extent that even Evans' Outsize Shop sported a black and white bedecked window display, meant more to her than a fast and furious dance craze. She feels the ska style was never given a chance to mature under the intense glare of the publicity it generated.

"For a long time all the ska bands were lumped together. I think, like us, The Beat are significantly different in that there's a lot of feeling there. I'm not saying The Specials and Madness don't have feeling, because they do. But they appeal to a different kind of audience.

"The Beat never really got that involved with 2-Tone. They went off and formed Go-Feet. And looking back, maybe we should have done that. But we really believed in 2-Tone at the time."

Since The Selecter split with 2-Tone, they have changed personnel, an upheaval that took them six months to sort out, with Charley Anderson and Desmond Brown being replaced by Adam Williams and James Mackie from Lancaster band The Pharoahs.

"It was a such a mixed band," Pauline says of The Selecter," that it was a bit like a microcosm of society, and all the problems that happened out there happened in the band."

They have also parted company with their management and now run their own business affairs.

"If there's one thing I've learnt over the last 18 months, it's not to trust anyone," she adds. "Which is a bad scene to be in to a certain extent. But that's the way society is at the moment, and if you're going to change that, you've got to be involved in order to work towards something different."

PAULINE'S HOUSE is in a typical red-brick Coventry terrace. She shares with her husband Terry, a black cat called Billy and bass-player Adam who spends most of the morning barricaded in the bathroom preparing for The Selecter's recording of BBC Midlands' *Look! Hear!* later that afternoon.

Pauline, who is considerably more fragile in the flesh than she looks onstage, sits on the floor in front of the fire. Through the net curtains of her backroom window you can see a shabby yard that leads onto a narrow alley. Propped against the red flocked wall-paper in one corner of the room is the gold disc that The Selecter received for 'Too Much Pressure'.

'Celebrate The Bullet', their second album, has a television on the cover, a red inner sleeve and a new logo inspired by the symbol used on wartime utility clothing, with a red triangle that was their own addition.

Red, says Pauline, is how The Selecter feel at the moment.

"We are quite an angry band. I feel all we're doing is reflecting what's going on in society anyway. If you haven't got a job — and there's mass redundancies around here — you're going to feel angry about it.

"The use of the logo, the whole utility thing, is everything being taken down to its barest minimum. We're having to do it, *but* we're angry about it and wish to do something."

Do you feel that living in Coventry keeps you closer to those issues? In the Midlands you can't avoid the scale of unemployment which hasn't hit the South to the same extent.

"Very much so. Terry, my husband, works at Rolls Royce and they're trying to bring through redundancies there. And I can see what's going on around me. I still keep in touch with the people I used to work with, and the way the National Health Service's going is terrible."

What about the 'Bristol And Miami' track on the album? That's a very direct, angry song.

"We played a couple of places in Bristol around the St. Pauls area. Right at the end when all the kids were going out into the street, a load of police surrounded the place and just incited a big row.

"And earlier on I was doing an interview with someone and some of us walked into this pub, and the landlady just shouted, There's no seats here! You'll have to go! We

CONTINUES OVER

The fine art of fighting for a cause without causing a fight. Pauline Black explains Selecter's danceable solution

WORDS LYNN HANNA CATSNAPS ANTON CORBIJN

PAULINE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

went onto the next pub and got exactly the same reception, at which point you start getting a bit paranoid.

"I don't like labelling things. If somebody tells me to piss off, it's very easy for a black person, particularly in this country I feel, to turn round and say it's because I'm black. It's because you don't want me here. I try not to operate on that because when I was 15 or 16 I laboured under it, and I won't do it anymore. OK, people might not like me for what I *am*, but apart from the fact I'm black, and I think you've *got* to see it that way. Although there are times when it's obvious race hatred and you get the hell out of it, because it's not worth causing a fight.

"Anyway, we went on to the next pub, and we did actually get a seat. But the people just stared at us. I came out and I thought, God, Bristol's a funny town, they must have some problems here. And then, of course, six months later the whole thing erupted. It wasn't like an expected place where that would happen. You would imagine it would first come about in Brixton or Handsworth in Birmingham. It shocked me.

"And then when we were in America in April and May, the Miami riots were going on. I thought everyone's going to forget it. It's going to be thrown out the window. And I don't want to forget it. So I wrote a song about it."

Pauline laughs.

"That's very trite, isn't it?"

And the optimism about race relations that British ska has always appeared to reflect?

"I have to be optimistic about it, otherwise I'm on the next banana boat back. It's as simple as that.

"It's there anyway. Racism's nutured by the Conservative Party, obviously. If you've got a working class which is being made redundant, then those people are going to want to do something about it. So to stop that coming about they just divide the working class, and a very easy lever, in the same way as Hitler used the Jews, is to use black people here.

"With unemployment, black and white people are both in the same position. It's only when someone feeds it in from outside that you get racism. If two people are really in the shit and they're from different cultural backgrounds — because this *is* the society we live in, we're not in Africa or the West Indies now — then they're going to join together for mutual benefit. And I think that's the way it's going to be. Because if it isn't, then we're really going to be in trouble in this country."

It was ska's refusal to embrace escapism that made it a volatile, highly charged mixture to deal with musically, and it could sometimes cause the taut, high tension that exploded in brutality outside the Coventry club.

For The Selecter, says Pauline, it also meant that there were often groups of NF supporters giving Nazi salutes in their audience, with a British flag once being thrown on to the stage. To Pauline it was all part of 2-tone combining a variety of opposite attitudes.

It was also, she feels, necessary for racists to be present at Selecter gigs.

"If you haven't got all those opposites there, and there's a kind of interaction going on, you haven't got anything. I feel that's what happened to Tom Robinson. He was preaching to a converted audience, and you get sucked into all that sloganising for whichever left-wing party. It's just pandering to middle-class liberalism. That's like going to church and coming out and saying, Aren't I good? To me that's not what it's about. If you're going to have a real situation, it means there's going to be NF and black people there. Because that's what it's like on the street."

IN BIRMINGHAM'S Pebble Mill Studios there's a listlessly confused atmosphere that alternates between bouts of intense, orchestrated activity.

The Beat's Dave Wakeling and Horace Special check out the set from the relative safety at the back of the audience while cameras circle slowly on the outskirts or hurtle through the bunched crowd at alarming speeds with an assistant running along in front to shove aside the slow movers. A producer in headphones and carrying the all-important clipboard is explaining to Neol Davis that, yes, there is a bar in the building, but that he wouldn't, you know, have too much. . .

"Don't get pissed, you mean," Neol replies politely.

As it turns out this seems an unnecessary warning since The Selecter are occupied with weightier matters.

There's a lot of talk about petty cash, contracts, the payment of road crew and the daily business of a sizeable operation that most groups entrust to their manager. Drummer Charlie's face assumes a crumpled expression as he describes the lengthy legal document he received in the morning post that still awaits his attention.

"You've spoken to Pauline, so you know why we're in the position of having to scrounge cigarettes," he says. He explains that the money from their first album disappeared during touring without The Selecter either realising, or being informed, that they were living above their means.

During the recording of 'Bombscare',' (Who Likes) Facing Situations', the two takes of 'Celebrate The Bullet', the interruptions, instructions and the strange case of the vanishing make-up lady which results in Adam being ordered off so that his nose can be powdered after 'On My Radio', The Selecter remain calmly cheerful.

Certainly there's no sign of the prima donna reputation that they have acquired in some sections of the music business; a result, Pauline claims, of The Selecter's habit of questioning attitudes and the mix of black and white and women in the band that can seem, she says, somewhat daunting and disorientating to an outsider.

Onstage in a purple jacket and frilled blouse with her hair now a loose cloud around her head, Pauline looks a different woman to last year's hatted, sombrely suited rude girl.

This is partly, she explains, because her hair grew so long that her hat kept falling off until it was eventually stolen. And anyway she's recently had time to stop and think, and she now feels freer to be herself.

"I know it sounds crazy, but until I got into doing this, it never fundamentally occurred to me that I was a woman. It was only when I was in the band that I became aware of the pressures that were being put on. I think what happened was I went to the complete extreme and said, Right, I'm not going to have anything to do with this at all. I suppose unconsciously I tended to make myself as boy-looking as possible. And I look on that now as wrong. I wasn't being completely honest to myself.

"I put on the hat at our first gig because I was paranoid and I thought if I pulled it down people wouldn't be able to see my face, because my eyes tend to put out things I'm not saying!

"But I feel a bit wilder than I did last year, and that's the way I want to look."

PAULINE IS, she says, pleased with the way things have turned out for The Selecter. She feels that their second album doesn't represent such a definite shift as 'More Specials', but that it is more successful than their first in creating a mood around each song.

For instance, the excellent soulful single 'Celebrate The Bullet' is half a personal suicide note and half an indictment of the distorted celebration of the bullet by the likes of Ronald Reagan that Pauline sees as part of a subtle process to persuade people that war is the only option. The album is also intended to develop as well as consolidate ska's achievements, in what she sees as a real opportunity for the style to grow to its full potential.

"I hope that people will still listen. Too much people are conditioned by what's immediate, what's now. I'm into enjoying myself but there's more to having a good time than bouncing up and down in unison. It's a case of what do I come away *feeling*.

"But if 2-Tone did one thing it was to get people dancing. You can go to the Lanchester (Polytechnic) now and see people watching a group sitting on the floor — it's like the hippies never left. With 2-Tone people were on their feet, together, and they were moving. Because that's the most basic thing music has ever done, right from the days of tribal dancing. It's communication using the body."

But was it possible to achieve anything in terms of actually changing attitudes?

"For me to sit here and say they're were loads of black people at our gigs would be a lie. They're weren't. But there were significantly more than there would have been for a punk band.

"All we could say is, Look, here we are, we're not that much different than you, we're black and white people and we get along. And if we can do it then there's *some* grounds for that being able to happen.

"At the time it was probably all we *could* achieve, otherwise you're standing there pontificating."

Judging by the 'Celebrate The Bullet' LP, Pauline has good reason to be optimistic, at least about The Selecter's own future.

"The way I feel, is that 18 months ago, I didn't think this would happen," she says philosophically. "18 months later, well, I won't like going back to work, but if that's the way it is, then obviously we weren't getting at the roots of the problem. I certainly don't think the public are stupid. And people are going to be thrown into a situation where they've *got* to start looking at problems.

"To me that's what you've got to reflect, otherwise it would be like us joining the middle-of-the-road thing. And I'd far rather work than be associated with that.

"What we did last year was to get an awful lot of discussion around black and white people, and that's got to be healthy because at least people are talking about it and not hiding it away. That's what I wanted to say in 'Bristol And Miami', that this *is* going to happen again. "Unless we start talking about it..."

The Army was no laughing matter until Judy Benjamin joined it.

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Eleanor Forsythe in Prostitute: "You're never alone down the Strand. . ."

Don't join the professionals

Prostitute

Directed by Tony Garnett
Starring Eleanor Forsythe and Kate Crutchley
(Mainline)

TONY Garnett's work to date — involvement with the inception of the TV plays *Kes, Cathy Come Home,* and lately *Black Jack* — marks him as a man of social conscience. *Prostitute* is his first film as a director and, as you'd expect, he's done his homework thoroughly. He spent the last four years liaising with PROS — the prostitutes' organisation for reform of the penal code. At present, it isn't illegal to be a prostitute, but it *is* illegal to solicit on the streets — the same double-think that in certain countries makes it legal to smoke marijuana, but not to sell it.

In the course of his research, Garnett discovered (as he said in an interview with the *Guardian's* Derek Malcolm): "A lot are ordinary girls who shop at Tesco's and don't do anything else unordinary except their actual job."

It did occur to me that Garnett should do a parallel film on the fact that Jews don't have tails (a misconception that was rife in this country in my grand parents' youth), so insistently is the point hammered home that yes, these hookers are also HUMANS!

Of course they are, and of course it's immoral that it's always the hustlers who get into trouble with the law, as opposed to their clients. And of course, with all the pros in the film busy being as motherly and cosy as the Ovalteenies, there's no time to check out the male clients and the particular hypocrisies they get involved in, or to explore the specific emotional strains and ambiguities of their job to any depth.

In the same interview, Garnett says that we — by which I think he means society — "can't forget that they are selling themselves in a certain way, that what should be a gift is sold." The weaknesses of the film seem to stem from the same 'naivete'. Sex and beauty have always operated as at the very least a last-resort credit card, and most frequently as cash in hand in the human market-place; specially where marriage is concerned. Sex and beauty have always been a commodity.

Still, *Prostitute* is never dull. The film traces the efforts of an ambitious Birmingham pro, Sandra (Eleanor Forsythe), to improve her career opportunities by moving to London, where the pickings (eg Arab sheikhs) are richer.

After a depressing catalogue of misadventures — including some clients' violent behaviour and harassment from bent cops — she gives up, returning to Birmingham. There she starts to pound the beat again, a victim of her own thwarted ambition in big, bad London, where apparently only the bitches succeed.

The film is improvised, seeking that elusive magic potion, 'realism'; hence some moments are as ho-hum as 'life' itself. But *Prostitute* is well acted — enough to make the censor stamp on one scene in a massage parlour where a woman worker delivers an efficient oily hand job, running through the standard 'erotic' patter like a market stallholder advertising a new line in knife sharpeners. Silly, really, as the scene is genuinely as anti-erotic as Garnett claims it is.

The film's main weakness lies in the reduction of massive contradictions and ambiguities to the neat black and white polarities deemed suitable for audience consumption. In particular, the contrast between rough, tough London and the let's-have-another-cuppa homeliness of Birmingham; but a couple of the representatives of PROS at the press show assured me that indeed, the girls are much more likely to help each other out in the provinces.

Ads for the movie ask: Should a woman have the right to choose what she does with her own body? Maybe it's over-optimistic to think that everybody apart from the Pope (currently encouraging women to have infinite children despite overpopulation, and ignoring the questions of sexual/social hypocrisy bred by those beliefs as garbage breeds rats), certainly *Prostitute's* potential audience, would have assumed that question as a basic life premise.

Such a simplistic level of argument makes *Prostitute* a 1-2-3 primer on sexual politics, just as *Babylon* is a 1-2-3 primer on the situation of black people in Britain. Still, it's a sturdy and entertaining first step.

Vivien Goldman

SILVER SCREEN

Gena Rowlands grim-faced as Gloria

Gloria

Directed by John Cassavetes
Starring Gena Rowlands, Buck Henry and John Adames *(Columbia)*

AT FIRST highly intriguing, John Cassavetes' loose, freewheeling style of direction slowly began to suffocate his movies, in which he'd allow his characters all the time in the world to develop before a rolling camera, hoping that a plot would look after itself.

It worked surprisingly well up until his first genre excursion *Killing Of A Chinese Bookie,* which pitted a small time club owner against the mob; but he still hadn't got the right balance between narrative structure and freedoms allowed to his actors.

Gloria, however, makes it clear from the opening credits onwards that this one's going to be different. The soundtrack, alternating Spanish - American guitar and blowsy sax, introduces a long shot around New York's skyline — itself a radical broadening out of his earlier movies' claustrophobic indoor settings — and zeroes in on a panicky Puerto Rican family, whose head has testified against his Mafia employers and is now awaiting retribution.

Gritty neighbour Gloria calls just at the wrong moment; the fear stricken parents thrust their six-year-old kid Phil and a book of Mafia accounts in her hands moments before the mob hits.

She's an unwilling surrogate mother and he an equally reticent son, but they're irrevocably bound once they've been spotted together and Gloria is forced to blast their way out. Thus the scene's set for a thriller cum chase movie...

But Cassavetes is too canny a director to settle merely for that. One of Hollywood's few true independents who buys the freedom to make idiosyncratic movies by taking on lucrative acting roles, he's not about to make a totally conventional film, though *Gloria* is surely as conventional as he's got so far.

Vastly improving on *Chinese Bookie,* he for once pays more attention to the storyline, foscusing on fewer characters — the kid and Gloria — and giving them as much rein as they'd have in his earlier movies. The results are excellent: fast-paced, disciplined, and often very funny, convincingly real individuals are placed in unreal situations. Thus we're not about to argue with Gloria when she shoots and fast-talks her way past a knock-down gallery of cheap hoodlums.

No surprise that *Gloria* is made by Gena Rowlands' bravura performance. For the most part tough and testy, she makes it plain early on that she has no time for kids, but her protective instincts for the underdog and distaste for the Mafia let slip just enough sympathy to revive her young companion when he begins to wilt under the strain of the chase.

But best of all it's great to see Rowlands survive one of husband Cassavetes' movies without cracking up once.

Chris Bohn

More American Graffiti

Directed by B. W. L. Norton
Starring Paul Le Mat, Cindy Williams and Candy Clark
(CIC)

AS ITS imaginative title might suggest, *More American Graffiti* laments the fate of the teenagers celebrated in George Lucas' runaway 1973 success, *American Graffiti.* I felt for no other reason than this, it left US moviegoers surprisingly disinclined to go.

Lucas, who went on to direct *Star Wars,* made *American Graffiti* with a cast of virtual unknowns. His major 'discovery', Richard Dreyfuss, was soon to co-star in *Jaws* and start asking the kind of fees that would preclude his apperance in this sequel — just the first of many continuity problems that must have faced the makers of *More American Graffiti.*

The second was that the various destinies of the major characters were already spelled out at the end of *American Graffiti.* And in what at the time must have seemed like a neat stroke of pathos, two of the more appealing ones were supposed to be dead within a few years.

To circumvent this and somehow still remain true to the story, the sequel adapts the parallel narrative technique of the original. *Graffiti 1* traced the intertwined escapades of a gang of teenagers living out their last night of summer and innocence in between mouthfuls of pure beef in a bun. By unfolding leisurely across a single evening, the film cleverly trapped the hermetically sealed and seemingly endless years of youth — a spell that was irretrievably broken in one short scene the following morning.

Now *Graffiti 2,* fighting against itself, features the same teenagers (minus the Dreyfuss character) dealing in the same carefree way with the problems of maturity. The more pressing narrative problems are dealt with by the trick of spreading the story over several years and four separate films, each one with its own visual style, cross-cut into one. Confusing yes, but so's life.

The film opens on a day at the track with the hot-rod king and Dean figure, played by the neglected Paul Le Mat, who has progressed from street to drag racing and is now only months away from his fatal appointement with a hit-and-run driver. The gang is briefly re-united: Candy Clark, next seen five years later in Haight - Ashbury; Terry the toad, who is leaving for Vietnam the next day; and Ron Howard and Cindy Williams, who will soon be married, suburban and irritable.

Bouncing around the decade like a superball, *Graffiti 2* takes a tender, slapstick look at the '60s and ends back where it began at the drag strip with the inevitable teenagers and automobiles. But what a happy-go-lucky time it was! Vietnam, campus riots, women's lib, long hair, psychedelic rock groups . . . And yet, somehow, almost predictably, the movie ends not with a sigh but with a whimper.

Maybe one day there will be a sequel to this sequel in which our carefree teenagers take too much coke, have nervous breakdowns, and all get divorced — and still remain the same carefree teenagers they always were. This too could make a good bottom half of an average double bill.

Paul Rambali

Samson's drummer as the mystery guest in Prom Night

Prom Night

Directed by Paul Lynch
Starring Jamie Lee Curtis, Casey Stevens and Leslie Nielsen *(Barber Rose)*

LAST year *Friday The 13th* unashamedly plagiarised *Halloween* and *Carrie,* and raked in a tidy sum. *Prom Night* goes for much the same market and even prominently features star of *Halloween* Jamie Lee (daughter of Tony) Curtis.

However, all the ripping-off leads nowhere and refuses to serve as the starting-point for new themes or directions. The suspense is dealt out clumsily, the action sequences jerkily edited and the set pieces of terror are tired and tediously familiar — even if there is a moment of grand guignol when a severed head (yes, full frontal decapitations are the thing this year, viz *The Exterminator)* rolls onto the disco floor.

This interrupts some of the worst dancing since Travolta first sitiffened up of a Saturday night. Owners of the cast iron hips are a bunch of adolescent high school kids at their prom, ie a sort of end of term dance. Some of them start to get bumped off, especially those who six years earlier had been partially responsible for the death of a schoolmate during a game of hide-and-seek.

It's suspected that the local psychopath, wrongly accused of the killing, has escaped from mental hospital in order to take his revenge. However, it's not him behind the balaclava mask, so at least the film ends with a twist or two.

But what you have to go through to get there!

It's a pity that the expatriate English director of *Prom Night* couldn't have introduced a bit of Old World corruption: a Bunter here, a Flashman there — a bit of horror.

Paul Tickell

THE MAN WHO WOULD SAVE ROCK AND ROLL

LAST OCTOBER Bruce Springsteen released his fifth album, 'The River', which went swiftly to number one in the States, and began a tour that will take him and the E Street Band across the length and breadth of the United States, into Canada, to Great Britain, to Europe, Japan and Australia. As interesting as this event is its context.

Rock'n'roll is, today, too big for any centre. It is so big, in fact, that no single event — be it Springsteen's tour or Sid Vicious's overdose — can be much more than peripheral. Writing in August 1977, Lester Bangs may have got it right: "We will never again agree on anything as we agreed on Elvis."

Rock'n'roll now has less an audience than a series of increasingly discrete audiences, and those various audiences ignore each other. With the exceptions of disco in the US and reggae in the UK, blacks and whites have not had so little to do with each other musically since the early '50s when rock'n'roll began — and those exceptions are linked to the emergence of hip racism in the US (many discos that play black music "discourage" the patronage of blacks) and of organised racism among youth in the UK. The audience that has gathered around punk and post-punk groups may have a grip on the formal history of the music — the account, as written by white critics, of the music's pursuit of new forms and new ideas — but that pursuit has never had so little to do with what most rock consumers actually hear or, for that matter, what they've heard of.

In one sense, this is salutary and inevitable. The lack of a centre means the lack of a conventional definition of what rock'n'roll is, and that fosters novelty. Rules about what can go into a performance and, ultimately, about how and what it can communicate are not only unenforced, they're often invisible, both to performer and audience. That rock'n'roll has persisted for so long, and spread to such diverse places, precludes its possession by any single generation or society — and this leads not only to fragmentation but to a vital, renewing clash of values. We agreed on Elvis, after all, because he was the founder, because he represented the thing itself; if we will never agree on anyone as we agreed on Elvis, it's equally true that Americans have never agreed on anyone as they agreed on George Washington.

But this state of affairs is also debilitating and dispiriting. The fact that the most adventurous music of the day seems to have taken up residence in the darker corners of the marketplace contradicts the idea of rock'n'roll as an aggressively popular culture that tears up boundaries of race, class, geography and (oh, yes) music. The belief that the mass audience can be reached and changed has — until now — been the deepest source of the music's magic and power.

The music does not now provide much evidence that this belief is based on anything like reality, and on a day to day basis this means there is no longer common ground for good rock'n'roll conversation. Bands with very broad — or at least very big — audiences continue to exist, of course, but they don't destroy boundaries; they disguise them, purveying music characterised principally by emotional vapidity and social vagueness.

The Great Pretender? Springsteen pic: Lynn Goldsmith

A CONCERT by Bruce Springsteen offers many thrills, and one is that he performs as if none of the above is true. The implicit promise of a Bruce Springsteen concert is that This Is What It's All About — This Is The Rock. Whether the promise is more than a night's happy illusion is, at the time, less important than whether Springsteen can live up to it.

As songwriter, singer, guitarist and bandleader, he appears at once as the anointed successor to Elvis Presley and as an imposter who expects to be asked for his stage pass; his show is, among other things, an argument about the nature of rock'n'roll after 25 years. The argument is that rock'n'roll is a means to fun that can acknowledge the most bitter defeats, that it has a coherent tradition which, when peformed, will reveal possibilities of rock'n'roll the tradition did not previously contain.

Having posited a tradition, Springsteen performs as if every bit of it is backing him up — rooting for him. This allows him to hit the boards as if his status as a rock'n'roll star is both privileged and ordinary, and the result onstage is a unique combination of authority and prank. It means that at his finest Springsteen can get away with almost anything, stuff that coming from anyone else would seem hopelessly corny and contrived — and that he can come up with stuff to get away with that most rockers since Little Richard would be embarrassed even to have thought of. Such as, in Portland, under the brooding eye of Mount St. Helens, singing 'On Top Of Old Smokey'.

As rock and roll fragments, Bruce Springsteen seems determined to act as a one-man unifier: holding up the centre while all around him disintegrates.

GREIL MARCUS followed Springsteen's course through his recent American tour. On the eve of Bruce's British dates, we print Marcus's conclusions

Two nights later, on October 27 in Oakland, the best seat in the house — front row on the centre aisle — was the prize of a small blonde woman, a 33-year-old attorney from San Francisco named Louisa Jaskulski. She spent the first hour and a half of the concert dancing in front of her chair — nothing fancy, just the sweetest, most private sort of movements, the kind of dance one might do in front of a mirror. She was so expressive she seemed to add a dimension to every song, and early into the second half of the concert Springsteen responded in kind. He leaped from the stage and with a gesture of gleeful courtliness offered Jaskulski his arm, whereupon the two cakewalked up the aisle to the astonishment of everyone in the arena. This wasn't Elvis bestowing a kiss on a lucky female, who then, according to the inescapable script, collapsed in tears like a successful supplicant at Lourdes; prancing down that aisle, Springsteen was not a star and Jaskulski was not a fan. They were a couple.

An hour later Springsteen almost topped that moment. Introducing the band just before heading into 'Rosalita', he added a touch to his usual obeisance to Clarence Clemons, the enormous, splendidly decked-out black saxophone player: "King of the World . . . Master of the Universe . . . and . . . the Next President of the United States!" In two seconds it seemed like an obvious thing to do; one second before that it had been a shock so delicious it almost justified the presidential campaign which was then reaching its peak. Then, hard into 'Rosalita', Springsteen and the band reached that point when the song hangs in the air — when the pace is most fierce and the question of whether our hero will get the girl most in doubt. At the precise moment when the tension almost cracks the song in half, Springsteen turned to Clemons and kissed him square on the lips.

On Halloween night in Los Angeles, fog covered the stage. Six crew members, dressed as ghouls, brought out a coffin. Springsteen emerged and sang 'Haunted House', a 1964 hit by a deservedly obscure rockabilly singer called Jumpin' Gene Simmons. Don't cringe — he could just as well have sung 'Ding Dong The Witch Is Dead', a 1939 hit by The Munchkins.

The night after Reagan's election, in Phoenix, Springsteen did not introduce Clarence Clemons as the next president of the United States. Instead, he walked onstage and said, "I don't know what you thought about what happened last night. I think it terrifying." Then he sang 'Badlands', the most appropriate song he had to offer — for the time being.

As Jon Landau, now Springsteen's manager, wrote in 1968, an awareness of the Vietnam War could be felt all through Bob Dylan's 'John Wesley Harding'; it is an almost certain bet that the songs Springsteeen will now be writing will have something to do with the events of November 4. Those songs likely will not comment on those events; they will, I think, reflect those events back to us, fixing moods and telling stories that are, at present, out of reach.

Not many rock'n'rollers can be expected to react on this level. If Springsteen is able to do so, it will be at least in part because of his evident conviction that whether or not rock'n'roll has a centre, someone must act as if it does.

Greil Marcus is the author of *Mystery Train* (if you haven't read it — why not?). Report reprinted courtesy of *New West* magazine.

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The New Age Metaphysics Of Marvin Gaye

Music, Love, Divinity, & The Shape Of Things To Come . . . The Motown Marvel feels The Force.

MARVIN GAYE is a man of medium height with a soft, rich voice who gives out firm, warm, lengthy handshakes. He smiles and laughs a lot, even though in this mirth there is often an undertone of pathos.

When I meet him at Pye Studios, where he is supervising the cutting of an album by a group called The Kraze with whom he has struck up some form of alliance during the eight months he has lived in England, there is not the least evidence of the unpredictable, egotisical, "difficult" archetypal American superstar on which his myth insists.

During an interview that lasts from late afternoon through most of the evening, Marvin indulges not at all in the Dylan-like obtuse answers he supposedly once favoured. He is absolutely open and direct — often to the dismay of his PR lady, who remains with us in the studio, and later accompanies us to his nearby apartment.

The Sly Stone-like reputation for unreliability he has gained during his time in England seems to have its basis more in the fanciful imaginations of gossip column writers than in fact: "Those stories about me avoiding a press conference in Manchester by leaving Heathrow airport though a toilet window do seem like something I'd be rather unlikely to do, don't they? Furthermore, if you consider it, is there a single toilet window that leads to the outside of the building at Heathrow? I left through the *door* and took a taxi home, because I really felt there was no need to do that press conference."

Then, of course, there was the controversial occasion when Marvin Gaye arrived so late for a Princess Margaret-attended charity show that the blue-blooded one had petulantly split prior to the singer's exceptionally tardy entrance. His explanation of this is that such a grand occasion was the only lever he could use against alleged financial mistreatment by the promoter: "I did what I did out of necessity. I meant no disrespect to the Royal Family. Unfortunately I couldn't go and perform until certain conditions had been met."

Since 'Pride And Joy', his first US hit in the summer of 1963 for Motown Records, Marvin Gaye has developed into one of the most significant contemporary black artists, shifting in early 1971 from a hitmaker of classic three minute soul singles to a leading black culture hero with the impassioned social pinpointing and beauty of his 'What's Going On' album. This record of *total* music was followed up by the equally masterful 'Trouble Man' movie soundtrack, the 'Let's Get It On' LP that was a paen to sexuality, and the 1974 live album which marked his return to road work.

Since then he has released one more live record, recorded at the London Palladium, and two further studio LPs, 'I Want You', and 'Here My Dear', fine records that don't, though, possess the same sparks of genius as the early '70s' music.

The double 'Here My Dear', in fact, was put out as Marvin's settlement in his divorce from Anna Gordy, sister of Berry Gordy, the Motown founder and boss. Indeed, Marvin's relationship with his record company, America's largest totally black-owned corporation, has been in recent years the cause of much speculation. It has been believed to be one of the causes for his temporary residence in the UK, where he has remained since his concert tour here last June. It seems, though, the greater reason behind this British sojourn is a need to remove himself from the scene of the emotional traumas he experienced at the beginning of last year, when Jan, his second wife, left Marvin to live with his best friend, Teddy Pendergrass.

This grand upset followed hard on the heels of a bankruptcy order served on him by America's IRS for non-payment of taxes, under the terms of which the singer was obliged to have his studio sold. It was hardly surprising that the British tour scheduled for January of last year was re-booked for the summer.

As to his relationship with Motown, Marvin Gaye maintains that 'In Our Lifetime', his studio album released this month, will be his last record for the company: "At this point I think I'd rather be with another record company. I've been told in no uncertain terms that if certain financial arrangements are made that I may leave the label, even though I am still technically under contract to them."

The last time Marvin Gaye gave an interview of any length to this paper was to Cliff White in 1976. The picture painted was of a man whose artistry was tempered by a fascination for quasi-mystical practices, pursuits he followed without falling into the trap of becoming any kind of New Age spiv.

These interests appear only to have deepened. It certainly interested me — as perhaps it did Marvin — that we share the same birthday: April 2.

In the cutting-room at Pye we sat next to each other on a couch that backs up to the mixing desk.

THE OBVIOUS first question I should ask you is *why* you're over here . . .

Why I'm over here is a bit of a puzzle to *me*, but I've subsequently decided it's because . . . (laughs) *I like it!* I like it here, and I'm relatively happy. Much happier than when I arrived — and if you're realising a measure of happiness you tend to want to soak it all up.

I feel a lot more energy here, too. For whatever reasons . . . Also, I live on the West Coast, and some times I like the cold. I need cold weather.

It seems also that for you life in America hasn't been too encouraging — for the last couple of years, anyway.

Well, not particularly *not* encouraging, because I'm sort of undauntable in a way. We all do tend to bask in our depressions and negativity sometimes. And I over-basked! *(laughs)* But outlook-wise, and with regard to the future and being *secure* . . . Well, that's never been a problem: my situation has been strictly emotional.

That all sounded quite heavy: was Teddy Pendergrass really your very close friend?

Ummm . . . *(pause, speaks quietly)* . . . Yes. He's still my friend, actually, as far as *I'm* concerned. I don't know how *he* feels, because we haven't communicated for a couple of years now.

Nobody *expects* anything to happen. Things just happen, and one has just to deal with it when it comes along. It was very difficult for me, because I *was* very deeply in love. It was *very* traumatic, but that is not to say that my situation with regard to my wife and Teddy was the *reason* for my trauma, or, as one may think, the reason for our subsequent divorce. Things were not going extremely well in our marriage for a few years before that happened.

But it *was* the straw that broke the camel's back. I'm a ram and I'm very concerned with my ego, so it was quite a blow to my ego — I had quite an emotional situation to deal with. And I *did* deal with it, and I'm not unhappy or bitter against anybody: Jan, my wife, and I are friends, and she and Teddy are friends. And as far as I'm concerned Teddy and I are friends. I have no quarrels with anyone or anything. Life goes on. And it's *beautiful*.

For someone whose music has been so much an intense celebration of women and love and sex you seem to have had quite a few problems with women, although perhaps that's an inevitable part of it. I'm thinking back as far as Tammi Terrell *(the Motown female vocalist who, in 1969, collapsed and died from a brain haemorrhage in Marvin's arms in mid-performance)* . . .

I've never had any problems with women. Having been one of the world's great womanisers *(laughs)* they've probably had more problems with me.

But in a case where one is deeply emotionally involved with one's wife, that transcends all the other situations. I feel that since karma goes and comes around, then most assuredly I am paying my karma back, because everybody has to. It just depends on how well one rides it out. I think I'm over my rough period, and I'm moving on.

Your personal life and artistry, of course, were inter-related on 'Here My Dear', which I remember having been soundly castigated critically when it first came out, though it still impresses as a pretty strong record, even though it's not one of your greatest achievements . . .

This is a very set industry, and people seem to go along with the flow. But *I'm* just artistic-minded. I can't be involved in *total* commerciality, though what I can do is make what I'm involved in commercial. Which makes more sense to me . . . although what I feel I'm making commercial may not be the commercial thing of the time.

I don't think I'm easily categorisable — you know, *Soul Singer:* but really I'm *not* — people might want a musical categorisation, but that's not the *deal*. I say that because to do something different is not a problem with me, it's a problem for those who are into commerciality, and who're paranoid about something that might be a little bit different.

There are two mentalities in this business: there's the performer who's primarily mechanical, and somewhat mercenary, and good and brilliant many times, but *surely* not an artist. *He* is in the business to make money, and that's how he approaches it.

An artist, however, isn't generally concerned with the money-making prospects of the industry. He's concerned with *doing* something. *Telling* something. *Predicting* something. *Giving* something that has depth, that has meaning, that someone can go to later on when

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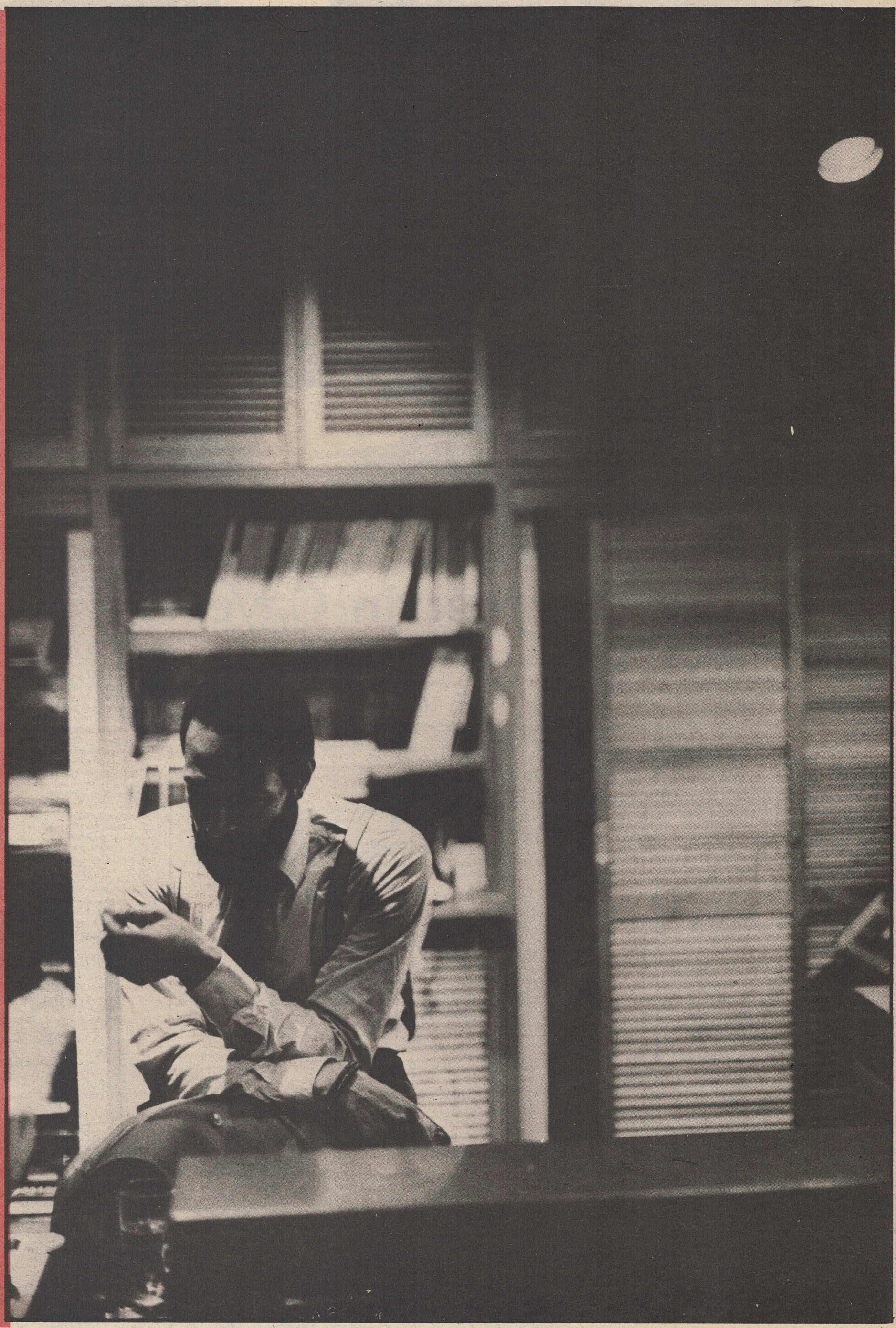
Interview by Chris Salewicz

Photographs by Pennie Smith



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they need it, and put it on, and pull themselves back together . . . because life is *tough*, man.

That's an artist. If he's good and if he's true to himself he can be just as wealthy as the other type of individual. But even if he never gets wealthy, he's wealthy anyway. He'll always be rich.

I CAN remember that 'What's Going On' was certainly one of those works to cool out your head when you were in an unpleasant frame of mind — I got that feeling from 'Trouble Man', too. When I first heard 'What's Going On', there was so little happening in music, yet that LP was just so stunning. At the time you came to record it, had you had that basic musical change simmering within you for a long time?

Well, of course it had been within me for a long time. But it took a serious piece of negativity to bring it out. The 'Trouble Man' album, incidentally, was an indication of my ability to do music that would not be categorised as blues or soul. Which I had never had a serious opportunity to delve into commercially, because Motown — and *all* record companies, actually — are only interested in strongly commercial stuff.

But 'What's Going On' was also an attempt to unstifle myself and my creativity, and flex my artist's muscle and do something that had some meaning musically and lyrically. I have subsequently tried to do a follow-up to it, but I've found I always come out with what I've already said, so I'd rather let it live as it has done so far — it has been categorised as a *classic* album, and I think I should leave it at that."

Yet that set the tone for everything you've released subsequently, although I haven't heard 'In Our Lifetime' yet. What is the mood of that?

"Well, musically I feel it could've been another classic if I'd had the opportunity to *finish* it, but Motown Records is . . . *(lengthy pause)* . . . a bit strange. *(laughs)* so I couldn't finish it the way I wanted to *finish* it, but it's alright. It's good. Some people feel it's great, or incredible, and a local disc jockey here called Greg Edwards thinks it's a piece of shit. *(laughs)*

> **"The '80s will be far more turbulent than the '60s or '70s . . . it will be more difficult to live with the paranoia than the actual devastation."**

From the way Motown appeared when you first joined it in the early '60s, how did it appear to have altered by the mid-'70s?

People change with the times. I think the economy has dictated Motown's attitude.

When we started the dollar was worth a lot more, and the record company could *do* a lot more. Attitude-wise, I think they've always remained primarily the same over the years. If anything, they have become much *more* liberal-minded with regard to me. My hardest times with them were in the early years.

Motown is alright, really. They can be an incredible company. No big hang-up. Record companies are record companies, and they operate one way basically, and to be successful there is just about one way they can do that and make money. I understand that. My big fight over the past few years has been one of creative freedom — without scrutinisation or being tampered with or having things altered or any of that nonsense. *That* has been my primary beef.

In the early years was the Motown set-up really showbiz? Or were they passionate about the music they were making?

Berry *loves* music. But he's also a businessman in a way that I admire. I think they were very serious about their music-making, though I don't know if they knew what they had early on.

But once they discovered what they had going for them, they started to really get off on it. At one point they were leaders, but then they became followers, doing material that was good, but very much part of what the going thing *was*.

Stax was a threat in the mid-'60s. But I don't believe it ever overtook Motown. It was a whole other sound and market — more roots, more guts, more blackness."

How true is the supposed "heaviness" of Motown?

If you're implying that they beat people up, and break people's arms and legs, then that's ludicrous. Anybody'll do that to anybody if they feel they want to — that's life and that's the world and that's how things are. But Motown are no heavier than anybody else, than any other record company. *(laughs)* And that's not to say that other record companies are doing anything like that, either.

We certainly know that it's *possible*, but I personally think it's highly improbable that Motown would be engaged in any such activity. I certainly have no knowledge of any such activity, and have not been made any threats in my career with them. And none of my friends and fellow artists have told me anything to the contrary.

HOW DO you actually see your music? What is your idea of music?

I think music is God *(pause)* . . . I think it's one of the closest link-ups with God that we can probably experience. I think it's a common vibrating tone of musical notes that holds all life together. I'm not sure that it can ever be found or played or perhaps even heard. It hurts me to see it abused and misused. Deeply.

Do you think it's becoming more misused?

Music is thought of like money — that money and music go together. And that's so *sad*. Like money and art, money and painting — that's *so* sad. Not so sad *(laughs)* when I get my royalty cheques, but it still is sad. It's sad that it can't be worked out for everybody so there's some sort of peaceful co-existence between God and commerciality *(laughs.)*

Well, Bob Marley seems to have managed that quite well. In fact, the religious connotations of reggae are obviously interesting in this light. I read somewhere you've been listening to Burning Spear of late . . .

I've been listening to a lot of reggae artists since I've been here. I was *shocked*, incidentally, that The Police had reggae bits. Stevie Wonder has been dabbling in Third World music, and his 'Masterblaster' is . . . Well, it's certainly not reggae, but you can hear the influence. Stevie's a great Bob Marley fan. It's interesting, though, that he never made number one over here with his single. I think *(laughs)* The Police beat him off with *their* reggae.

You've said in the past you know what "your purpose" is: what is your purpose?

"Well (pause) I can't pinpoint exactly what I am supposed to do musically to complete my purpose, but I do know that it is my purpose to do some great musical work, or create something that will be greatly felt and understood . . . I *hope*. The time that I have procrastinated is to me very sad, but also I understand that it was very necessary for me to come to this point in my realisation.

I know that my purpose is to become even truer to my art than I've ever been. And to approach my life and my business — unfortunately I have to include the business side — in such a way that I'm able to *realise* my purpose in the next ten years. I feel very *sure* that it'll happen. I feel it's destiny. In fact, I *know* it's destiny as I veiw my life and my career.

I've supposedly been my own worst enemy, but I'm still here. I'm here larger than ever, with all my attitudes, and my high, strong temperament. And I'll be here. By 1990 I should be bigger than bubblegum. *(laughs)*

Actually, I hope to have done my thing by the time I'm 50, which is ten years exactly. I'm a little behind schedule.

I've wasted a lot of time, but apparently it's all been necessary because I'm very spoiled. *(laughs)* Though I did waste a lot of time, I've never really felt insecure. Even over the past two years I haven't felt insecure, I've felt *hurt*. My heart is *heavy*. I'm *sadder* than anything else. But I'm not *insecure*.

Are you still into Carlos Castaneda, by the way?

Oh yeah . . . yeah. I haven't been reading anything new lately, but I've gone through all of the works. I'm not sure if there's anything new out. I'd better check and see. I haven't read a lot in the past two years.

The thing about Castaneda . . . the only negative thing about that whole series is that someone will try and achieve that kind of mastery over mind and body and soul, and run into problems. It takes a special kind of individual who is very involved in spiritualism and meditation — and even who is very *evolved* — to accomplish these tasks. You're not going to get it out of drugs, that's for sure. You're going to have to have something deeper than that, before you can achieve any of the feats that that marvellous Indian reputedly achieved.

But it's fiction anyway, isn't it? I hope it isn't, but I think it is. Though it's possible.

One of the interesting paradoxes in Rastafarianism is the vast quantity of marijuana that is consumed . . .

Yeah . . . they smoke a lot of bush, but they have the capacity to smoke so much because it's inbred — it started a long time ago, and they're able to. Besides that, the spiritual revelations and the degree of attunement that they receive is worth it, and really shouldn't be scrutinised. Because the religious overtones of their smoking far outweigh the bullshit of physical addiction.

Although temperance really is the order of the day, this business of controlling people like cattle, as though they don't have any mental or physical disciplines, and passing laws because as certain individuals abuse certain things then everybody must suffer.

It's ridiculous to say that smoking marijuana is *bad*, when the only thing that can be bad about smoking marijuana is that you smoke yourself to *death*. But you can drink yourself to death — even drink enough glasses of water and you can kill yourself. So it depends on the individual entirely. That's a measure of personal freedom that the individual should have control of, not the government.

PEOPLE permit governments to do a lot of things, of course: what do you think to the Reagan administration?

Well, from here in England I'm not going to make negative comment about Ronald Reagan, but I will say that prophecy is looming more and more positively into the picture. And as prophecy would have it, it does not appear to me that the next five administrations are going to be popular at all.

Are you gathering that from *Revelations*, or Nostradamus, or . . .

From all of them. Because if you're into that sort of thing, and you make your little studies, you've got to say that Nostradamus has not missed yet, so he's right, jolly accurate *(gives a little laugh, and a sad smile)*, so it doesn't look very good to me at all.

So you obviously think this is a time of great potential crisis . . .

I think these times are potentially the times of the greatest crisis that the earth will ever face, in this lifetime or any other, and I think the crisis will become very evident within the next 20 years. I think these are the times when, if one is wise, one will get into the study of survival.

It seems that no matter how hard people try to prevent them, they are *not* going to get rid of nuclear power — the investments are so massive and powerful they're here for good now. It's the same with nuclear bombs . . .

They don't have enough bombs to blow up the earth, however. There *will* be an earth. There *is* going to be an earth. In fact, man is *silly* to think he can destroy this earth. He's going to destroy himself, instead.

There will be an earth, though, and there will be people left, and life *will* go on, and it'll all start over again, and let's see if we can do a little bit better the next time.

Those who are not into that sort of thing — people who love peace, and who are evolved, and who can see and think and feel know that. It's those people who will be the survivors — the only ones. And they should prepare now.

One of the most simple ways in which one can prepare is to abstain from all that you can abstain from. Soon there will be nothing, and one has to get used to living on little. The countries that have always enjoyed good food and conveniences will be the hardest pressed, because the countries where people know hunger and have learnt to live on very little will do much better.

You've presumably been living quite an affluent life-style: how're you going to adapt to these needs for change?

Four or five years ago I started abstaining: I've lost 30 pounds in two or three years. I cut back on red meat in '78, and now only eat fish. I have done many seven day fasts. I do regular fasts just to create control within myself . . .

But there's much more for me to do, and much more strength for me to get, and much more discipline to be had, and much more study to do on survival: being able to recognise what plants and roots can be eaten. Because those are the sort of things that one will have to know in order to live. There'll be no grocery stores, and one will have to know how to test water for radioactivity — lots of water and food and plants will be poisoned. It'll be difficult. To survive you must study, and learn.

WE LEAVE the studio and cross the Edgware Road to the nearby apartment block where Marvin has rented a modest, though no doubt pricey, two bedroom flat in which to live with his son and his Dutch girl-friend.

As Marvin sits on the edge of his bed and sips a cup of tea, it seems an appropriate time to question whether he's managed to make out the machinations of the British class system.

Yeah, the class system in England is subtle, but all governments have their individual systems of government. I have no great aversion to it, actually. If the system was racially motivated I would have concern with it. I'm not sure, though, that it is.

America doesn't have a class system. On the contrary, the bottom line in America is how much money you have, rather than *who* you are, or what your roots are and where you've come from. That doesn't seem to be important, so long as you have it.

Yet in England they seem to be quite concerned with your breeding and background. Which can be a bug sometimes. The problem with that is that no matter how affluent one may become, if his credentials are not impeccable, it appears that one cannot crack social circles.

In a way, the social mobility in America is admirable, yet that this is largely based on the idea that the dollar is almost God is . . .

Well, I think 'almost' can be dropped *(laughs)*. Let's face it: the deal is that the dollar *is* God.

Yet I don't know how one can reconcile the religious revivalism within, say, the Reagan Republicans . . .

There again a prophecy is coming to pass. If one is into that, one knows there will be the anti-Christ movement in the next few years, and its opposition will be those who're into Christ and Christ-like ways. You will be either *for* God, or *against* God.

Also, there will be those who will claim to be lovers of God, but in actuality are anti-Christ. It won't be to their benefit to preach that they are God-less, so they shall preach that they do believe in God in the form of religion, but we all know what their God is: it is the dollar bill.

Then there will be those who really and sincerely believe in Christ and his teachings and the followings of Jesus Christ, or Buddah, or any ascendant disciple and spiritual leader, or entity that they care to believe in in a serious fashion. Not with any disregard for money or material things, because we know they're all necessary to live, but they will definitely be strongly into the spiritual aspects of their belief. The followers of anti-Christ will be firmly against those who really do believe in Him because they view them as threats — and they *will* in actuality be a threat to their power.

Bob Dylan's conversion to Born Again Christianity is very interesting — he's obviously a very sincere man, and considering his role of spokesman in both the '60s and '70s, one wonders what will be his role in the '80s . . .

The '80s will be *far* more turbulent than the '60s or '70s. One will find that one will be caught up in some sort of strong paranoia. As each day passes, the paranoia will become stronger for each individual who is a reasonable thinking human being. It will become more difficult to live with the paranoia than when the actual devastation comes.

Astrologers feel that we are in the Piscean Age, and if you are into astrology you understand that the Piscean Age is the last age of the zodiac. It all seems to point to the end of something. Astrologers will tell you that Pisceans are an integral part of the end of the world. They play a very vital role in the bringing of things to an end in a devastating way. *(laughs)* It isn't their fault, actually there's just nothing to be done about it. That's how it is.

It's nobody's fault, actually. *It has to be*, that's all. It has to all start again soon. We've muddled about and screwed around for long enough, and Mother Nature and those who are in power are going to do a little shaking things up and re-shuffle the board and start the game again. It's about *that* simple.

It does rather seem like the time prior to the destruction of the Atlantean civilisation when certain individuals departed to take their knowledge elsewhere, to Egypt or wherever . . .

There are certain civilisations that scientists are absolutely positive are buried under immense oceans. One would have to wonder how they got below all that water.

And it only makes sense that something *drastic* happened — that the earth made drastic changes, and caused some lands to fall beneath the ocean. And if Atlantis went under at one time, then maybe New York came up, and maybe it's time for it to go under again.

It's only common sense — to be so into being God that you think nothing like that can happen is *crazy*.

Mind you, it's a very interesting study, even if it's all nonsense! . . . However, when one checks with the religious people who can interpret *Revelations* properly, with the psychic people who can see beyond what we normally see and interpret the future, and even with the scientists, who are mostly atheists and don't believe in God, and who will give you strict scientific data . . . Well, when all this information you gather starts to pinpoint a certain date and time, you know instinctively that you are onto something that isn't very, very nice! And all this information *does* correlate.

Most scientists will admit that the earth is due

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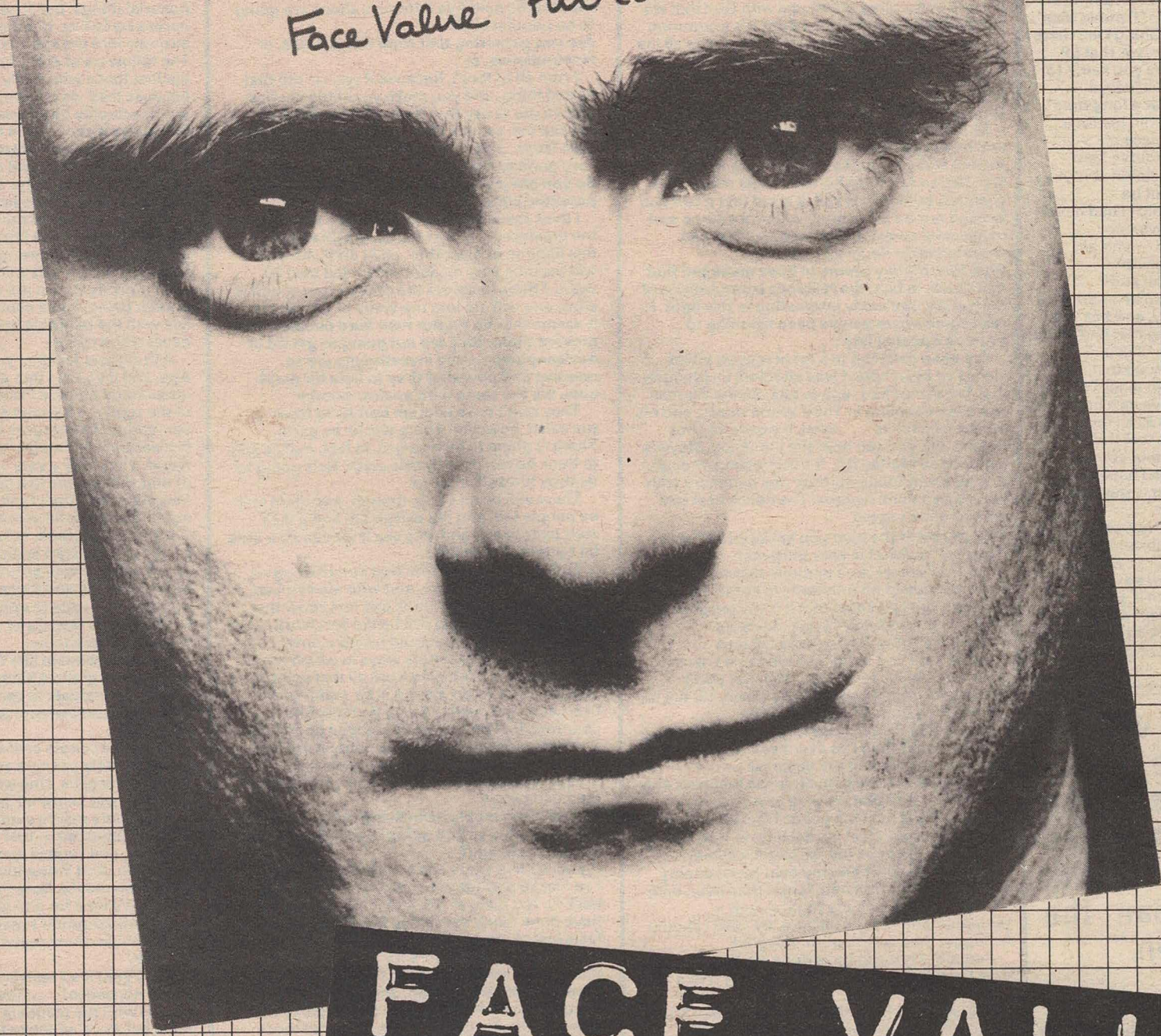
Marvin in his '60s soul smoothie incarnation

PHIL COLLINS.



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Pic: Anton Corbijn

Gang Of Four with a sign denouncing all critics as "running-dog lackeys of Yankee imperialist rockism".

DAMAGED GOODS!

GANG OF FOUR
Solid Gold *(EMI)*

FINALLY Gang Of Four agree among themselves long enough to record a set of seven new songs, add on three already-released-in-some-other-form originals, come up with a title, deliver the product complete with their own artwork *and* announce a verdict — "we all think it's brilliant", as vocalist Jon King joked in last week's preview of 'Solid Gold'.

Such ideals should muster up a record of considerable import but 'Solid Gold' not only fails to excite and stimulate my senses but falls short of the standards inherent in, and basic to, this often contradictory group's much-praised statements of intent.

What Gang Of Four attempt is thoroughly laudable, particularly in this current stifling climate of empty gestures, clumsy dogma and ever-fragmenting demoralisation. It's in exactly this type of situation that a rock group needs to exert the basic Marxist ethic concerning the nature and use of art in relation to its social context: an ethic, indeed, that this group have taken pains to declare.

Basically, the whole premise of this theory is that art should effect change by aiming to help create a set of values necessary to better living, as opposed to simply reflecting the prevailing moral bankruptcy of modern times. That rock music should seize upon a *raison d'etre* that takes it beyond being mere entertainment is of crucial import right now, if only to galvanise the music's supposed vitality.

Yet 'Solid Gold' is really nothing more than a mirror — as opposed to a hammer — reflecting a dank, contradictory, noisy precinct of fevered activity where nothing is ever resolved, let alone actually achieved.

The album begins, promisingly, with 'Paralysed'. Hugo Burnham taps out a weird, off-beat pulse, Andy Gill's guitar hiccoughs and spits out flanged splinters of rhythm before Dave Allen locks into the ominous tonal undertow with spartan bass notes. The musical effect is cold — each pause a self-explained cul-de-sac — as Gill's vocals tersely ponder the horrifying effects of unemployment. The lyrics are muttered, fractured, first-person statements of defeat, confusion and self-disgusted anger: *"Every man is for himself . . . Paradise, if you can earn it . . . I'm washed up . . . I can't understand what went wrong — I was good at what I did . . . The birds come home to roost/And I'm the dupe"*.

There's a real sense of achievement here. The music is ugly, foreboding, with the contours ominously etched. From defeat to confusion to self-disgust to anger to . . . where? That's the question 'Paralysed' asks but 'Solid Gold' fails to answer.

'What We All Want', the next track, is propelled by a juddering, space-bass sense of its own fatalism. *"Could I be happy with something else? I need something to fill my time"* sings King plaintively. Andy Gill's guitar interplay is abrasive, exciting while the Burnham/Allen axis buffets along with the rhythms. The problem is that the following 'If I Could Keep It For Myself' trades on virtually the same contents and, all of a sudden, instead of going for the big picture, the band start to repeat themselves.

'Keep' attempts a splintered sort of melodic conceit that is simply ungainly, leaving King's overdubbed exhortations well and truly land-locked. By the end of side one, the musical thrust of the band, so exciting at the outset, is being repeated in diminishing echoes. Burnham's Bo Diddley bedrock drumming, Allen's ceaseless, pummelling bass, Gill's flanged forays and King's remorseless vocals are spread far too thin for comfort, the effect being numbingly one-dimensional.

Side two, apart from a few great moments, merely spreads that formula even thinner. 'Cheeseburger' is, basically, a puerile 'cute' song — naggingly so with its taped overdubs of a McDonald's take-away — which relies on silly petty-thefts like Gill's 'Big-Eyed Beans From Venus' slide-guitar swipe.

Elsewhere, good ideas are thrashed in with stock Gang Of Four formulae ('The Republic' boasts a great Gill motif in the midst of much wastage). The group just don't have the resources to pull off the histrionic assaults that *would* work if tempered with some intriguing motifs to contrast and conflict. Ultimately, the sound is clumsy — like a drunk dancing — and the supposed black humour just a little too precious to work *that* often.

'Solid Gold' has Gang Of Four sounding cumbersome as often as they sound inspired. This is depressing because what the group aim for is not merely honourable but necessary to combat the immense blight affecting contemporary rock music. One is tempted to conclude, like a schoolmaster, that they must try harder.

Nick Kent

BLURT
In Berlin *(Armageddon)*

MINIMALISM is hardly the right word to describe Blurt's skimpy set-up — especially when their name does it a whole lot better — but there's no doubting that they make very little go a helluva long way. They're the oddest trio this side of the Holy Trinity — their basic thrust comes from one-time poet and puppeteer Ted Milton's wayward sax bleating and outrageously ble-ughted out vocals, while brother Jake on drums and guitarist Pete Creese proffer the most solid of anchors via their doggedly single-minded rhythms.

Blurt live are great grotesque theatre and their track record thus far has been inspired — one whooping single 'Get'/'My Mother Was A Friend Of An Enemy Of The People' and one side of the 'Factory Quartet' sampler. So far so fine, but they've yet to make an album proper and this one unfortunately doesn't really satisfy that need. Theoretically a live album's the perfect setting for Blurt, but much of the joy of the trio in concert comes from Milton's hamming and mugging, his illustrative gestures, and from watching his head explode during his more extreme blows.

Losing the visual impact doesn't mean a loss of excitement — that comes on record when Milton gets lost in some revelry of his own, leaving the, er, rudimentary rhythm section to crank things up alone. Fortunately, this is a rare occurrence. Not for nothing has Creese been nicknamed The Human Loop.

But the most unfortunate aspect of this live album is the familiarity of half the material. Both sides of the single are featured, along with the wonderful rallying call 'Puppeteers Of The World Unite' and 'Dyslexia Rules' from the Factory sampler.

That leaves just four previously unrecorded songs: there's a great paean to 'Cherry Blossom Polish' that opens the set/album. 'Tube Plane' wittily ridicules the misleading wordings of London Transport's ad campaign for the Piccadilly line/Heathrow train connections. There's some great, passionate honking sax on 'Paranoid Blues' — the album's highlight — during which the Loop and Jake churn out a speedier variation of their party piece. It's almost matched by 'Ubu' — presumably playwright Alfred Jarry's — which has Milton exercising his chords around the title's two syllables. And that's it.

As a document of a Blurt concert it's fine: it works too as an adequate introduction to Milton's bizarre imagination. The rest of us, however, already familiar with his bitter, funny assaults on conventions and expectations, hoped for something more from a Blurt debut. Three records made and still no album proper — he's certainly not playing the usual game; but 'Blurt In Berlin' is little more than a satisfactory holding action.

Chris Bohn

RUSH
Moving Pictures *(Mercury)*

THERE'S A grim conservatism about Rush that's oddly out of synch with a group whose list of instruments, technicians and electronics stretches the full length of the inner sleeve.

The outer cover of their latest opus features a pun on the title. Thuggish types in bright red boiler suits are transporting mystic paintings through a vaguely Russian setting watched by an inconsolable family of fur-hatted ex-aristos. On the back the same personnel are viewed from a different angle, and there's a milling film crew in the foreground who have obviously engineered the entire scene.

It's hard to tell from these heavy-handed but obscure hints what exactly Rush are saying, if indeed they know themselves, and there's not much more enlightenment in their music. The only things evident from 'Moving Pictures' are their ill-disguised disgust for modern humanity and a conservative mistrust of change that leads them to yearn for an impossibly pretty past.

Musically, Rush use their sophisticated modern hardware to create a rock/mock classical pastiche whose function is purely reassurance and whose familiar patterns actually inhibit thought. All this would be harmless in its way if Rush were content to churn out their twaddle as escapism. Unfortunately, their tendency to pontificate on contemporary themes has already branded them as particularly pompous reactionaries.

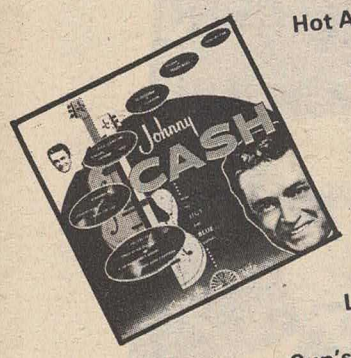
This time they turn their plaintive attentions to the insidious traits of modern journalism in 'Tom Sawyer'; the preoccupied and unseeing inhabitants of the city in 'The Camera Eye'; violence and vigilantes in 'The Witch Hunt'; and they whine vaguely about universal instability and the dangers of change in 'Vital Signs'.

They also moan about the unreality of a lifestyle that's providing them with an enviable living in 'Limelight'. But when things really get tough, Rush can always escape to their *"white-haired uncle's"* farm to roar around the countryside in a *"Red Barchetta"*, whatever that might be.

Really, Rush's woolly concern isn't much more than the sound of bewildered innocents adrift on their own insecurity. Why waste either your sympathy or money?

Lynn Hanna

ALBUMS



JOHNNY CASH
Hot And Blue Guitar *(Sun*
FRANK FROST
Hey Boss Man! *(Sun)*
JERRY LEE LEWIS
Greatest! *(Sun)*
CARL MANN
Like, Mann *(Sun)*
ROY ORBISON
Rockhouse *(Sun)*
CHARLIE RICH
Lonely Weekends *(Sun)*
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Sun's Gold Hits (Vol. 1) *(Sun)*

MORE OF them yellow Sun records: with the devotional energy of the purest fanaticism, Charly Records have just disgorged another bundle of Sun reissues, all beautifully packaged up in faithful reproductions of the original sleeves and featuring most of the best-known Sun artists who weren't Elvis Presley.

It's not all rockabilly, either: most of the music in this reissue series falls somewhere between the insipid pop of Carl Mann — whose album is enlivened only by some crisp, decisive Telecastering from the Very Great Eddie Bush — to the flinty, rumbustious R&B of Frank Frost and his band The Nighthawks.

In between, there's the first Johnny Cash album '. . . With His Hot And Blue Guitar'; a strictly roots affair for acoustic guitar, Telecaster and slap bass, with one of the greatest front covers in the history of album packaging. Simultaneously rich and sparse, mournful and witty, Cash's early music has been unjustly overshadowed by the Nashville schlock of his later years, but some interesting things should emerge when he's done some more hanging about with his son-in-law's mates.

The only puzzler is the title 'Hot And Blue Guitar'? What is this, an Otis Rush album? That title would've set far better on the Frank Frost album, which pits Frost's voice, guitar and mouth-harp against a backdrop of harsh, revved-up electric small-group country blues, as loud and nasty as the Chicago urban blues of the same period but nevertheless unmistakably Southern. 'Hey Boss Man' is treasure trove for the blues hard-core: investigate, please.

'Greatest!' was Jerry Lee Lewis' second album, and it finds him working with a horn section on Barrett Strong's 'Money' and Ray Charles' 'What'd I Say', grafting elements of soul music onto his patented medicine-show mash-up of barrelhouse and country. Elsewhere 'Hello Josephine', 'Let's Talk About Us' and 'Frankie And Johnny' get the treatment (you know what I'm talking about: THE TREATMENT) and anybody who doesn't feel that they've already got too many Jerry Lee Lewis albums might as well face up to the fact that they're going to have to get themselves another one.

Roy Orbison is found somewhere between straight country and hiccuping, spastic rockabilly: he generates an astonishing power on 'Ooby Dooby' and 'Mean Little Mama', while sounding slightly wetter than a tub of cold tea on 'Trying To Get To You', which does *not* bear comparison with the staggeringly intense Elvis version.

There are no contributions from Orbison on the 'Hits' album — which we'll get to in a moment — but there are a couple from Carl Mann, easily the low man (no pun intended) on the Sun totem pole. Mann has a weedy voice, little imagination or inflection and terrible taste in material, so it's hardly surprising that he boasts something less than legendary status.

Charlie Rich was a cult figure for a very long time and a hero to writers like Peter Guralnick, who etched an unforgettable portrait of Rich in one of the best chapters of his indispensable *Feel Like Goin' Home*, but much of 'Lonely Weekends' sounds like (impressive) technique above anything else. On country material he sounds like Presley at his most cloying and on the 'jazz' stuff he comes on more like Tony Bennett — which could make him hipper than Jerry Lee in the eyes of some of Mr Bennett's younger fans — doing his 'Hey aren't we swell and sophisticated' bit. However, he works up a fair head of steam on the blues and rock material, with the classic title track, 'Break Up', 'Rebound', 'Whirlwind' and 'C. C. Rider' leaving the mustard decisively cut.

That leaves the compilation as The One To Get. Dig it: three from Jerry Lee ('Breathless', 'Shakin'' and 'You Win Again'), one from Bill Justis (the sublime 'Raunchy') and two apiece from Johnny Cash ('I Walk The Line' and the brilliant 'Guess Things Happen That Way'), Carl Perkins ('Blue Suede Shoes' and 'Boppin' The Blues'), Charlie Rich ('Lonely Weekends' and the glutinous 'Stay') and Carl Mann, poor sod, weighing in with 'Mona Lisa' and 'I'm Coming Home.'

If the Mann tracks had been supplanted by a couple of Orbison's ('Ooby Dooby', say, and 'Devil Doll') it would have been perfect; as it is, you just have to love this music. It's fresh, alive, obviously good and sounds as if it's simultaneously two weeks old and from a couple of lifetimes ago.

Charles Shaar Murray

Brian Setzer and Jerry Lee Lewis in a famed rockabilly comb duel.

Cats pics: Peter Anderson.

Lee Rocker avec lee bass.

Rockin' astray

STRAY CATS
Stray Cats *(Arista/Pin-Up)*

ROCKABILLY has always been the most difficult bag o'tricks for revivalists to nail down. The problem that confronts the duck-tailed disciple is that, with few notable exceptions, the basic ground rules were often fashioned accidentally by clueless and talentless dexy-crazed Southern hilljacks who really didn't have anything going for themselves except the misplaced belief that whatever Elvis Presley could do to make girls go plum crazy, they could do it better.

From such chaotic origins, a primitive style was hewn. But, due to the careless hit and (mainly) miss manner with which it was derived, it was riddled with self-imposed stylistic limitations. Rockabilly's appeal was in its raucous hedonism; and repetition quickly drained it of its amphetamined energy and animal emotion.

So rockabilly was put into cold-storage, and over the years, only a few artists have ever managed to successfully decipher its untutored mechanics.

The appearance of Stray Cats shouldn't be misconstrued as a divine revelation. Like a number of young self-styled punkabillies, Stray Cats aren't all that concerned with the finer aesthetics of the tradition, preferring a much more expansive overview which is fuelled — at its most rewarding ('Runaway Boys') — by intuitive savvy as opposed to paintings-by-numbers predictability.

Nevertheless, Stray Cats are not without their major faults which, if not checked, could render them as a mere flash-in-the-pan distraction.

Not being die-hard purists or over-concerned where they nick their licks from, these three American expatriates have a number of possible options open to them. Maybe, guitar-pickin' frontman Brian Setzer sees himself cast in a *nouveau* Eddie Cochran guise, which would be far more acceptable than the sub-Strummer politico stance he foolishly adopts for the excruciatingly embarrassing 'Storm The Embassy', or the gratuitous over-romanticising of tribal street violence on the equally inept 'Rumble In Brighton'.

It would be a great disservice if Stray Cats short-changed themselves by allowing their stereotyped fantasies to get the better of them. This debut album offers two distinct views of them and, in truth, the sheer brilliance with which producer Dave Edmunds depicts the Cats on seven of the dozen tracks proves infinitely more rewarding than the often characterless way Brian Setzer, Lee Rocker and Slim Jim Phantom produce themselves.

As 'Runaway Boys' vividly illustrates, Dave Edmunds possesses both the vision and the panache to enhance Stray Cats attributes and give them a highly-distinctive vinyl personality. They now have sufficient media attention to be able to help eradicate the often unsavoury, sensationalist image their particular brand of rock has earned for itself over the years. Or, at the other extreme, they could take the easy option and be content with becoming Fleet Street caricatures.

Cats or caricatures? There's more on the line than just another hit single.

Roy Carr

PINPOINT
Third State *(Albion)*

"DEPRESSED BY the state of contemporary music, Arturo (guitar/vocals) decided to wave goodbye to the fads of the pop world and form a group of his own," runs the promo blurb. The man's solution to the problem was nothing short of brilliant: he and his band made an album so conventional, so bland and so utterly boring that if everyone was forced to hear it there would surely be a revolutionary backlash.

An albumful of B sides, wallpaper music: so captivating that I kept forgetting it was on the turntable and having to start again because I wasn't listening.

For those interested: Pinpoint are a four-piece outfit playing powerless Powerpop, the keyboards occasionally making 'modern' noises like any other not-so-new wave band being wheeled around the circuit at the moment. Twice there is a tantalising bit of Spandauesque electronic disco beat, only to be overwhelmed by waves of bland harmonies as the vocals arrive.

Sterile, impotent, this music makes you want to run into the studio screaming "Wake up, it's 1981!"

Sheryl Garratt

POLYROCK
Polyrock *(RCA)*

PRESENT-DAY pop: a bloodless affair, a febrile dance of the Vampired. Polyrock are just a combo, from New York, this is their coming-out dance.

Polyrock are not shy; judging from the colour xeroxes on the back cover, each of the six members has put in their requisite number of hours

family
monkey ban
FRESH RECORDS

Pics: Peter Anderson.

Spandau Ballet discuss the crisis in El Salvador.

A Spandour folly

SPANDAU BALLET
Journeys To Glory *(Reformation)*

TO CUT a long story short, Spandau Ballet have made an awfully ordinary record. Given the enormous pretensions which surround this music, the extravagant claims made on its behalf, it's admittedly easy to seize the instant-backlash opportunity which the long-play debut provides (and we'll come to those preposterous sleeve-notes in a moment). But in all honesty, 'Journeys To Glory' is an unremarkable affair by any standards. Not *bad,* but modest.

Maybe the biggest irony, considering the group's devotion to flash and dash and glamour, is the sheer greyness on display here. What would like to be drama turns out merely dreary. And what's proudly believed to be unique only sounds, in the event, suspiciously familiar. The similarities might not be intentional, but ... Bowie, Roxy, Magazine, Ultravox, even Joy Division — the gang's all here, inescapably obvious. Spandau are far more a part of the contemporary landscape than they'd care to admit.

Things begin well enough, with the pleasant if less-than-revolutionary doodling of first single 'Long Story Short'. And side two stumbles to a sort of climax with the closing 'Toys', the most impressive composition that writer Gary Kemp has come up with yet. Between those two poles, though, the tightrope swings low, limp and listless. Ultimately what suggests itself is a work that's flimsy in conception, ponderous in execution.

Produced by Landscape drummer Richard James Burgess, 'Journeys To Glory's approach is synthy and brisk', very rhythmic in framework. But too quickly it all comes to seem stiff and mechanical — not helped at all in its 'white (sic) dance music' objectives by the routine melodrama dolloped on top of every song by Tony Hadley's 'Station To Station' croon: an overstated impersonation of emotional nobility which, given the lack of lyrical substance, soon gets wearisome.

But stripped of that accompaniment, as on the nondescript instrumental 'Age Of Blows', the paucity of musical inspiration stands doubly exposed. They can't win, because they've got nothing worth fighting for, and it sounds like it.

Where the group do progress beyond identikit electronic moderne, it's only achieved by mining some hitherto untouched (by rock band hand) seam of theatrical cliche. 'Muscle Bound' has them as Volga boatmen, groaning under the weight of their own pomposity. Elsewhere it's Mario Lanza meets Gary Numan to knock off a couple of joyless, computerised drinking songs. The lyrics make few effective connections (save maybe for 'The Freeze') which, when you look at the fatuous verbiage which so often surrounds the music's spokesmen, could be just as well.

Elegantly dressed as a Peter Saville-like design of frigid classicism, the LP suffers rather than boasts a cringe-inducing blurb by the ubiquitous Robert Elms, all about "the soaring joy of immaculate rhythms, the sublime glow of music for heroes." With champions like this, what movement needs its critics? (In passing, could we just note that the alleged lack of press coverage so often whined abroad is down to one overlooked fact: the intimate doings of London's perennial night-lifers aren't anything like as fascinating to outsiders as the participants so smugly assume.)

Okay, it's a first LP, made under considerable (self-generated) pressure. It's got its moments of mild enjoyability. Spandau Ballet have time and room to improve. But then — if they're ever to walk it the way they talk it — they need to.

Paul Du Noyer

Bleak oblique

DOME
Dome 2 *(Dome Records)*

WHEN G. Lewis and B. C. Gilbert were writing for Wire, they made poised and economic pop songs with a lucid, disciplined structure and vividly precise verbal imagery.

Dome, their subsequent collaboration, is Wire with its experimetal side uppermost — which does not mean that Dome deserve to be shunted to the fringes of ineffectual rock eccentricity. For just as Wire worked from a very visual sensibility, so 'Dome 2' draws a series of sound pictures that are often stunning in their effect on the imagination.

The album starts with 'Red Tent I', in which soaring cathedral perspectives are slowly undermined by a human, unmistakably sensual rhythmic pulse. In turn, this changes to 'Red Tent II', a soft, white storm of sound with arctic imagery scattered across the swirling winter chaos like showers of frozen sleet.

'Long Lost Life' is self-explanatory and has the same cold clarity on ageing: *"... every tiny cell, every broken vein has a tale to tell ... water trickles where blood used to flow ..."* And 'Breathsteps' sounds exactly like its title; a clumsy, urgent search upwards through a hostile sound/landscape while the air becomes thinner with increasing altitude and a viola (I think) haphazardly saws across the surface in a constant reminder of natural menace.

The first side ends with 'Reading Prof B': modern chamber music driven by a relaxed bass whose mellow order is offset by a faint cackle of deranged laughter.

'Ritual View' on side two is Dome at their most accessible; a circling pattern that strays tantalisingly around a tune is drawn with dreamy beauty. Surreal lyrics float on the surface, interspersed with a harsh, repeated hissing; half a sigh, half laughing. 'Twist Up', which follows, is an uncomfortable buzz of almost inaudible contradictory orders that make a mechanical mesh of insect scribblings. Presumably the humour is intentional when the middle section gives way to stampeding noises and squashed, agonised squeakings.

The album ends with 'Keep It', where slow, yawning waves of sound convey a vast, stark desolation that is beautiful in its bleakness. This gradually grows into a struggling domestic symphony, a jarring, distorted gasp repeated through an indiscriminate percussive clatter, that dies to the album's final sinking notes.

On 'Dome 2', Lewis and Gilbert have achieved an effective aural poetry that's a smooth and glowing fusion of words and music. Theirs is a mature and self-conscious experimental approach that does not often mix so successfully with the more immediate dictates of rock music. Like Joy Division and PiL, their unspecific sound sketches frequently offer a perspective on human isolation. But Dome are exploring territory where the onus is on the listener. Read into it what you will.

Lynn Hanna

posing in front of the mirror. I'm certain they all smile a lot more when they're eating a burger off stage, but then cold pop-pets aren't supposed to smile.

Introducing them to the world (metaphorically) are their proud foreparents, notably Brian Eno, who hovered over Television in just such a benevolent, beard tugging fashion, and Talking Heads, another Eno collusion ensemble.

Billy Robertson's voice isn't quite as rigid/manic as David Byrne's, but he definitely sounds — dislocated. Some of the time you can't hear what he's saying, but from his tone he either needs to take a leak quick or else is in some serious trouble.

Yes, Polyrock are all thin and worried. They blast out small synthesiser splashes that smear like underwater ink guns. The sound keeps on running and running quickly, almost tripping over itself in its attempt to get — either *there* or *away,* it's not sure which.

Thing is, Polyrock may be neurotic and out of synch with their libido, but they have some very good tunes, notably 'Romantic Me' (which, of course, isn't), which almost place them in the Daniel Miller Hall of Singalong Synthesisers. Polyrock haven't just discovered Africa. I don't know whether they met at Art School, but it's not unlikely.

In a time when the B-52's and T. Heads are finding it easy to make a living, there should be some left over for Polyrock. They're good, and the Philip 'Einstein On The Beach' Glass production is crystalline. Still, I find I'm often irritated by some impotently thrashing coitus interruptus element of the sound.

Read that as 'dull' or 'disturbing'; at different times, the effect can be either. Still, they're one of the only bands of this current NY crop I'd follow out of interest — others being Material, Bush Tetras, and above all, the mighty ESG.

Just rush out, buy your parrot a pair of blue suede shoes, then set it up skanking on a perch outside your neighbourhood record shack. You never know, they might give you a free copy of this interesting record if you'll go away. And remember — side one's better.

Vivien Goldman

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DELBERT McCLINTON
The Jealous Kind *(Capitol)*

DELBERT McCLINTON has spent an auspicious career hovering on the brink of commercial stardom. His problem, if it can be called that, has been a refusal to cool down his ferociously sexy R&B chops for the middle American market. Ironically, perhaps, he's just started to hit paydirt with a typically slinky hit reading of Jerry Williams' 'Giving It Up For Your Love' which, with this album, 'The Jealous Kind', proves that Delbert is still Fort Worth's white playback to the almighty James Brown — it's another bag but McClinton doesn't owe anyone for his soul.

'The Jealous Kind' is the singer back on his hottest behaviour after the comparatively lightweight 'Keeper Of The Flame', itself doused by Capricorn's dodgy legal wind-up. About the only thing this one has in common with its predecessor is the continued lack of McClinton originals — he used to write some great ones.

Nearly as good though are Delbert's low rider croonings on Bobby Charles' title cut and a very dressed-down oil-pumping version of 'I Can't Quit You', as well as a significantly preachy crushing of the Green / Hodges spiritual 'Take Me To The River' — as definitive a slice of larynx control as you'll get from a Southern Caucasian.

The softer side of the singer's personality, as opposed to the cow-punching dude who figures on 'Shotgun Rider', gets given full head on a romantic piece of sweetback, 'Baby Ruth'.

Altogether McClinton is hitting hard with panache and style, maintaining the standard of a peculiar hybrid of country and R&B that is also the domain of that other unsung notable Dennis Linde (who co-scripted Delbert's best-ever 'Love Rustler').

As Capitol have been decent enough to release this record in Britain, they might even extend the favour and bring McClinton over for some live action. The last time he bid farewell to the Lone Star State was 1962, when he taught John Lennon how to play the harmonica.

Max Bell

JETS
Jets *(EMI)*

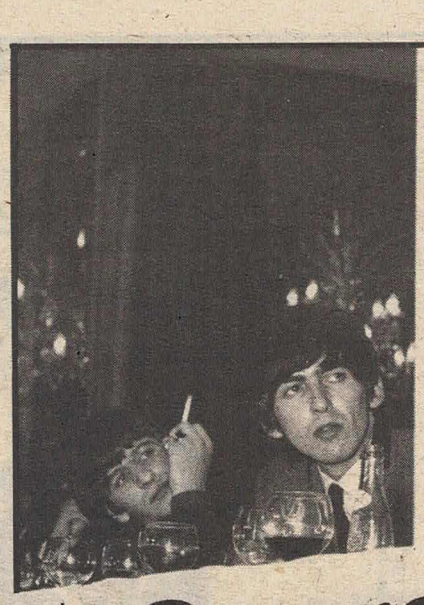
THE JETS' debut album is another example of the slavish imitation that could quickly crush the revolt out of the burgeoning rockabilly renaissance. What's lacking beneath their pleasantly slick surface is the crazy raw love for the roots that fuels the likes of The Stray Cats and The Cramps.

Their slimmer, lighter sound may be a purer reproduction of the original structure than the pumped-up thump of the Cats or The Cramps' voodoo fervour, but it's all too pale and polite, too restrained and overtly respectful of the past.

A basic trio of three brothers, supplemented on occasions by Davey Payne and Mickey Gallagher on sax and keyboards, run through a selection of old material with a couple of self-written, sound-alike new numbers thrown in. Each track is consistently smooth, perfunctory and falls very flat.

Despite their good intentions, the Jets and others like them haven't a great deal more to offer than the hackneyed showbiz revivalism of Showaddywaddy.

Lynn Hanna



Scarabulous!

THE BEATLES
Hear The Beatles Tell All *(Charly)*

HISTORY, as we all know, consists of more than just the momentous; even with the famous, there's plenty of poop that's just not ready for Prime Time and ought to be left to rot where it lies. One such artefact is Charly's period re-issue (or, more accurately, Lovingly Re-Created Period Rip-Off) of Vee Jay's early 'Hear The Beatles Tell All' LP.

Far from spilling 'all' about anything, this shortplaying set of 'Live In-Person Interviews Recorded During Their American Tour' barely even survives its stilted radio-jock-to-star format long enough to touch on stuff you already knew.

The snatches of interview are conducted by two oleaginous Yanks, Jim Steck and Dave Hull — the latter an AM careerist who gave out the Fab Four's home addresses on his show and who lopes alongside each Beatle relentlessly pestering them with enquiries about how many 'cards and letters' their folks have received. A few exchanges reach amusing heights of staggering banality, viz: Q: "When you're performing, of course, the predominant sound *is* the *enthusiasm of the audience* . . ." Lennon: "Well, yes, but then we have spent 3 or 4 years being *completely heard* . . . I mean, they pay, if they wanna scream it's their money." And, about *A Hard Day's Night:* "Was it true that some of the action was *spontaneous,* John?? And what about the other fellas — were some of the things they did *spontaneous* as well??"

This is not the impression you get from the album's sleeve, with its funky little stickers reading 'The Day They Fished From The Hotel Window' and 'Why John Gives Out the Addresses of the Rolling Stones' (he doesn't). The best thing you can say about the whole package is that it makes a coherent piece of kitsch — due to the sleaze of the sleeve being combined with the 'score' by Lou Adler (yessirrreee), which consists of a continous background fabric of bongos, Big Ben, dripping faucets, concertos for high-hat, and an occasional banjo.

Percussion for this rib-tickling stuff is handled by Hal Blane, who played on all those Beach Boys and Byrds hits — but even Blane can't resuscitate interviewees so zonked out that side two appears to be extracts from what Beatles devotees have long referred to as the Tuinal Tapes.

Cynthia Rose

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B.B. KING
There Must Be A Better World Somewhere *(MCA — import)*

IN 1966, B.B. King put out a live album entitled 'Blues Is King', and — as far as the major U.S. labels are concerned — that assertion is literal fact. After his Johnny Winter-sponsored resurgence on Epic, Muddy Waters has been quiescent as a recording artist, Albert King has shifted around various labels run by Giorgio Gomelski and distributed by RCA before entering into a period of vinyl silence, and Freddie King terminated his connections with Shelter and RSO by dying.

That leaves various independents like Rooster, Delmark, Alligator and Red Lightnin' as the only people doing anything for the blues (recording musicians like Son Seals, Eddy Clearwater, Jimmy Johnson and Carey Bell) and B.B. and Bobby Bland's MCA connection as the only remaining tie-up between the major labels and the blues.

B.B.'s last two studio albums, 'Midnight Believer' and 'Take It Home' were masterminded by The Crusaders, who backed him up with a set of silk'n'soul funk backdrops which were right on time as far as the black public were concerned and which provoked a few snorts of derision from that section of the white blues audience which likes its bluesmen as 'authentic' (i.e. depressed and skint) as possible. 'There Must Be A Better World Somewhere' puts Dr John and Doc Pomus in the driver's seat composingwise (they wrote all but one of the songs) and Stewart Levine (who co-produced The Crusaders efforts) in the producer's chair.

The album opens beautifully: a six-piece horn section led and arranged by Hank Crawford and featuring David 'Fathead' Newman — the stellar tenorman from the classic Atlantic Ray Charles sides — launch into a mournful, ironic fanfare against which a sinuous, sparkling B.B. guitar line hangs suspended before the rhythm section (Wilbur Bascomb on bass and Pretty Purdie on drums: both exemplary) make their entrance. Hank Crawford's horn arrangements are superbly sympathetic: he gives himself an extremely long solo on 'Born Again Human' (the longest solo by another instrumentalist that I've ever heard on a B.B. album) and he and Newman duel with the coruscating guitar of the man from Beale St at the end of the same track, but one never gets the sense that — as occasionally occurred on 'Home' and 'Believer' — that B.B.'s guitar was swamped, or that he had been shoehorned into the arrangement.

The music concocted by Dr John is late night blues: neither as bustling and anarchically rough as straight blues nor as bumpy and pinball-bouncy as hard jazz-funk. The bass does not go "honda," in other words, but it's music as soulful and sophisticated as any B.B. King has ever made. I find it preferable to either of the Crusader productions, which in themselves were a vast improvement on most of King's post 'Thrill Is Gone' work.

'Better World' should be available in this country fairly soon for those of you possessing the required degree of inhuman restraint to refrain from buying it on import. King's live show may have become predictable through repetition, but after more than thirty years, he is the most creative bluesman still recording. 'There Must Be A Better World Somewhere' is a more than honourable addition to B.B. King's Collected Works, and irrefutable proof that the blues form is only as limited as the people who work within it.

Charles Shaar Murray

B. B. King pic: Pennie Smith

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DATA CONTROL RECORD NEWS

Left to right: BATORS, PARSONS, ROCKET and TREGANNA

Sham offshoot launched

THE WANDERERS, consisting of former members of Sham 69 and The Dead Boys, have signed to Polydor. Their debut single 'Ready To Snap' is set for March 27 release, and they'll begin touring at the same time. They've also completed their first album, still untitled, and that's due out in April. The three ex-Sham men in the line-up are Dave Parsons (lead guitar and vocals), Ricky Rocket (drums) and Dave Treganna (bass and vocals), and they're joined by Stiv Bators from The Dead Boys on lead vocals.

● **THE LAMBRETTAS'** new single, out this week on Rocket, is 'Good Times', It's taken from their upcoming album 'Ambience', due out in April.

● Coming soon from WEA is a double album of previously unrelease material by **LITTLE FEAT**. It consists of material drawn from the Lowell George benefit concert, plus tracks recorded by the original group at the time of the 'Dixie Chicken' LP.

● **DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS** have a new single issued through EMI on March 9, coupling 'Plan B' and 'Soulfinger'. The band are currently preparing their next venture 'The Midnight Runners Projected Passion Revue', which we can expect to see in late spring or early summer.

● **THE GANG OF FOUR'S** new album 'Solid Gold' is issued by EMI on March 9, four days before the start of their nationwide tour with Pere Ubu. It's preceded next Monday (2) by the single 'What We All Want'/'History's Bunk', in both 7" and 12" format — the A-side is taken from the album, but the coupling isn't.

● Stiff are rush releasing **DAVE STEWART'S** version of the Jimmy Ruffin classic 'What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted'. Previously available on Stewart's own label, it features guest vocals by **COLIN BLUNSTONE**.

● **THE SEARCHERS'** new single is 'Anothert Night'/'Back To The War', issued by WEA on March 13. The top side is taken from their album 'A Play For Today', due out in April, when they'll be undertaking a British tour.

STIFF TAKING LIBERTIES AT THE RAINBOW

LAST FRIDAY'S 'Taking Liberties' concert at London Rainbow featuring six New York bands — The dB's, The Fleshtones, The Bush Tetras, The Bongos, Polyrock and The Raybeats — was recorded by Stiff Records, who will be rushing out a live album of the show under the title of 'Tidal Wave Music'. It's planned for release on March 6, only two weeks after the concert, at a maximum retail price of £3.99.

● A new **Visage** single titled 'Mind Of A Toy' is issued by Polydor on March 6, coupled with 'We Move'. There's also a 12-inch version featuring dance mixes of both those titles, plus an extra track called 'Frequency 7'.

● **Toni Basil** — a cult American singer and dancer who's worked with The Talking Heads, David Bowie and Devo — has her first single 'Nobody' out on Radialchoice Records (distributed by Virgin). It comes in a special "moving" picture bag, giving the effect of movement behind venetian blinds when the inner sleeve is withdrawn. Radialchoice describes itself as the world's first video record label, and intends to concentrate on video cassettes — in fact, Toni Basil will have one out in April called 'Word Of Mouth', and she'll be in Britain to promote it.

Virgin in Cuba Libre deal

VIRGIN have signed a long-term worldwide deal with emergent Glasgow label Cuba Libre, which was formed by Ali Mackenzie, drummer with The Cuban Heels. It initially involves two of Scotland's most promising new bands, rockabilly trio The Shakin' Pyramids (who will appear on Cuba Libre as the first part of the licensing deal with Virgin) and The Cuban Heels (who have signed directly to Virgin). First product resulting from the agreement is a double-pack maxi-single titled 'Take A Trip' by The Shakin' Pyramids, released on March 6 — the same date as James King, another Cuba Libre luminary, has his single 'Back From The Dead' issued. An Album by the Pyramids, as well as the debut single and LP by The Cuban Heels, will follow shortly — and both bands are featured in a special promotional show at London Victoria The Venue tonight (Thursday).

● Virgin also announce that they have signed **Simple Minds** to a long-term worldwide deal. This follows the band's recent split from their previous label, Arista. Their first album for their new outlet is planned for August release.

● Manchester-based band **The Passage** have signed a distribution deal with Virgin, covering the release this week of their single 'Devils And Angels'/'Watching You Dance', as well as their second album which is currently being recorded for April-May release. The band are planning to go on the road at about the time the LP is issued.

● Beggar's Banquet are releasing a **Spirit** album called 'Potatoland' in March. It was originally recorded in rough form in 1973, and Randy California and the other members have been going back into the studios periodically to complete it. Apparently, it was considered "too weird" for release by the group's former label, Epic.

● **Phil Lynott** started work this week on his second solo album. Besides vocals, he'll also be featured on guitar and keyboards — supported by drummer Rusty Egan and bassist Jimmy Bain, among others. Release is expected in late spring or early summer.

● The new **Smokey Robinson** album 'Being With You' is released by Motown on April 6. The title track has already been issued as a single.

● Due to the chart success of the current **XTC** single 'Sgt. Rock', Virgin is re-promoting the band's last album 'Black Sea', which also includes their previous two hits 'Generals And Majors' and 'Towers Of London'. There will also be an extensive advertising campaign on the LP, which now has a maximum retail price of £3.99.

● **Dangerous Girls** will have their next single issued by Human Records in March, featuring 'Step Out' coupled with 'Sidekick Phenomena' and 'Men In Suits', and they'll be playing a number of gigs to promote it. And this should put an end to rumours that the band have split up — in fact, they simply took January and February off to write and rehearse new material.

● **Lene Lovich** returns to action this weekend, with a new single out on Stiff called 'New Toy', which is also available on cassette. It's written by Tom Dolby, and the flipside is an instrumental titled 'Cats Away'.

● Belgian band **Toy,** not to be confused with any British outfit of similar name, have their first UK release this week — a single called 'Suspicion' on the Logo label.

LANDSCAPE — who are among the pioneers of the current futurist music cult, and are fronted by Spandau Ballet producer Richard Burgess — have their new album issued by RCA on March 6, with the intriguing title of 'From The Tea-Rooms Of Mars To The Hell-Holes Of Uranus'. A track from the LP 'Einstein A Go Go' has already been issued as a single.

□ **THE RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES** are also on tour, and their itinerary includes London gigs at Herne Hill Half Moon (this Saturday), Oxford St. 100 Club (March 17), Fulham Greyhound (24), Clapham 101 Club (25), Charing Cross Medical School (27) and the Marquee Club (April 3, 10, 24 and May 1). Out of town, they visit Leeds Warehouse (March 10), Swindon Brunel Rooms (31), Newport Stowaway (April 1), Coventry General Wolfe (9), Solihull Civic Hall (11) and Lincoln Drill Hall (16).

□ **THE STRAY CATS** have made a couple of changes in their UK tour, starting this weekend. Due to a double booking, they now play Edinburgh Tiffany's (March 9) and Glasgow Tiffany's (10), instead of vice versa — and their Newcastle gig on March 12 is now at the Mayfair instead of the Royalty Cinema. Also, they've added two dates in the Channel Islands at the tail end of their schedule — Guernsey Beau Sjor (March 25) and Jersey Fort Regent Leisure Centre (28).

□ **THE TEA SET** have been forced to cancel all their gigs for a few weeks, as singer Nick Egan has entered hospital for a minor throat operation. Dates scrapped include two nights at London's Hope & Anchor. But they plan to resume at London Covent Garden Rock Garden on March 20.

□ **ALI THOMSON** — brother of Supertramp bassist Dougie Thomson, and now a U.S. resident — headlines a short UK tour with his band to promote his single 'Foolish Child' and album 'Deception Is Art', both issued this week by A&M. Dates are Manchester The Squat (March 13), Preston Warehouse (14), Lancaster University (15), Oxford Scamps (17), Bristol Berkeley (18), Liverpool Brady's (19), Birmingham Golden Eagle (20) and Glasgow Technical College (21).

□ **LEVEL 42** have a string of gigs to preview their upcoming Polydor single 'Love Games' — at Dunstable Civic Centre with Mirage (tonight, Thursday), London Southall White Hart (Saturday), Colchester Embassy (Sunday), Rayleigh Crocs (March 6), London W.1 Gulliver's (11), Brighton Top Rank (13) and Gillingham Central Hotel (13).

□ **DOLLY MIXTURE** have London gigs at Fulham Greyhound (March 2), Victoria The Venue with The Belle Stars (7), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (10), Canning Town Bridge House (12, 19 and 26), Hendon Midland Arms (13), Acton Kings Head (15), Marquee Club (22) and Clapham 101 Club (29).

□ **THE THOMPSON TWINS** have made several additions to, and changes in, their current No Nukes tour schedule. Remaining dates are now Lampeter Victoria Hall (tonight, Thursday), Bridgwater Arts Centre (Friday), Bath St. James (Saturday), Exeter University (Sunday), Plymouth Polytechnic (March 2), Bristol Granary (3), Reading University (4), Oxford Caribbean Club (5) and London Marquee (6).

□ **JOHNNY STORM & MEMPHIS,** The Stargazers and The Dynamite Band feature in a special 'Tribute To Bill Haley' show on March 5 at London Southgate Royalty Ballroom — the last stand-up venue Haley played in this country back in 1979. Admission is £2.

□ **TALK OVER,** the South London white-and-black reggae band, have London gigs at Stockwell Old Queens Head (this Saturday), Acton Kings Head (Sunday), School of African & Oriental Studies (March 6), London University Union (7), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (12), Camden Dingwalls with Salt (13) and Herne Hill Half Moon (15), with more to come.

□ **THE ODDS,** recently returned home from a European tour, are playing a series of gigs prior to the release of their third single 'The Fool In The Crowd'. March dates so far confirmed are Northwich Cook Inn (8), Dewsbury The Entertainer (12), Sheffield University (13) and Cinderford Rugby Club (21).

□ **THE SPOILERS** have a string of gigs at London Fulham Golden Lion (tonight, Thursday), Bicester Red Lion (this Friday and March 22), Oxford Penny Farthing (this Saturday and March 21), London Clapham Two Brewers (March 11 and 18), London Shoreditch College (19) and Oxford Corn Dolly (28).

□ **DAVE & THE MISTAKES** — a leading Swedish band who feature Chicago-born Dave Nergre and girl singer Tove Naess, both on vocals — play their first-ever dates outside Scandinavia when they support Elvis Costello & The Attractions in their UK tour, starting this Sunday. Costello saw the band when he last toured Sweden, and negotiations have since been in progress to bring them to this country.

□ **BRIAN BRAIN,** still nursing injuries sustained when bottled at a recent gig, is playing a few warm-up dates before leaving for a coast-to-coast U.S. tour — including Brighton Concorde (tonight, Thursday), London Richmond Snoopies (Friday) and Harlow Benny's (next Monday, 2).

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

SKY COVERING THE COUNTRY

SKY, whose third album is due out in three weeks' time, are going out on a major UK concert tour in June — visiting Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Southampton Gaumont (8 and 9), Brighton Conference Centre (10), London Royal Albert Hall (11 and 12), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Birmingham Odeon (15 and 16), Manchester Apollo (17), Liverpool Empire (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Leeds Grand (21), Sheffield City Hall (22 and 23), Newcastle City Hall (24 and 25), Edinburgh Usher Hall (26), Dundee Caird Hall (27) and Aberdeen Capitol (28).

Tickets are priced £5, £4 and £3 at Liverpool, Newcastle, Dundee and Aberdeen; at Brighton they are £6, £5, £4 and £3; for London they range from £7 to £1.50; and at all other venues they cost £6, £5 and £4. They're on sale now everywhere — except Bournemouth and Bristol (box-offices open next week) and the Albert Hall (March 20).

Following their two previous platinum albums, the new LP is predictably titled 'Sky 3' — it's released by Ariola in a gatefold sleeve on March 20, and contains ten tracks (all written by the band apart from Handel's 'Sarabande'). On Tuesday this week, Sky became the first rock unit to perform in Westminster Abbey, and BBC-TV's film of the concert is now scheduled for transmission on March 11.

SNIPS IS GUEST IN NEW MUSIK JAUNT

NEW MUSIK — whose new album 'Luxury' is released by GTO on March 6 — are touring Britain for the greater part of March, with the additional bonus on Snips appearing as special guest at all venues. Dates set so far are Brighton Sussex University (March 4), Hastings Queens College (5), Poole Dorset Institute (6), Dudley Town Hall (7), Croydon Fairfield Hall (8), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (10), Bradford Tiffany's (12), Cranley College (13), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (15), Leeds Warehouse (16), Hull University (17), Middlesbrough Town Hall (18), Manchester UMIST (19), Glasgow University (20), Northampton Nene College (25), Liverpool Warehouse (26), St. Neots Priory Centre (27) and Corby Festival Hall (28). A major London venue and several more provincial gigs are still being finalised.

● A new Snips album 'La Rocca' — produced by Chris Spedding, who also plays guitar on it — is issued by EMI on April 6, with a maximum price of £3.99. But to coincide with the tour, his single 'Nine O'Clock' is reactivated next week.

LATEST PUB-ROCK BLOW FOR LONDON

YET ANOTHER London pub-rock venue bites the dust next week, when the Pied Bull in Islington abandons its highly successful rock policy. In this case, it's not due to closure for redevelopment, and neither is the manager to blame — in fact, both he and the staff are saddened by the news. Apparently it's a brewery decision and, in their wisdom, they have decreed a seven-nights-a-week jazz policy. So the final rock gigs at the Pied Bull will be a No Nukes benefit with Plain Characters and Boy Talk (next Tuesday, March 3), The Fixations (4) and Apocalypse (5).

JOOLS STEPS OUT ON PHOTOS DATES

JOOLS HOLLAND, who recently vacated the Squeeze keyboards stool, takes his new band The Millionaires on the road as special guests on the previously reported UK tour by The Photos — to which two more dates have just been added, at Cheltenham Eve's (March 8) and Sheffield Limit Club (17). And this is specially apt because, when The Photos were first starting two years ago, they went out as support to Squeeze! Jools and the band — Mick Paice (sax and harmonica), Pino Palladino (bass) and Martin Deegan (drums) — have their debut single issued by A&M on March 6, 'Bumble Boogie'/'That Don't Matter To Me'. And they'll also be supporting Nine Below Zero at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 20.

Quo: second leg for UK outing

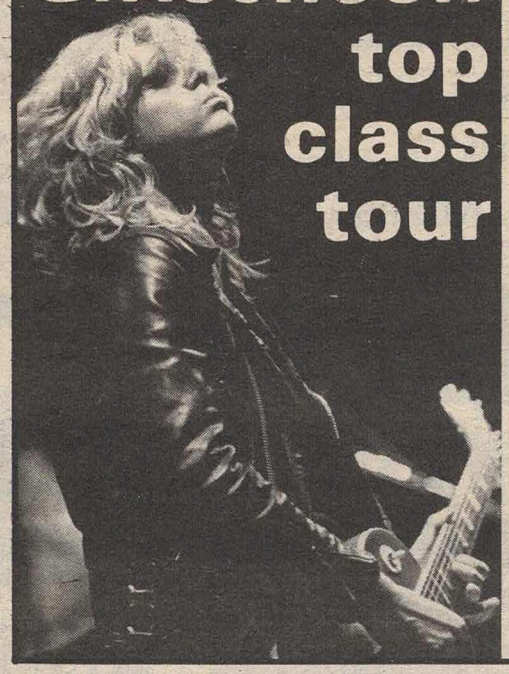
STATUS QUO have sold out all 12 shows in their March UK tour — including a fourth night at London Hamersmith Odeon on March 11, which wasn't even announced because it was already pre-sold as the result of outstanding ticket applications. So in view of the very heavy demand, they've now added a second leg to their tour, after they return from Europe in the late spring.

They play London Wembley Arena (May 26 and 27), Bridlington Spa Hall (29), Deeside Leisure Centre (30), Carlisle Market Hall (31) and Southampton Gaumont (June 2 and 3). Tickets are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 at Wembley; £6 and £5 at Southampton; and £6 only at the other three venues. There will be no support act, and the promoters are Quarry Productions.

Tickets for Wembley and Carlisle are available by post only from FTMO (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 4NB, London W1A 4NB; and for Southampton, it's post only from the Gaumont box-office — in all cases, enclose s.a.e. For Bridlington and Deeside, tickets go on sale this Saturday (28) to personal callers.

The whole Quo tour goes out under the banner of "The Never Too Late Tour 1981" — and that's because the title of their new album, released by Vertigo on March 13, is 'Never Too Late'. It contains ten up-tempo tracks, and it will be the subject of a massive promotional campaign.

Girlschool: top class tour



GIRLSCHOOL headline a mid-spring UK concert tour, easily the most important they've yet undertaken in this country. The news of their outing coincides with this week's impressive chart entry of their 'Saint Valentine's Day Massacre' EP with Motorhead — though they'll have their own new album, their second, issued by Bronze on April 10 to tie in with their tour.

Dates and venues are Hanley Victoria Hall (April 15), Derby Assembly Rooms (16), Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Edinburgh Odeon (21), Glasgow Apollo (22), Preston Guildhall (23), Manchester Free Trade Hall (24), Liverpool Royal Court (25), Birmingham Odeon (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28), Sheffield Top Rank (29), Bristol Colston Hall (May 1), Plymouth Palace Theatre (2), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (3), Brighton Corn Exchange (4) and London Hammersmith Palais (5).

Tickets go on sale from this week, and for the most part they are priced £3, £2.50 and £2 — the exceptions being Derby and Preston (£3 and £2.50); and Hanley, Middlesbrough, Sheffield, Brighton and Hammersmith (all at £3). Promoters are Straight Music, who have yet to name the support act.

Prior to their own UK trek, Girlschool will be touring Europe with Motorhead throughout March, opening next Tuesday.

Left: Girlschool's KELLY JOHNSON

Piranhas back in the swim

THE PIRANHAS begin their first UK tour of the year this weekend, featuring new material in all shows. Dates so far set are at London Richmond Brollys (this Saturday), Central London Polytechnic (March 6), London Herne Hill Half Moon (7), Hastings Queens Club (13), London Southbank Polytechnic (20), London Victoria The Venue (April 3) and Hastings Pier Pavilion (10). More are being finalised, and the band will also be undertaking a club tour from mid-April to coincide with the release of a new single.

□ **HOT GOSSIP** are on the road in March, with a schedule that's confined mainly to the college circuit — the first time they've undertaken a campus tour. Dates are London School of Economics (2), Edinburgh Usher Hall (4), Aberdeen University (5), Glasgow University (6), Strathclyde University (7), Glasgow Ultra Tech (8), Cardiff University (13), Manchester University (14), Norwich East Anglia University (15), Loughborough University (17), Sheffield University (18), Chippenham Goldiggers (19-21), Preston Polytechnic (23), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (24) and Treforest Wales Polytechnic (25).

□ **CIMARONS** promote their new Charisma single 'Ready For Love' at Liverpool Brady's (March 6), Plymouth Polytechnic (7), Sunderland Mayfair (12), Manchester Moss Side Community Centre (13), Brighton Top Rank (18) and London Oxford Street 100 Club (19).

□ **ARROGANT**, recently signed to Rocket Records, play Slough Studio One (March 5), London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (9), High Wycombe Nags Head (14), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (27) and London Herne Hill Half Moon (29).

□ **THE STRANGLERS** have switched their gig on Thursday, March 5, from Norwich East Anglia University to Cromer West Runton Pavilion.

Vapors back in action

THE VAPORS have lined up their first UK tour since last June, and it ties in with the March 9 release of their second Liberty album 'Magnets' (their new single 'Spiders' has just been issued). They've spent most of the last nine months touring overseas, but they return home to play Scarborough Taboo (March 6), Durham University (7), Manchester Polytechnic (10), Guildford Civic Hall (11), Brighton Sussex University (12), Birmingham Aston University (13), Watford Herts College of Education (14), Cheltenham Eve's (16), Leeds Warehouse (17), Southport Floral Hall (18), Newcastle Polytechnic (20), Retford Porterhouse (21), Halifax Civic Theatre (22), Bath Tiffany's (24), Barnstaple Chequers (26) and London Roehampton Froebel Institute (28). A major London concert venue has still to be confirmed.

POLECATS ON PROWL AGAIN

THE POLECATS have lined up a further series of UK dates for the early spring. This follows the success of their current series, reported three weeks ago, which end this weekend — coinciding with the release of their double A-sided Phonogram single 'John, I'm Only Dancing'/'Big Green Car'.

They spend the next three weeks recording and mixing their debut album, then take the road again at Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (March 20), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (21), Caister Ladbroke's Holiday Centre (22), Manchester Polytechnic (24), Leeds Warehouse (25), Sheffield Limit Club (26), Liverpool Brady's (27), Edinburgh Nite Club (28), Bath Tiffany's (31), Bristol Berkeley (April 1), Plymouth Polytechnic (2), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (3) and London Victoria The Venue (4).

LEAGUE THWARTED TILL MID-SUMMER

THE HUMAN LEAGUE are back on the scene again with their new format, following the recent departure of Ian Marsh and Martyn Ware. Their single 'Boys And Girls'/'Tom Baker', issued by Virgin this week, marks the first collaboration between vocalist Phil Oakey and the band's visual director Adrian Wright — and the debut of Sheffield schoolgirls Joanne and Susanne as fully fledged members of future League projects. Unfortunately, those projects have to be kept under wraps until the summer, as the two girls will be busy studying for their A-levels until June — which means no League gigs until July and no new album until August.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX REVIEW EXTENSION

CLASSIX NOUVEAU and the '2002 Review' have been set for another four dates in their provincial tour, which is being lined up following the success of their London Lyceum concert — originally intended as a one-off — in January. And it's now confirmed that the rest of the bill going on the road comprises Theatre Of Hate, Shock, Naked Lunch and Eyeless In Gaza. The new dates are at Doncaster Rotters (March 24), Manchester Rotters (25), Nottingham Rock City (28) and Liverpool Rotters (30) — and the three previously reported are Newcastle Mayfair (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27) and Birghton Top Rank (April 10).

CHARNOCK RICHARD AS FESTIVAL SITE

CHARNOCK RICHARD, situated in the Liverpool and Manchester catchment area (about 15 miles from both cities), is to stage a number of one-day open-air rock festivals this summer. They'll be held at the 20,000-capacity Park Hall Arena, which was last in the spotlight as the site of the July Wakes Festival in 1976 and 1977. That event was largely folk-orientated, but its promoter is now turning his attention to rock for this latest venture, and he is already negotiating with several big-name acts.

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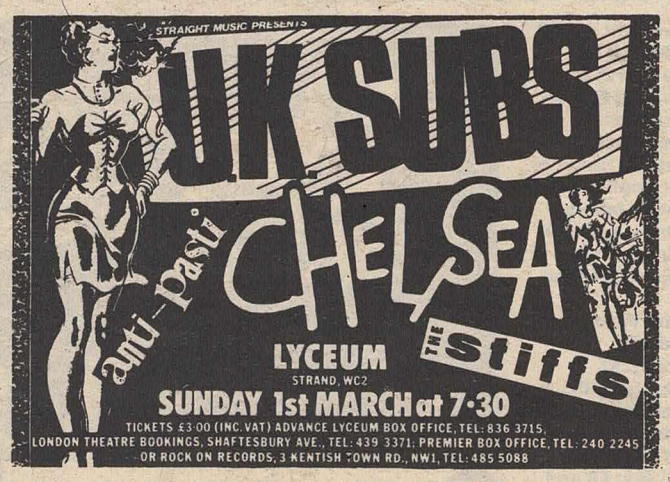
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26 Paco Pena
26 The Passions
28 Bow Wow Wow

MARCH
1 Battle Of Bands
1 UK Subs
3 The Damned
4 Duran Duran
5 Crystal Gayle
5 Ian Gillan
7 The Stranglers
7, 8 Millie Jackson
7 Krokus
8 Black Echos Reggae Awards
8 Gamma (Ronnie Montrose)
8 The Only Ones
9 Buddy Rich
9, 10 Jeff Beck
12 Judie Tzuke
14 Frankie Valli
15 Iron Maiden
17 4 be 2's
20 9 Below Zero
20 The Albion Band
20/21 The Grateful Dead
20/21 Tom Waits
22/23 Stray Cats
22 The Barron Knights
24 Selecter
25 Charlie Pride
26 Planxty
27/28 Rose Royce
29 Syd Lawrence
29 Chas & Dave
30 Stylistics
30 Gang Of Four
30/31 Manfred Mann's Earthband

APRIL
2 Camel
9-12 Neil Sedaka
11 Steeleye Span
11 Classix Nouveaux
14-19 Ella Fitzgerald
17-20 Country Music Festival
24/25 Freddie Starr
26, 27, 28 Gary Numan
28, 28 Glen Campbell
29, 30 Liberace

MAY
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6-9 Leo Sayer
9 Echo & The Bunnymen
21, 22 Paul Anka

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THE YACHTS
FRI. FEB 26. Used to have a clean-living, fresh air image; but circumstances have changed. There's more aggression, more invention, giving their essentially 'pop' sound bite and depth.

LITTLE BOB STORY
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SUNDAY 28th to THURSDAY 5th MARCH
CLOSED DOWNSTAIRS FOR MAJOR REFURBISH.
THE RESTAURANT IS OPEN AS USUAL AND YOU CAN STILL EAT UNTIL 6A.M. TUESDAY thru till SATURDAY.

The Doors open 8-45 till late, except Sunday when its 7-30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails night thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week - 8-30 AM till 6-00 AM. Most days. Phone for details. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from tube Station).
PHONE: 240·3961

DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

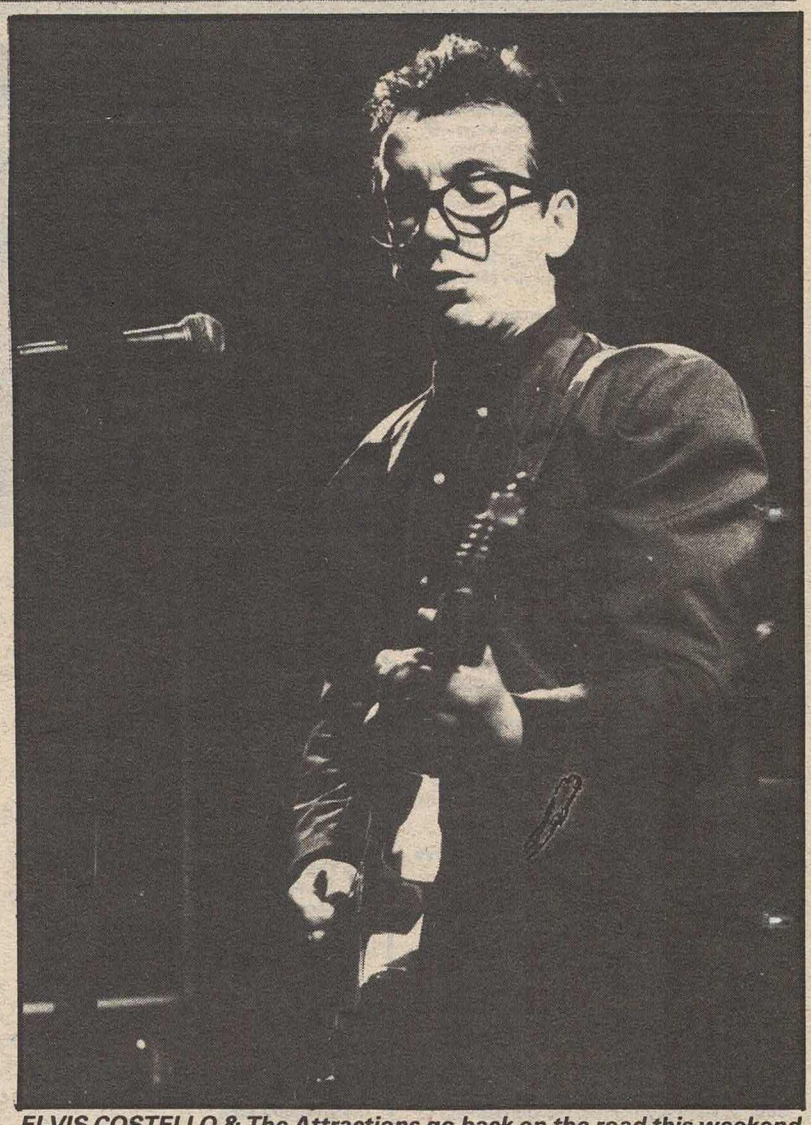
THURSDAY

Bedford Shuttleworth College: **Tranzista**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Babylon Rebels/21 Guns**
Birmingham King Edward Buildings: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Dubliners**
Bradford Princeville Club: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Brighton Concorde Club: **Brian Brain/The Bright Girls/The New Objeks**
Bristol Berkeley Suite: **Nash The Slash**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **English Rogue**
Cambridge Guildhall: **Richard Digance**
Canterbury Kent University: **Darts**
Cardiff South Glamorgan Institute: **The Madisons**
Cheltenham College: **The Polecats**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Syndicate**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Jake Thackray**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Krokus**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Level 42/Mirage**
Edinburgh The Cavendish: **First Priority/Little Red Dufflecoats/Twin Sets**
Edinburgh The Netherbow: **Teenage Cremation/Threats/Twisted Nerve**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Crying Shames**
Fleetwood Queens Hotel: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Galashiels Maxwell Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Camel**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Iron Maiden/Trust**
Guildford Surrey University: **The dB's**
Hardsoft Shoulder of Mutton: **Gordon Giltrap**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Chaps**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Rialtos**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Volcanoes/Parallel Bars**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **Seventeen**
Leamington Royal Park Centre: **Q-Tips**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **The Breed**
Leeds Warehouse: **Fatal Charm**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **Attempted Moustache**
Liverpool Rotters: **Odyssey**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Acton Kings Head: **BIM/Beautiful Losers**
London Acton White Hart: **Neon Blondes**
London Balham The Bedford: **First Aid**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **New Cross**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Levi Dexter & The Rip Chords**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Shadowfox/The Whizz Kids**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham 101 Club: **End Games**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Regents/OK Jive**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Top Secret**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Spoilers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators/Julian Dawson's Hit Factory**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Triarchy**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **B Film/Mephisto Waltz**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Thumper**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **X-Effects/The Voice**
London Holloway North Polytechnic: **The Loved One**
London Homerton Deuragon: **Spider**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Belle Stars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **7 Year Itch**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **Lionheart**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Club Tango/Again Again/The Mysterons**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Memphis Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tribesman**
London Putney White Lion: **Liaison**
London Queen Mary College: **Chas & Dave**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Ukraine**
London Roehampton Garnet College: **The Papers/The Introze**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Shades**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Passions/Modern Man/Depeche Mode/Ilya Volkswagens**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Cuban Heels/The Shakin Pyramids**
London Walthamstow The Towers: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Pyewackett**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Modern Jazz/The Harlequins**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Yachts/The Europeans**
London W.2 Plaza Hotel: **Inversions**
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Greem & The Scene**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Hanky Panky**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Expressos**
Manchester Rafters: **UK Decay**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **Kicks**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Stranglers**
Newcastle University: **Dr Feelgood**
Norwich Cromwells: **Light of the World**
Norwich Scamps: **The Happy Few**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingha, Rock City: **UK Subs**
Oldham Lancashire Vaults: **Alkatrazz**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **El Seven/The Shrinking Men/The A-1 Vegetables /Johnny & The Moondogs**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Duff Party/Boots For Dancing**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Split Rivitt**
Reading Target Club: **Prime Suspect**
Salford Pinky's Place: **The Naughty Boys**
Salisbury City Hall: **Diamond Head/Chinatown**
Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: **The Au Pairs**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Moondogs/TV 21**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Fear of Flying**
Southampton The Eagle: **The Middle Class/Vertical Motion**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Matchbox**
Southend Rascals: **The Newtown Neurotics**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Slade**
Swansea Top Rank: **Houseband**
Wallasey Labour Club: **Afraid Of Mice**
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: **Sub Zero**
York Barons: **The Mood**
York Black Swan: **Martin Carthy**

THE STRAY CATS celebrate the release this weekend of their debut album by setting out on their second UK tour. First gigs are at Southampton (Friday), Torquay (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Swansea (Monday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

FRIDAY

Aberdeen University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Balloch Lomond Centre: **Seventeen**
Bath Moles Club: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
Bath Smiths Wine Vaults: **The English Country Blues Band**
Bicester Red Lion: **The Spoilers**
Bingley Arts Centre: **The Shakes/Pyramid/Patrick Moore & The All-Stars**
Birmingham Aston University: **Duran Duran**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Partizans**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Top Rank: **UK Subs**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **Wamm (for three days)**
Bracknell South Hill Park Centre: **X-Effects**
Bridgend Drones: **The Jammy Tarts**
Bridlington Spa Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Brighton Alhambra: **Golinski Brothers**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **The Cruisers**
Brighton Top Rank: **Light Of The World**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Iron Maiden/Trust**
Budleigh Salterton Public Hall: **Forty Blue Fingers**
Burton 76 Club: **Chevy**
Cambridge Graduate Centre: **The Rank Amateurs**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Tranzista**
Canterbury Kent University: **Artery**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Geddes Axe**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Odyssey**
Cleethorpes Pier Pavilion: **Boys Of The Lough**
Colchester Guisnes Court: **Wendy & The Gobstoppers**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mix**
Coventry Red House: **Jets**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry The Pilot: **The Syndicate**
Cromer West Runto Pavilion: **Weapon Of Peace/Linda & The Dark/Denizens**
Cuckfield Kings Head: **Nouveau-a-go-go**
Dudley Teachers Training College: **The Dilators**
Dundee The Cavalier: **The President's Men**
Eastleigh Technical College: **The Ebony Rockers/The Skavengers**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Cheaters**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Au Pairs**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Comsat Angels**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Final Frontier**
Exeter University: **Slade**
Fakenham Community Centre: **Falling Men**
Gillingham T.A.V.R. Centre: **Marty Wilde/Yakety Yak**
Guildford Surrey University: **Praying Mantis**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Nauty Culture**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Krokus**
High Wycombe Bucks College: **Split Rivitt**
Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: **Zitz**
Hinckley Regent Club: **Valhalla/White Heat**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Parting Shots**
Kingswinford Woodman Inn: **The Watersons**
Lancaster Greaves Motel: **Lym-Bik**
Lancaster University: **The Stranglers**
Leconfield Hall: **Blitzkrieg Patrol**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Hanky Panky**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Thin End Of The Wedge/Charge**
London Battersea Devas Club: **The Whizz Kids**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Fleshtones/The Europeans**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack/The Kidz**
London Catford The Squire: **Shades**
London City Polytechnic: **Nash The Slash**
London City University: **Darts**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Fix**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Yachts/Fay Wray**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Rio & The Robots/The Beatroots**
London Fulham Greyhound: **TV Smith's Explorers/SOS & The Escape**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Jam Toady**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **UK Decay**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Camel**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Famous Bluesblasters**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Twelfth Night**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Step/Fay Wray**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Ruts DC**
London N.14 Sunset Club: **Chris Barber Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Slyder/New Era Jazz Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Top Secret**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Nashville Teens**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Snatch 22**
London Putney White Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Brian Brain/B Film/Red Box**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Don Harper-Denny Wright Quartet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Attendants**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Kings College: **The dB's/The Raybeats**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **First Aid/Radio Moscow**
London The Chelsea Centre: **Ocean/The Mighty Honky Band**
London University: **The Ivory Coasters/Misty**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scotts: **Midnight Express**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **David Essex**



ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions go back on the road this weekend for an extensive tour, lasting the whole of March. You can catch them initially at St. Austell (Sunday), Exeter (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

London Victoria The Venue: **The Sound/The Berlin Blondes**
London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: **Ski Patrol/The Lucys**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dumb Blondes/Huang Chung**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **Calling Hearts**
London W.2 Plaza Hotel: **Inversions**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Satellites/3.00 AM/The In Touch/September Moon**
Manchester Mayflower: **Abrasive Wheels/War Zone**
Manchester Pips: **Fashions Of Fate**
Newcastle University: **Richard Digance**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Red Lion: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **The Polecats**
Nottingham Rock City: **Gordon Giltrap**
Ormskirk Edgehill College: **The Moondogs/TV 21**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Modern Jazz**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **H20**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Picturesque**
Reading Merry Maidens: **El Seven/The Shringking Men/The A-1 Vegetables/Johnny & The Moondogs**
Retford Porterhouse: **Fatal Charm**
Salford University: **The Look**
Salisbury Art & Technical College: **Games To Avoid/Exploding Seagulls/Passendale**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/The London Boys**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **The Dubliners**
Sheffield Limit Club: **After The Fire**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Straight Jocelyn**
Slough Langley College: **Tribesman**
Southampton University: **The Stray Cats**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The Coconut Dogs**
Sunderland Annabell's: **Switches**
Sunderland Locarno: **Taurus**
Swindon Town Hall: **The Nightingales/ Josef K**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Jimmy Lindsay/Rasugi/The Enchanters**
Windsor The Wheatsheaf: **Art Nouveau**

SATURDAY

Bath Moles Club: **Stiletto**
Bicester Red Lion: **Still Earth**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **Taurus**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham University: **Judie Tzuke**
Bolton Albert Inn: **Dead Giveaway**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Borehamwood St. Theresa's Church Hall: **Sore Throat**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Camel**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Shegui**
Bradford Interchange: **Justin Sullivan**
Brighton Alhambra: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys**
Bristol Green Rooms: **Streets Ahead**
Bristol University: **Talon**
Burton Continental Club: **Another Phobia**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **UK Subs**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Julian Dawson's Hit Factory**
Cardiff University: **Slade**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Yakety Yak**
Chatham Central Hall: **Grace Kennedy**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Dennis Delight**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Deemus Mint**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Blackjacks**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Passions**
Croydon The Cartoon: **7 Year Itch**
Darlington Arts Centre: **The Jump Club**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Who/Nine Below Zero**
Dudley Town Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Dundee University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Toad The Wet Sprocket/Bleak House/Clientelle/Stormtrooper/High Treason**
Durham University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Darts**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **Weapon Of Peace/Linda & The Dark**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Wanda & The Dentists**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Joe Average**
Eynsham Board Hotel: **Twelfth Night**
Fenton New Penny Club: **Plastic Idols**
Glasgow College of Technology: **Restricted Code/Fire Engines/Boots For Dancing**
Glasgow (Rutherglen) Fernhill Hall: **The Image/The Elite/Purple Haze/The Secret**
Glasgow Technical College: **The Cheaters**
Gloucester Brockworth House Club: **Shades**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Witchfynde**
Gravesend The Terminus: **The Europeans**
Great Lumley Community Centre: **The Moondogs/TV 21**
Hartlepool Gemini Club: **Switches**
Hastings Graffiti Club: **Chelsea**
Hereford Blind College: **Boss**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Nashville Teens**
Hull Eastfield Rock Club: **Head Hunter**
Hull New Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Split Rivitt**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Eric Bell Band**
Leeds Pack Horse: **Twisted Nerve**
Leeds University: **The Stranglers**
Leeds Wig Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leven Golf Tavern (lunchtime): **Seventeen**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Mistress/Madame**
London Aldgate Half Moon Theatre: **The Cravats/Nerves/The Creakers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **BIM/Baby & The Blackspots**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Huang Chung**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Roy Sundholm Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Fleshtones/Positive Signals**
London Greenwich Coach & Horses: **New Cross**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Apocalypse**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Radio Moscow/Paul Browse**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Beshara**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Reluctant Stereotypes/Plastic Idols**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dingle Spike**
London Marquee Club: **Ruts DC**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Strike One/The O.K. Band**

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DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

THE dB's (which, as you should know if you've been paying attention, stands for 'decibels') are one of the six New York bands who played London Rainbow last Friday, and who are now staying on to tour in their own right, starting at Guildford on Thursday — and pictured above are the band's Gene Holder (left) and Chris Stamey.

IAN GILLAN (below) takes his Gillan outfit on the road for a short concert tour, kicking off in Bournemouth (Monday), Blackburn (Tuesday) and Nottingham (Wednesday).

London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt/Little Steve Smith**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Bow Wow Wow**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Alex Atterson/Arizona Smoke Revue/Vin Garbutt/Hamish Imlach/John Martyn/ Martin Simpson/The Watersons etc.**
London Richmond Brollys: **The Piranhas/ The Elgin Marbles**
London Roehampton Digby Stuart College: **Geno Washington**
London School of Economics Old Theatre: **Delta 5/Josef K/The Nightingales**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jay McShann Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
Lonson Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Midnight Express**
London Victoria The Venue: **Tribesman**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Golinski Bros/Eye To Eye**
London W.2 Plaza Hotel: **Ojah**
Luton Baron of Beef: **Incognito**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Meanstreet**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Fatal Charm**
Newhall Labour Club: **The Bopcats**
Northampton Black Lion: **Art Nouveau**
Northampton Nene College: **Tour De Force**
Northampton Roadmender Club: **Nation 3/The Army**
Norwich Whites: **Thumpa**
Nottingham Rock City: **Odyssey**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Spoilers**
Pembroke Dock McCabes: **The Jammy Tarts**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Thompson Twins**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Polecats**
Preston Warehouse: **The Shattered Dolls**
Reading Northumberland Ave. Community Centre: **The Seize/Nosferatu**
Retford Porterhouse: **After The Fire**
Salford The Moonraker: **The Naughty Boys**
Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: **Thunderboys**
Sheffield City Hall: **Krokus**
Shepton Mallet Showering Sports Club: **Jets**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Buzz**
Southampton West Indian Centre: **The Ebony Rockers**
Southampton Theatre: **The Dubliners**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
Stoke Victoria Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Sub Zero**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Gordon Giltrap**
Swindon St. Johns Amublance Hall: **El Seven/The Shrinking Men/The A-1 Vegetables/Johnny & The Moondogs**
Taunton Cellar Bar: **Jaguar**
Taunton Odeon: **Iron Maiden/Trust**
Todmorden Crockett's Nightspot: **Whipps**
Todmorden Golden Lion: **Private Dicks**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Knock Up**
Torquay 400 Club: **The Stray Cats**
Walsall Town Hall: **The Look**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Winners**

SUNDAY

Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Sawn: **Video**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Fire Clown**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Iron Maiden / Trust**
Bracknell Wednesdays: **Light Of The World**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Nash The Slash**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Hoodlums**
Bristol Locarno: **The Stray Cats**
Bristol Plume Of Feathers: **Jaguar**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bank Hall Club (lunchtime): **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Cambrdige Great Northern Hotel: **Mad Chateaux**
Chciester Festival Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Chigwell White Hart: **Park Avenue**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Dennis Delight**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **Level 42**
Coventry The Sportsman: **The Syndicate**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Camel**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The dB's / The Raybeats**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Simple Minds**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Art Nouveau**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Little Bob Story**
Hastings Graffiti Club: **Split Rivitt**
Hatfield The Stonehouse: **Clientele**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
Hull City Hall: **Dr. Feelgood**
Kelso Cross Keys Hotel: **Head / Border Crossing**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Spider**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Warehouse (lunchtime): **Supercharge**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees / The Comsat Angels**
London Acton Kings Head: **Talkover / The Chefs**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bert Jansch**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Spectres / Parachutes**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **MGA Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Fay Wray**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo / Martin Besserman**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **'Battle Of The Bands' Final**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Zitz**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Rialtos / The Imports**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **The Belle Stars**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Volcanoes / Plain Characters**
London Putney Half Moon: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Richmond Brollys: **The Original Mirrors**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jay McShann Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Safita**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **UK Subs / Chelsea / Anti-Pasti / The Stiffs**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Split Rivitt**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **A Bigger Splash**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Dick Charlesworth Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Europeans**
Maidstone Ship Inn: **First And Last**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Who / Ruts DC**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Stigma**
Newcastle The Garage: **Model Workers / Total Chaos / Chunkheads**
Newcastle Wallesend: **Deemus Mint**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton College of Further Education: **Don Rendell Nine**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Chris Barber Band**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **The Dubliners**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Organisation**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Seventeen**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Richard Digance**
Pontefract Blackmore Head: **Taurus**
Reading Top Rank: **Krokus**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Gordon Giltrap**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Haze**
Smallford The Dog House: **The Coconut Dogs**
Spondon Anglers Arms: **The Bopcats**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Swanage The Purbecks: **The X.S.**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **After The Fire**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Krokus**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Requium**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Siouxsie & The Banshees / The Comsat Angels**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Graf Spee**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Gillan**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Axe Band**
Cheltenham Eves Night Club: **Weapon Of Peace / Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **The Stranglers**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **The Snacks / Channel A**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Slade**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Zitz**
Exeter University: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: **Blitzkrieg Patrol**
Hardstoft Shoulder Of Mutton: **Praying Mantis**
Huddersfield Vic March: **Private Dicks**
Harlow Benny's: **Brian Brain**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **Confessor / Swarkara**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Taurus**
Leeds Warehouse: **The dB's / The Raybeats**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Camel**
Liverpool Brady's: **Duran Duran**
London Acton White Hart: **Siris**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Allies / The Monsters / Pumphouse Gang**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture/ The Gymslips**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Extras**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Fay Wray**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Fleshtones/ The Freshies**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Academy One / Kan Kan**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Who / Ruts DC**
Manchester Polytecnic: **The Amazing Bavarian Stompers**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Lady Spencer Churchill College: **Russians**
Oxford Scamps: **A Certain Ratio**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Cheaters**
Sheffield Marples Monday Club: **Bikini Atoll/ The Amoebas**
Sheffield University: **The Naughtiest Girl Was A Monitor / Fatales**
Slough Thames Hall: **The Dubliners**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Iron Maiden / Trust**
Southampton University: **Nine Below Zero**
St Albans Horn of Plenty: **Shader**
St Neots Priory Centre: **Chris Barber Band / Doctor John**
Stoney Stratford Youth Club: **The Army**
Swansea Top Rank: **The Stray Cats**
Taunton Camelot Club: **The Thompson Twins**
Watford Bailey's: **Mary Wilson (for a week)**
Worcester Tanya's: **Assyne**

TUESDAY

Billingham Black Horse: **Tom McConville/Kieran Halpan/Jon Strong**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **No Identity**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Gillan/Dedringer**
Brighton Basement Club: **The Expressos**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Bristol Granary: **The Thompson Twins**
Bristol Stonehouse: **React/The Options**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Medusa/Wiffer**
Cambridge Fischer Hall: **Su Lyn Band**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Fused**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Stray Cats**
Coventry Shades Club: **The Syndicate**
Coventry Warwick University: **Nash The Slash**
Leeds Amnesia Club: **The Mood**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Stranglers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Camel**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Weapon Of Peace/Linda & The Dark/Denizens**
London E.2 Earl of Aberdeen: **Oxy & The Morons**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sunfighter/Rue-De-Remarx**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Lavender Hill Mob**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Damned/Splodge/Inner City Unit**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Shader**
London Homerton Dueragon: **Limelight**
London Marquee Club: **Praying Mantis**
London Putney White Lion: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Terminal Rescue**
London Stratford Green Man: **Italian Parcels**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **Simple Minds**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Modern English/Felt**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Levi Dexter & The Rip Chords**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Odyssey**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Duran Duran**
Manchester White Noise Club: **The Middle Class**
Newcastle City Hall: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/The Comsat Angels**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Lethal Dose/Yaks/Competition/Legs Band**
Oxford Scamps: **The dB's/The Raybeats**
Rochdale Lamplight Club: **Wanda & The Dentists**
Salford University: **Judie Tzuke**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Southport Theatre: **Chris Barber Band/Doctor John**
Swansea University College: **Nine Below Zero**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Krokus**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **The Dubliners**
York University: **Slade**

WEDNESDAY

Bellshill Iron Maiden: **The Cheaters**
Birkenhead Sir James Ents: **Thin End Of The Wedge**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Odeon: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Iron Maiden / Trust**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Stray Cats**
Bristol University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Burslem Bowler Hat: **Plastic Idols**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Spider**
Cambridge St. Mary's Art Centre: **The Bare Essentials**
Cardiff Chapter: **The Jammy Tarts**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Theatre: **The Stranglers**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Alex Harvey Band**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Farnham Coach & Horses: **Larry Miller Band**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Gamma / Praying Mantis**
Halifax Foggy's: **Private Dicks**
Hatfield The Forum: **The Dubliners**
Hornsea Ocean Bar: **Blitzkrieg Patrol**
Hull College of Higher Education: **Use Of English / Clone / 11.55**
Keele University: **Nine Below Zero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Liverpool Brady's: **The dB's / The Raybeats**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Look**
London Acton Kings Head: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins / Felt**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Little Bob Story / T-34**
London Charing Cross Road Sundown: **Duran Duran**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers / Switches**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Time Flies / The Crying Shames**
London Homerton Deuragon: **The Kraze**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Nash The Slash**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **A Bigger Splash**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chris Barber Band / Doctor John**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Crewsy Fixers**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Eye Witness**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gordon Giltrap**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Red Beat / The Laughing Apple**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Odyssey**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Dead Giveaway**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Slade**
Newcastle City Hall: **Jeff Beck Band / Climax Blues Band**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Toy Dolls**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Don't Look Down / Shoulder**
Norwich East Anglia University Residencies: **The Higsons**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Rock City: **Gillan / Dedringer**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Jaguar**
Oxford Scamps: **Wow Federation**
Paignton The Coverdale: **Jude The Obscure**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Camel**
Reading University: **The Thompson Twins**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Louis Stewart Trio**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Krokus**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **Games To Avoid / The V-Necks / Vertical Motion**
Southend (Leigh) Cranleigh Hall: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Southport Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stirling University: **The Astros / Monoconics**
Waterlooville Southdowns Technical College: **The Ebony Rockers**

ASYLUM · ARROWMATICTORS · EMI · CHRYSALIS · ARISTA · POLYDOR · PRETTY VACANT · STIFF · CBS · VIRGIN · ATLANTIC · POLYDOR · ARISTA · CHRYSALIS · EMI · ASYLUM

THE BEST OF THE BANDS

1st NATIONAL FINAL

Battle of the Bands

SUN 1ST. MAR 7.00

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Celebrity Guests and Judges include

BILLY IDOL RICK WAKEMAN
MIKE OLDFIELD NODDY HOLDER

TICKETS £2.50 £3.00
FROM USUAL AGENTS

LOUIS AND THE LOOK · 100% PROOF · COBRA · NERVES

LIVE
PHONE 01 261 6153

THE HOTTEST REGGAE IN LONDON

BLACK MARKET

at the Pegasus, 109 Green Lanes N16

Monday 2nd March 75p

THE CRYING SHAMES

Feb 26th Christopher Eaton
Mar 4th Starlight Club (8.30)
Mar 6th The Kensington
Mar 12th Cranbrook, Ilford

Enq 992 2348

M. L. C. Present at DUDLEY TOWN HALL

Saturday 7th March at 7.30pm

DARTS

+ Support ☆ Licensed Bar

Tickets from — Graduate Records, Union St. £3.00 or £3.25 on door

M.L.C. Present at MALVERN WINTER GARDENS

MONDAY 9th MARCH AT 7.30pm

THE SELECTER

+ Support

Tickets from — Worcester Music or Box Office £3.00 or £3.50 on night.

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

LIGHTNING Productions present

New Musik

plus SNIPS

FAIRFIELD HALLS CROYDON
Sunday 8th March at 7.30 pm
Tickets 3.50 3.00 2.50 (inc VAT) Advance Box Office 681 0821.
DIGBETH HALLS BIRMINGHAM
Sunday 15th March at 7.30 pm
Tickets 3.50 3.00 2.50 (inc VAT) Advance
Box Office 021-236 2392
Also at Virgin Records, Cyclops Records Birmingham
TOWN HALL MIDDLESBROUGH
Wednesday 18th March at 7.30 pm
Tickets 3.00 2.50 2.00 (inc VAT) Advance
Town Hall Box Office 242561 and The Other Record Shop Hartlepool.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE ONLY ONES

ORIGINAL MIRRORS
THE BOOKS

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 8th MARCH at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

DESIRE PROMOTIONS PRESENT

ACADEMY ONE
+ KAN KAN

at
The Moonlight Club
West Hampstead, NW3
Monday 2nd March 7.30pm £1.50

FIRESTAR MUSICAL PROMOTIONS PRESENTS LONDON'S LATEST ROCK SENSATION

MISCHIEVOUS DEEDS

at Walmer Castle, Peckham Rd.
Saturday 28th February

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544 Open 8 pm-2 am

Thursday 26th Feb — Adm £2.50
UK SUBS
Plus Anti Pasti + The Stiffs

Friday 27th Feb — Adv £2.50
GORDON GILTRAP BAND
Plus Support

Saturday 28th Feb — Adv £3.00
ODYSSEY
+ Support

Wednesday 4th March — Adv £3.00
GILLAN
+ Dedringer

Thursday 5th March — Adv £2.00
DURAN DURAN
HIT SINGLE "PLANET EARTH"
+ B. Movie

Friday 6th March — Adv £2.50
THE DARTS
+ Support

Saturday 7th March — Adv £3.00
THE SWEET
+ Support

Monday 9th March — Adv £2.50
JAZZ SPECIAL
ACKER BILK

Tuesday 10th March — Adv £2.50
DR. FEELGOOD
+ Supercharge

Wednesday 11th March — Adv £5.00
FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS

MUST BE OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE
NO DRESS RESTRICTIONS
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

Thursday 12th March — Adv £2.50
GEN X
+ Support

Friday 13th March — Adv £2.50
BOW-WOW-WOW
+ Support

Saturday 21st March — Adv £2.50
THE SELECTER
+ Support

Monday 23rd March — £2.50
JAZZ SPECIAL
KENNY BALL & HIS JAZZMEN

Tuesday 24th March — Adv £4.00
ROSE ROYCE
+ Support

Saturday 28th March — Adv £2.50
2002 REVIEW FEATURING CLASSIX NOUVEAUX + THEATRE OF HATE + EYELESS IN GAZA + SHOCK + NAKED LUNCH

Saturday 4th April — Adv £2.50
ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80
Presents
SPIZZLES

Friday 24th April — Adv £3.00
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
+ Support

Wednesday 29th April — Adv £3.50
BILLIE JOE SPEARS
Plus The Hillsiders

TICKETS FROM ROCK CITY BY POST OR 9-5 pm MON-SAT ROCK CITY TICKET OFFICE
NOTTM. — VICTORIA BOX OFFICE, VIRGIN SELECTADISC, REVOLVER, WAY AHEAD
DERBY — RE. CORDS
LEICESTER — REVOLVER
NEWARK — PRIDE.
LINCOLN — TRACKS & SANCTUARY.

GREEN MAN

196 Stratford High St., E15. (Stratford Tube)

Mon 2nd Mar — 75p
HOT RUMOUR
Tuesday 3rd March — £1.00
ITALIAN PARCELS
Weds 4th March — £1.25
JAZZ SLUTS
Thurs 5th March — £1.25
MICKY JUPP BAND

JOHN BULL
590 Chiswick High Rd., W4
(opposite Gunnesbury St.)
Friday 27th Feb — £1
DANA GILLESPIE & FRIENDS
Sat 28th Feb — £1
ROY HILL

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY

Tickets on sale now for

GARY NUMAN
IN CONCERT
26th April

ROSE ROYCE
27th, 28th March

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY
8 Claybury Broadway
Clayhall, Ilford, Essex
Phone 01 551 4138/9

THE BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 26th February — £1
B-FILM + Orson Blake
Friday 27th February — £1
UK DECAY + The Trashers (Berlin)
Saturday 28th February — £1
RADIO MOSCOW + Paul Browse
Monday 2nd March — £1
THE EXTRAS + Support
Tuesday 3rd March — £1
NEW RESIDENCY LAVENDER HILL MOB
+ Stripes + The Russians

Open 7 till 11
Enquiries Ring 969 1343

The Venue

160-162 VICTORIA STREET
LONDON SW1E 5LB
Tel 834 5500/828 9441
OVER 18s ONLY
FOOD, DRINK, LIVE MUSIC, 'TIL 3.00am

Thursday 26th Feb — £2.00
CUBA LIBRE NITE featuring THE CUBAN HEELS + THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS
LATE NIGHT — £2.00
CELEBRITY DISCO featuring D.J. NICKY TESCO (of the MEMBERS)
Friday 27th Feb — £3.00
THE SOUND + THE BERLIN BLONDES
Saturday 28th Feb — £3.00
TRIBESMAN
Sunday 1st March — £5.00
NEW CROSS FIRE FUND BENEFIT
Monday 2nd Mar — £2.00
THE FLESH TOMES + THE FRESHIES
Tuesday 3rd Mar — £3.00
SIMPLE MINDS
LATE NIGHT — £2.00
COWBOYS & INDIANS PARTY
WEDNESDAY 4th Mar — £3.00
GORDON GILTRAP
Thursday 5th Mar — £3.00
THE MONOCHROME SET
LATE NIGHT — £2.00
GERRY ANDERSON REVIVAL NIGHT featuring D.J. DAVID CLARIDGE (alias CAPTAIN SCARLET)

Rainbow THEATRE

OUTLAW AND PHIL McINTYRE PRESENT

Gillan

+ DEDRINGER

THURSDAY 5th MARCH 7·30pm
Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00.
FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, & USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

POP RECORDS present the EP
"MAGNIFICO" Pop OOO
By **EL SEVEN**
See them on the Monday Club Tour
FEBRUARY/MARCH/APRIL 1981 with
SHRINKING MEN
JOHNNY & MOONDOGS
Dates wanted for April
for details ring **Reading (0734) 481637**
Dates this weekend:—
Thurs 26th — Oxford Cape of Good Hope
Fri 27th — Merry Maiden, Reading
Sat 28th — Swindon, St John's Ambulance Hall

TOP RANK SUITE READING

MAXIMUM MUSIC present

STRAY CATS

plus support

WEDNESDAY 18th MARCH 8 p.m.
All Tickets £3·00
FROM TOP RANK, KEN'S RECORDS (ALDERSHOT), RUMBELOWS (CAMBERLEY), REVOLUTION (WINDSOR), OPUS ONE (MAIDENHEAD), PICKFORDS (READING)

REGGAE AT THE 100 CLUB

100 Oxford Street, London W1

Thursday, 26th February
TRIBESMAN

NEW WAVE AT THE 100 CLUB

Tuesday, 3rd March
WASTED YOUTH

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101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill
Tel. 01-223 8309

Wednesday 25th February
MALCHIX + Afraid of Mice
Thursday 26th February
AFGHAN REBELS + Blancmange
Friday 27th February
THE FIX + The Marines
Saturday 28th February
HAUNG CHUNG + Slaves of Janet
Sunday 1st March
FAY RAY + Bruised Lyis
Monday 2nd March
ZILCH RECORDS PRESENTS
LAST TOUCH + Skyscrapers
Tuesday 3rd March
STATIC + The Machines
Wednesday 4th March
RACE RECORDS PRESENTS
TEAM 23 + The People (ex-Selecter)

We are open Saturday lunchtime and our basement is open for private functions
RING 223 8309 OR 6432 FOR DETAILS

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)

Thursday 26th February — **FATAL CHARM**
Sunday 1st March (Lunchtime) — **SUPERCHARGE**
Monday 2nd March — **THE DB'S**
Wednesday 4th March — **WILKO JOHNSON**
Monday 9th March — **NASH THE SLASH**
Tuesday 10th March — **RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES**
Monday 16th March — **NEW MUZIK**
Tuesday 17th March — **VAPORS**

Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

GE EVENTS In Association With Rough Trade Records

DELTA 5
JOSEF K
THE NIGHTINGALES

Doors Open 7.30 — Sat. 28th Feb — Enquiries 405-8594

TICKETS FROM L.S.E. UNION SHOP, HOUGHTON ST., ALDWYCH WC2 & ROUGH TRADE RECORDS: £2.00 Advance: £2.50 On Door.

CHAS 'N' DAVE

+ Support on Saturday 7th March at 7.30pm at Leatherhead Leisure Centre.
Tickets £3.00 & £2.50 in advance from:—
W. Dodson, 4 Albury Road, Chessington, Surrey (01-391 0738) also from Box Office and 'Beano's Records, Croydon.

SUNDOWN

CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON W.C.2

DEREK BLOCK &
MAXIMUM MUSIC present

DURAN DURAN

Biddie & Eve — B Movie & DJ

WEDNESDAY 4th MARCH 8pm
ALL TICKETS £2·50
FROM SUNDOWN; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; & ALL USUAL AGENTS

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 26th February — 70p
SHADOWFAX + Whizz Kids
Friday 27th February — £1.50
CHICKEN SHACK
+ The Kidz
Saturday 28th February — £1
★ **IAN MITCHELL BAND** ★
(ex Roll-ups, Bay City Rollers)
+ Terry vision + Screens
Sunday 1st March — 80p
THE SPECTRES
(Featuring Glen Matlock)
+ The Parachutes

Monday 2nd March — £1
TENPOLE TUDOR
+ Eraserhead
Tuesday 3rd March — 70p
NICKY BARCLAY
+ AFM
Wednesday 4th March — £1
LITTLE BOB STORY
+ T34
Thursday 5th March — 80p
HOLDSWORTH & CO
featuring Allan Holdsworth
+ The Creamies

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Outlaw presents

THE SELECTER
AU PAIRS

PLUS SUPPORT
TUESDAY 24th MARCH 8pm
ALL TICKETS £3·00
FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, & USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

THE FIXATIONS

Wednesday 4th March
Pied Bull, Liverpool Rd, N1
Admission £1

BLACK PRODUCTIONS
and PEOPLE UNITE presents
A NOTTING HILL CARNIVAL EVENT IN SUPPORT OF THE TABERNACLE

MISTY

UNITY / B.I.F.A. SOUND SYSTEM

THE TABERNACLE
POWIS SQUARE, LONDON W11
1st MARCH, SUNDAY at 7.30pm.
TICKETS £2.00
INFORMATION 221 5172

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
Tonight Thursday 26th February
ODYSSEY
at Liverpool Rotters Tel 051-709 0771.
Adv tickets £3.00

Tuesday 10th March
FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel 0302 27448.
Adv tickets £5.00

Tuesday 24th March
2002 Review featuring
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
Theatre Of Hate,
Eyeless In Gaza,
Shock, Naked Lunch
at Doncaster Rotters
Tel 0302 27448.
Adv tickets £2.50

Wednesday 25th March
2002 Review featuring
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
Theatre Of Hate,
Eyeless In Gaza
Shock, Naked Lunch
at Manchester Rotters
Tel 061-236 4934.
Adv tickets £2.50

Monday 30th March
2002 Review featuring
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
Theatre Of Hate,
Eyeless In Gaza,
Shock, Naked Lunch
at Liverpool Rotters
Tel 051-709 0771.
Adv tickets £2.50

FOR TIMES AND TICKET OUTLETS SEE LOCAL PRESS
Must be over 18 yrs of age. No dress restrictions, no membership required

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
STIV BATORS
& THE WANDERERS
MARTIAN DANCE
COSMETICS
THE STRAPPS
FK9
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 15th MARCH at 6.30
TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

Fatal Charm

New single:
CHRISTINE
b/w
Paris

February
26th Leeds Warehouse
27th Newcastle Polytechnic
28th Middlesborough Rock Garden

March
2nd London Marquee

Distributed by Stage One

FATAL 1

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
PERE UBU
VIC GODARD AND SUBWAY SECT
& FURIOUS PIG in Heaven
9.00PM-3.00AM
MON, MARCH 9TH

OVER 18's ONLY. HEAVEN IS UNDER THE ARCHES AT CHARING CROSS, WC2.
ADVANCE TICKETS £3.00 FROM ROUGH TRADE, SMALL WONDER,
HONKY TONK & BONAPARTE (KINGS X). OR ON THE NIGHT

LIGHTNING PRODUCTIONS presents

cockney rejects

plus support

BRIGHTON TOP RANK
Monday, 16th March at 7.30pm
Tickets price £2.50 (inc. VAT) available from Box Office 0273 25895 & usual Agents

RED BEAT
MOONLIGHT
MARCH 4

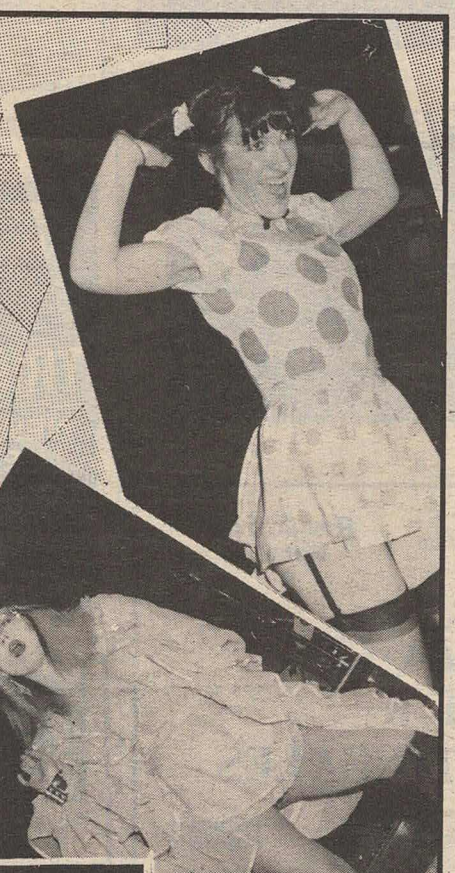
THE CROWN
Hailsham

Friday 27th February £1
NAUTY CULTURE
+ Support
Sunday 1st March £1.50
LITTLE BOB STORY
+ Support
Friday 6th March 50p
FRUIT EATING BEARS
+ The Beachy Heads
Sunday 8th March 50p
THE EXPERTS
All gigs start at 8 pm

HIGH ST., HAILSHAM,
NR. EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Derek Block presents
GANG OF FOUR
PERE UBU
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
MONDAY 30th MARCH 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS 01-748-2812, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, HONKY TONK RECORDS & USUAL AGENTS

THE Venue



Tuesday 3rd March
Cowboys and Indians
Tuesday 10th March
Greek Party Night
(7.30 'til 3.00 £7.50 inc. food)
Tuesday 17th March
The 1981 Clown Convention
All Parties from 10.30 'til 3.00
except the 25th Feb./10th March from 7.30 onwards.
VIP Cardholders Free. Guests £2.00.
For future party dates phone the Venue, 01-834 5500.

BACK IN ACTION
TRANZISTA
Shuttleworth, College,
nr. Bedford
Thursday 26 Feb
Gt. Northern, Cambridge.
Friday 27 Feb
Trinity College, Cambridge
Tuesday 10 Mar
Enquiries 0223 47802

101 CLUB PRESENTS
AFGHAN REBELS
THUR 26th FEB £1.50

CINEMAS

ESSENTIAL CINEMA
76 Wardour St., W1. (439 3657)

Thu 26th Feb 6.15
PAT GARRETT & BILLY THE KID
Thu 26th Feb 8.45
THE NIGHT PORTER
Fri 27th Feb 6.00
WOODSTOCK
Fri 27th Feb 9.45
BORN TO BOOGIE
Sat 28th Feb 6.45
JUBILEE
Sat 28th Feb 9.00
TOMMY
Sun 1st Mar 9.15
PERFORMANCE
Mon 2nd Mar 9.15
200 MOTELS
Tues 3rd Mar 9.15
BIRD ON A WIRE
Wed 4th Mar 9.15
CELEBRATION AT BIG SUR

WARNER WEST END 1 2 3 4
LEICESTER SQUARE 439 0791
LICENSED BAR — FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED — ADVANCE BOOKING

1 Clint Eastwood
Any Which Way You Can
AA
Progs Weekdays: 1.30. 3.50, 6.10, 8.30. Sunday: 3.30, 5.50, 8.15.
Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm.

2 The Army was no laughing matter until Judy Benjamin joined it.
★GOLDIE HAWN★
PRIVATE BENJAMIN AA
Progs: Weekdays 1.45, 4.00, 6.15, 8.30. Sunday 3.30, 5.45, 8.00. Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm.

3 Rebels. Outlaws. Mercenaries. Seven magnificent warriors join to fight the...
BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS A
Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.35 Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 BETTE MIDLER
Divine Madness AA

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Marvin's metaphysics

FROM PAGE 29

for quite an axis-shifting. The nuclear wars will then be seen to have been only a pittance. What is going to wipe out most of civilisation is Mother Nature, once she decides to call 'Enough' . . . When She starts to feel a little unrest, and She starts to feel a little sick, and all her oil is gone and you're poisoning her old body with nuclear waste, then she's going to decide she's feeling restless and shift a little bit — and it's all going to be over *(laughs)*. She won't shift but for a very short moment — probably for a minute or less, but she'll do her little number. It will be *the end* for most people, especially those who are ill-prepared.

Of course, there are special power places on this earth that appear to be more blessed than other spots on this earth. It's those places one needs to be in — the places that will be relatively safe.

One of the places will probably be Canada — an *extremely* interesting place: if one were to study Canada one would come to the conclusion that this *has* to be a blessed land.

Other places which will probably be safe places to be in will be parts of the world which remain relatively peaceful, and always have — where people are *good*, and there seems to be some energy there that is concentrated and that will hold. There are places in the US and in Europe that will hold.

People should be concerned with various things like living behind massive mountain ranges on the other side from the oceans. Things like that are important. One should be concerned with water, and where water is.

DO YOU find people think you're a crank when you say things like this to them — or do you find that as time passes they're less inclined to think so?

Yes, I do think they think that. I don't care, though, who thinks I'm a crank. I am only speaking my personal convictions — nobody has to believe any of them if they don't want to. However, if they choose not to, then when and if anything happens — though I can say it's conclusively *when* it happens — then it's going to have been rather like smoking and catching cancer and knowing you're going to die from it, and feeling twice as bad because you know you gave it to yourself.

Mind you, I refuse to do anything but talk about it, too. *I'm* ridiculous. I'll feel bad, too.

What sort of deal do you think England will get when this earth shifting happens? At the moment it's just an airstrip for whoever wants to put their nuclear bombers here, or store their nuclear waste . . .

As it's an island, I wouldn't give too much for England's survival. Countries that are far inland are going to do much better. It's going to be pretty rough: it's the floods, the tidal waves . . . A giant wave coming off the Atlantic could wipe out much of the UK. I don't see the polar regions remaining as they are. I think those regions will become much warmer . . .

Is it just down to a battle between good and evil?

Yes, it actually *does* come down to that. Something is watching . . . For man to be so egotistical and stupid as to think there is nothing in control of this earth, or of his behaviour, and that he is the only power that he had to answer to is such that *I* cannot believe! So something or somebody is watching, and enjoying it all, and having a bit of *fun*, I think, and playing chess with us. Here we are running around thinking that we are going somewhere and being something and *trying* to *be* God, and playing God.

In fact, we should clearly understand that we *are* God, but we have to be God in the right way, because if we *are* made in his image, we, in fact, *are*.

The problem is this stupid flesh that envelops our spirit, that we cannot seem to control, and there are stupid pleasures and material interests and all kinds of things to stop us evolving towards infinity, which in this case would be returning to The Source. If one could only understand that there *must* be a return to The Source in order to complete one's evolution — to graduate from this earthly school that we have to visit time and time again until we learn our lessons and become pure spirit again and re-join The Force that always was, is, and always will be, I think we're virtually ridiculous people. Mankind is totally ridiculous not to understand that.

You see, there were civilisations before us who were so much more advanced in their thinking and that we like to think of as barbaric, when, in fact, *we're* the barbarians — they were closer to total evolvement that we even have a chance to attain.

But in our ego we can't even see that — we *refuse* to look at it: how could Atlantis be more evolved when we're on the fuckin' moon? But we're *stupid:* what do we want to *be* on the moon for? This is the whole point. It's stupid, man. Where are we going? When we get to the moon where are we going?

What does mankind want? Power? More power? To do what with? *(laughs)* All you can do is eat and sleep and crap and make love. What the heck does everybody want?

Do you know what they're looking for? They're looking to know *why*. That's everybody's dilemma: *Why?* What is it about? *Why* am I here? But to seriously answer that question, then one has to turn within and ask for answers, and one has to cleanse his body, cleanse his system and this frame which is one's deterrent to salvation — and I know that people *hate* that word — but one has to clean his system so that one can receive the answers.

And those who receive the answers understand that they only give out the answers to those who are worthy: they don't give information to people who're unworthy. You can say a few things to a man with knowledge and wisdom, and he'll turn off, because he'll know you're not ready — he can't get through to you: everybody who's a knower knows when a person isn't a knower — he'll say, 'There's nothing I can do with you: your evolvement is at such a point that you can't understand what I'm saying and where I'm coming from.'

But to the other person he's an idiot or a kook. Why's that guy sitting there burning himself up like that — he must be an idiot! But he's *not* an idiot! He's got something the other person could never attain in this lifetime!

The flesh, the flesh. Nothing ends. *Nothing.* The flesh is totally uncontrolled, useless. The only thing that is important is one's soul, one's spirit.

IT'S a similar deal, of course, if you try and tell people they should go to psychic healers or homeopaths or just osteopaths, instead of straight doctors . . .

Well, instead of suggesting that their patients eat a few vegetables instead of that stupid pork and that they take a jog round the block once in a while, most American doctors would rather give them a pill and take their money week after week so they may be rich doctors like their mummies always dreamed they'd be. It's really a cold conspiracy, and a trap. It's awful.

But then again that is not to say that there are not great surgeons and great doctors who have acted extremely beneficially to mankind, and done great service. I'm not knocking medicine at all. I am knocking they way medicine is structured monetarily, and I am knocking the knowledge that doctors don't have, or the knowledge they they do have but refuse to dispense to their patients.

But I praise the New Wave doctors who say you have this, this and this — now I can send you to a surgeon and he can cut it out, but I feel you can get rid of it with some discipline: if you drink these teas, eat these herbs, do this, do not smoke any cigarettes, cut out liquor, go to these baths, do these particular exercises — you *will* get well. On the other hand, if you do not have the discipline to do this, then take your butt on over to the surgeon and let him get cutting on your organs and get you well and suffer the rest of your life with internal pains and things.

And that's *bullshit!* And the doctors who are aware *know* it's bullshit.

I went to a meeting the other week that was composed of both psychic healers and alternative practitioners and orthodox medical doctors who were forming an association to be known as A New Approach To Cancer . . . One of the key purposes of the association is "to take the terror out of cancer"...

Yeah, it's the mind that kills most cancer patients — the fact they feel if they have the disease their chances of dying are very, very strong. Your body cannot heal, because for all the good and positiveness it wants to do you, you're always telling yourself subconsciously, 'Oh God, I'm going to die — I have cancer'.

The smart doctors know that this is probably why 50 per cent of people succumb to the disease, but do you think that the cancer institutes and all the money they raise for cancer is going to be stopped over somebody telling them that. They'll just say, 'You quack. Get outa here.' But that's the deal, man. That's *exactly* where it's at. There have been many cases where terminal cancer patients who have had a chance to deeply concentrate from a mind perspective have had phenomenal results in curing their own disease.

If people think it's quackery, I can tell them it's certainly not: it goes back to the original principles — and if you can use your mind to cure cancer, then you can use your mind to never get it. People should get into their mind-power and control their bodies and their diseases with their minds, but it's difficult in our society because the senses are clouded with meat and pus and drugs and stress.

If you discussed this sort of thing round the offices of Motown Records, how many people would agree with you? I get the impression Stevie Wonder probably would . . .

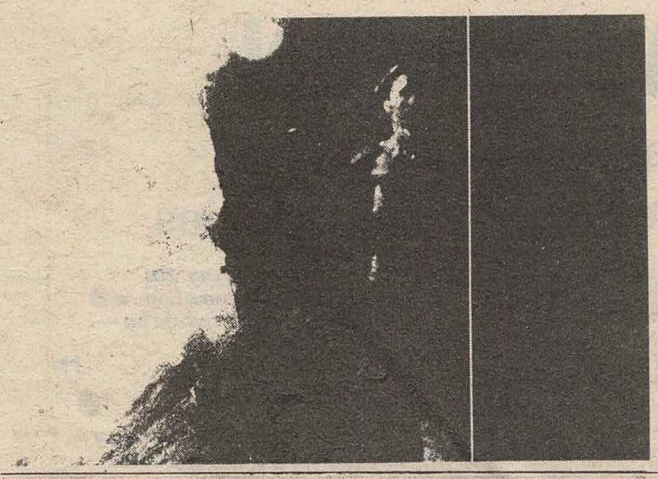
I'm not sure Stevie would agree with me. He may agree generally with what I'm saying, but there is also a likelihood that he wouldn't. I would respect that.

People in the arts should be listened to, if they sound like they're legitimate. Because artists tend to get a chance to do a lot of travelling, and they visit and see a lot of people and pick up a lot of energies and vibes, and somehow the truth seems to filter through because of their association with so many people and situations. It gives us a better opportunity to view from the inside out rather than the outside.

I don't profess to be psychic or a prophet or anything like that. I make my assumptions on data and information — that's all: just study and the amassing of facts and coming to the obvious conclusion that there is something very deep here that needs to be looked at from a serious point of view.

I'm not particularly blessed with any prediction powers. I've simply made my studies and listened to people I believe to be worthy and I've thought, 'Jesus Lord, it looks like they're right to me.' *(laughs)*.

That's all I can say.



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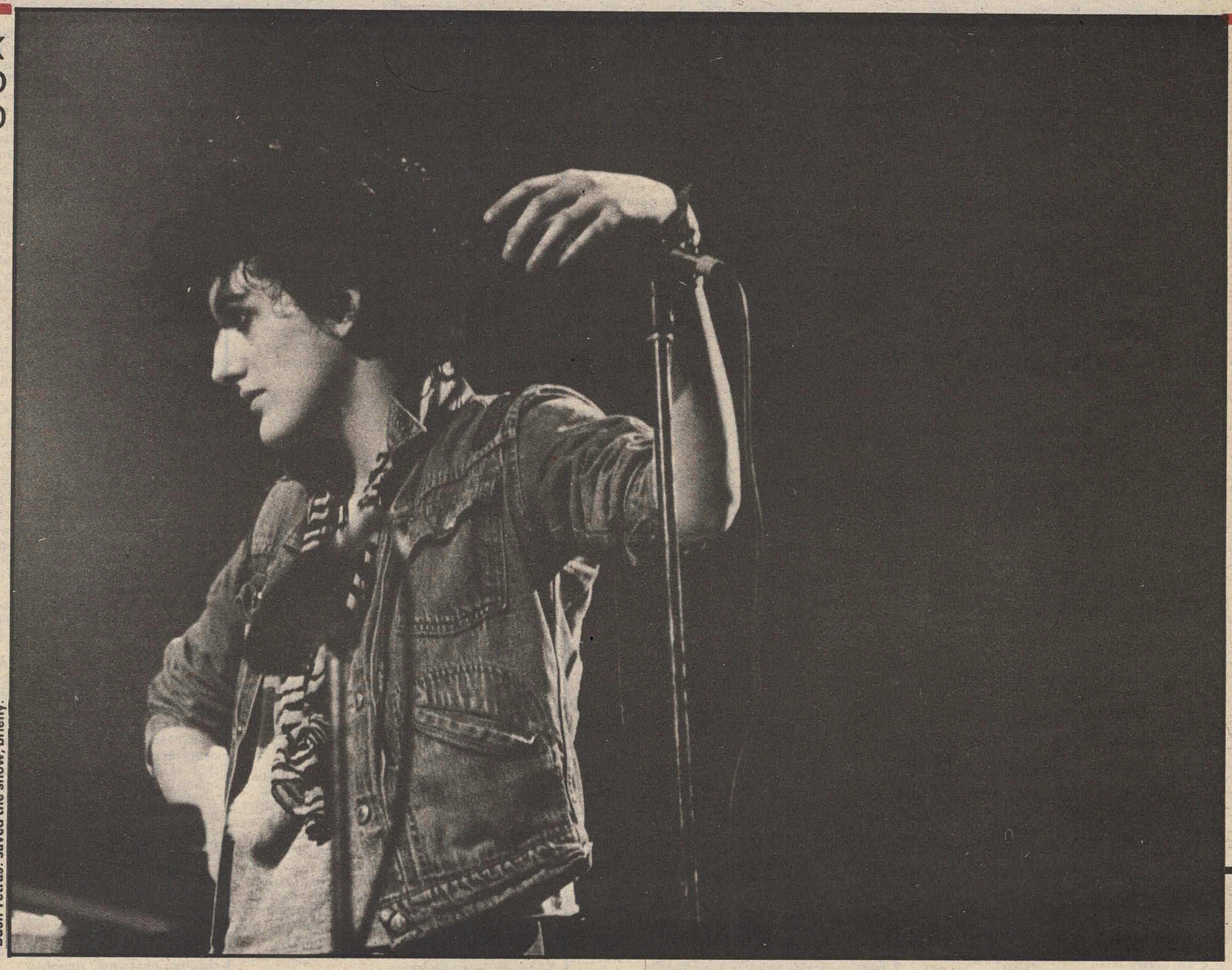


Bush Tetras: saved the show, briefly.

AND A RIGHT BLEEDIN' LIBERTY WAS TAKEN

The New York Invasion bellyflops on Blighty. Paul Du Noyer and Paul Morley count the casualties

NEW YORK flopped into the Rainbow. A small audience was left frozen and uncertain, most of them wondering why half a dozen variably schismatic New York groups were lumped together in an ice-cave instead of generously scattered throughout the better London clubs over a week. It wasn't a showcase, it was a waste. It wasn't a belting conveyance, it was a conveyor belt.

All the rich New York spirit we'd come to savour was frostily compromised by venue and drab organisation. There was no point in parading groups who'd been nurtured in the liberating NYC club atmosphere inside one of the scruffiest and most imposing London theatres. But that's the logic . . .

All the groups were obviously club groups, used to hectic intimacy and testing pressure, and they had to battle against minimal atmosphere, hurl their sound and style out into a vacuum, suffer consistently unreliable sound . . .

It could have been outdoors on some wet and freezing moor, it could have been in a church, it shouldn't have been done at all. Spoilt by the workable and invigorating New York club network, to land head on in the worst example of London's fading system and glazing rockism must have been completely disheartening.

But that's the business . . .

THE BONGOS

POOR OLD Bongos — to them falls the unenviable job of getting the ball to roll. But the ball looks in no mood to budge. It's early and it's cold, very cold, and with its seats removed the semi-empty Rainbow auditorium resembles the littered and windswept terraces at a third division reserve game.

The Bongos walk on and plug in and the sound is terrible. After all the time we've waited for this night, the sense of anticlimax hovers like a raincloud.

Tough luck to be first on the bill, I thought, before the crowds arrive and the place warms up and the sound problems are sorted out. As it happened, things only got worse rather than better, but that's another story. On with The Bongos.

Being under the impression this trio is some sort of happy-go-lucky pop combo, it's disappointing to have to watch them working so hard: the first four numbers are pure slog, no more and no less. And the static mass of onlookers, huddled together at the front for warmth and company, well, they just look on — curious, maybe, but otherwise uninvolved.

Without a pause for the applause which may or may not have been coming, the boys kept their heads down and ploughed the set. Singer Richard jumped around gamely and some of the numbers carried a hint of the fun spirit they were doubtless written in. But mostly The Bongos just sounded pitiably out of context. The bass amp called a halt and set a precedent. Little that was interesting ever came across, except maybe for Richard's nice high vocals. It was hard to reach any conclusions, or to feel like anything more than a spectator.

At the end, for 'In The Congo', Genesis P. Orridge wandered on in his camouflage togs and added a touch of keyboards to the one song that came close to working.

They left. We clapped, and shrugged.

PDN

THE RAYBEATS

THE RAYBEATS, uniformed and partly choreographed, the second on. Greeted by a small crowd huddled at the front of the seatless stalls, they are brave, good-hearted and optimistic. They're so unsuited to the place it's pathetic. But, the troupers, they blow eagerly, only occasionally losing patience with the sound quality and the dubious circumstances — *ping!*

They reactivate an inessential, ornamental tradition: that of the instrumental group. Labour of love rhythm section, a zealous saxist who switched sweetly to whimsical wavering toy-type organ and restively leads the group, conspiring guitars. It's a conscientiously devised dance music — *zing!*

They risk appearing superfluous, gimmicky and nostalgic, adding to this with their '60s suits and goofy dancing. But whilst hardly indispensable or sensible they're an edifying entertainment, a ludicrous but witty cross between the superficial and the sophisticated.

Their arrangements are carefully varied, emphasis is constantly switched, imaginations are excited by the unpredictability and urgency of the sound. Raybeats have the skill and experience, and unsound minds, to ridicule the obvious limitations of the instrumental idiom.

The rules are strict, and the discipline inspires them — *swing!*

Their cultivated sound recalls the wholesome beat of The Shadows and the civilised sweep of Booker T, but The Raybeats have a few extra pop explosions to feed off — psychedelia, funk, bubblepop, punk — and they involve all these influences with undisruptive discrimination.

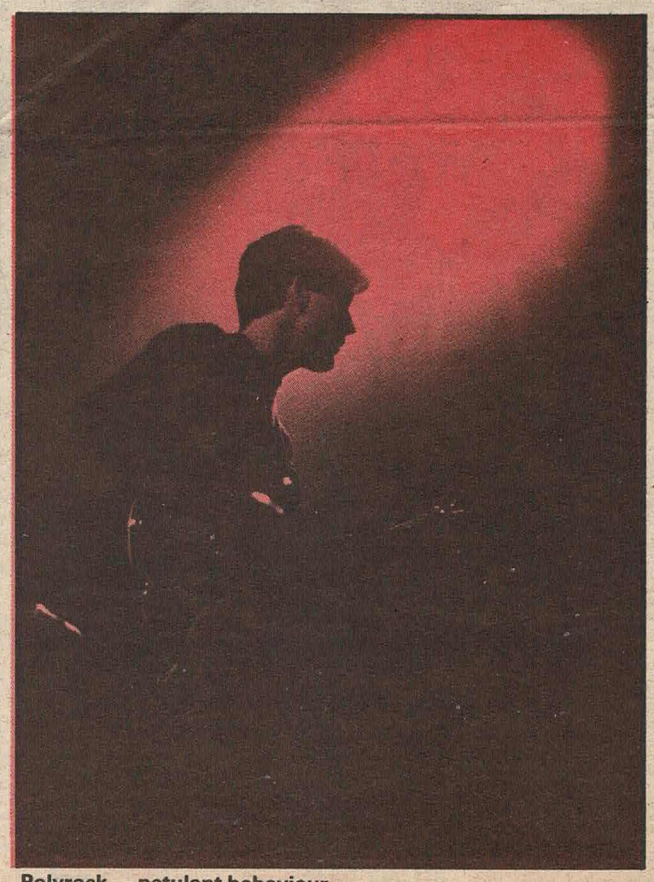
They look like revivalist, and there's glints of revivalism, but there's enough spastic dynamism and reconditioning verve to place their music firmly and abrasively in the '80s.

They'll go nowhere, and that's how it should be — *tuning!*

PM

THE dB'S

"RATTLE YOUR jewellery — we just lost the bass."



Polyrock — petulant behaviour.

Siouxsie And The Banshees

Hammersmith

SIOUXSIE And The Banshees are now one of the great British bands. There is no way to conceive just how radically they have been transformed onstage by the presence of John McGeoch. You just have to go see for yourself.

The Hammersmith Palais was bursting at the seams. Everyone (and everyone, punks, posers, and all, in alignment) seemed to sense what was about to happen. It was really something.

What about Comsat Angels? Well, what about Comsat Angels indeed? Awfully, sad, but they just slip my mind.

Back, behind, round the other side of the Banshees, their at-the-time perfectly frenetic, turbulent, and chant-like music now fades from memory. Not that 'Total War', 'Be Brave', 'Independence Day', and so forth are unimpressive songs, but their dour mordancy still has something adolescent and over-anxious-to-impress about it. It certainly lacks, at present, the resonance to survive, in one's memory, the blitzkrieg of the Banshees.

The Comsat Angels were the tunnel out of which one emerged into the glorious electric storm of 'Spellbound' and 'Christine'.

Siouxsie is back, with all her poise and cold dignity. McGeoch shrouds her in the icy shafts and shavings of his guitar and rhythm boxes, Severin and Budgie lift her, push and propel her out forwards into nowhere, into the dusky mess of flailing arms that beseech her to unveil the mystery of her coldness.

Siouxsie, Siouxsie, Siouxsie. Pic: Peter Anderson.

Ah, how she deserves such mytho-media-mania. In her, suburban goes subterranean. Beautiful dark banana-split girl, the pain of your pretences, the nausea of your words, bind us in a spell.

Listen, see: the Banshees were absurdly good, a dream. McGeoch captures onstage every note, every *sound* he created on record; Severin's bass compromises the very foundations of the building; and Budgie *is* his drum kit. The shattering lucidity of this sound demands to be worshipped. When McGeoch straps on a 12-string acoustic for 'Christine' it's like a waterfall of crystals. It's so long since I heard magical sounds like these, so terribly long.

And it didn't matter that practically all the material was new. Shivers like sparks were sent in all directions. Of course 'Happy House' was played; I think I even heard 'Tenant' in there somewhere. As for 'Israel', it was positively anthemic — they were singing, they were singing . . . so was my head.

What can I say, since I've said it, but say it again? Siouxsie And The Banshees are one of the great British bands of all time. As they return to encore with a return-to-basics 'Helter Skelter', I do not honestly expect such a thing ever to happen to me again.

Barney Hoskyns

Rowan Atkinson

Globe Theatre

ROWAN ATKINSON has arrived at his present position as Britain's most acclaimed young comic through a certain degree of luck, falsely created need and a very British smugness. As well as his work with *Not The Nine O'Clock News* Atkinson partakes in his own one man shows composed largely of mimicry, mine and innuendo.

Mimicry is something he does well, and with his labial features and thin, agile body, he can adopt a number of characters and positions which give his performance a disarming scope. The material, however, is flaccid and poorly structured without any sudden twists or a double - edged attack to its immediate gist.

As such Atkinson falls mindlessly into a shallow rearrangement of late '60s university tutored comedy (Python / Cook and Moore). But Atkinson is not as engaging or forthright as they *once* were — he lacks absolute inanity, anger and courageous abstraction: the elements which made Python (and even Lenny Bruce) so masterful and incisive in their day.

His characterisations, while rarely invidious (though the crippled cleaner came close) invigilate (sic) rather than invigorate the audience . . . (continued page 569 of *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*—Ed.).

His appeal largely centres on base idiosyncrasies, connecting with and covering up the audience's own weaknesses.

The series of jokes centred around the wedding ceremony brought home just how close Atkinson is to standard sitcoms — the gags being drawn from the inevitable sources of sex and religion. This could be Michael Crawford or Dick Emery with a few esoteric references and a bit of contemporary insight.

It's strangely self - defeating that the best sketch of the evening should come from the overused slapstick section of his show — fine in specific context but after three skits relying totally on the genre's inflexible nuances, it tended towards tedium. Doubly ironic was the fact that the sketch centred on current affairs, suggesting that it is in the confines laid down by his erratic mates that Atkinson works best.

The show lasted for over two hours and the audience — young apprentices from the city, a few haughty debs and middle - aged couples from the suburbs — began laughing as soon as Atkinson appeared. So, I suppose, it was good value for some. But the relationships and presumptions made by and between the audience and the performer was akin to what you'd find a heavy metal gig.

Rowan Atkinson is popular because he presents exactly what is expected by the critical establishment and the public. He uses satire that is more concerned with its substance than its subject, and wit which is blunt and predictable. As such, the evening was conclusive proof that Atkinson and his audience deserve each other.

Gavin Martin

Chris Stamey's sarcastic aside summed up The dB's predicament — cute '60s nostalgia foundering on the rock of cold contemporary reality. Even when the stage wasn't swarming with electrical repair men, Stamey's four-piece seemed beset by problems, notably the old one about reconciling innocence with experience.

The dB's look no more comfortable than anybody else here, and just as uncertain of the mood they're meant to be projecting through the murky depths of the hall. Nondescript in visuals, just like four new old wavers old enough to remember The Monkees, tonight they sound correspondingly un-distinctive. The yearning harmonies of Stamey and of Peter Holsapple can sometimes shine through appealingly; 'Soul Kiss' is one of their most effective efforts. Unfortunately, though, what's apparently intended as eager, fresh-faced pop too often groans under the weight of its orthodoxy.

Since the light, tricky detail of their records is well and truly lost here, what's left is sludgy and mediocre: it harks back to golden ages whose gleam faded over decades of repetition.

'Dynamite' is a great single, and with the benefit of familiarity it goes some way towards lifting the set. But still there's not a soul dancing.

When they're finished, The dB's stride off looking full of contempt. Whether that's for us, or the technology, or themselves or everything, we're left to wonder.

PDN

BUSH TETRAS

BUSH TETRAS will be a New York legend. They steal/save/ARE the show. They pile disorientating meditative repetition upon sparse improvisation upon tangled rhythms upon inscrutable style and are an inexplicable emotional pressure.

It's the magic of extremes. The beauty when lust and laziness coincide.

Bush Tetras are a breakthrough: such a scent! Such realisation! Such an extension! Bush Tetras are threatening and uneven and never yield to self-pity or sentimentality. Their interpretation of popular music dynamics is brutal and screwy and iridescent. 'Snakes Crawl' — what spirit-raising frolics! Ding-a-ling! 'Punch Drunk' — what a backsliding moan! 'Das All Riot' — flow with the motion! Explore the jungle . . . obscene heat, lost direction, thick foliage . . .

Their songs are edgy, equivocal spreads, slamming damning wedges. It's an explicit body music. They are inheritors of the Velvets' exposition and The Contortions' mutation — so it is hard and figurative New York music, a mere by-product of all that atmosphere and craziness. A myth! The irony and the ecstasy!

Bush Tetras are as infatuated and mental as Fire Engines, as dazzling as The Associates, half-playful, half-ominous, half-hearted and yet naturally committed.

The random, insatiable guitar, abstracted and anxious bass, redoubtable drumming, negligent vocals can connect together in patterns that are the most exciting and uplifting I've ever heard: tantalized, light-headed, primitive, exquisite. Bush Tetras can achieve a pitch, a peak of action and detail, that is simply irresistible, as noise, as energy, as celebration.

A listener twists and turns and sinks and flies with them, trapped by the passion, involved in the rage and severity, convinced by the surprising new shapes and deliciously tweaked structures, revelling in the intangibilities and uncertainties of the music.

They made it even in the Rainbow: fire conquered ice.

They looked very unimpressed by it all. Their set — split in two by equipment troubles which didn't appear to trouble them at all — faded away . . . singer Cynthia Sley gathering her accessories up into a carrier bag and strolling off whilst Pat Place argued with her guitar and bass Laura Kennedy and drum Dee Pop galloped around each other in decreasing circles . . . a haphazard conclusion, then there was the feedback.

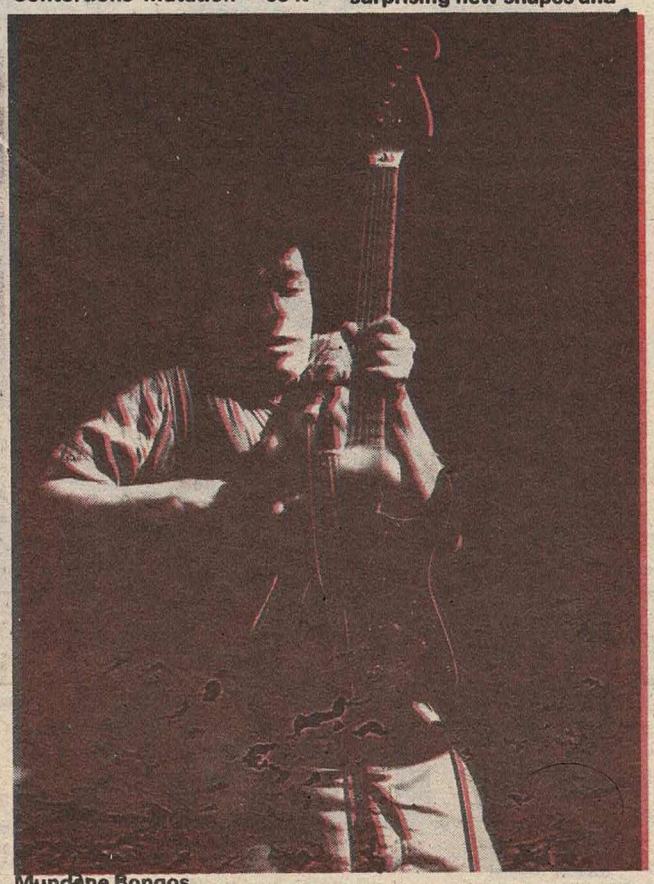
Memories of early Buzzcocks shows, similarities with current Fire Engines shows: the far away look in the eyes, the obvious impatience with the vulnerability of the rock show . . . the desertion.

Bush Tetras are special.

Two minutes after they'd disappeared . . . it was so cold!

PM

More flash than Fleshtones.



Mundane Bongos.

POLYROCK

POLYROCK rock is opaque and exact and as compelling as a clipped toe nail lying lonely on a kitchen floor. After the fluent improvisation hijinks of The Raybeats and the carnal brilliance of Bush Tetras — and in the cold Rainbow, without any projecting personality at all — Polyrock didn't stand a chance.

They look like New York self-styled art rock caricatures with half a smile between them, and their sound is the plainest parody of classified New York minimalism. They mean to make an art out of non-friction repetition but just sound fixated and pedantic. Ironically The Raybeats sounded vivacious and NOW, Polyrock sounded old fashioned. I bet they think too much.

Some say New York third wave rock is derivative doggerel, bland blends of past trends. Hearing Polyrock, you'd agree. And they didn't help themselves when the guitarist petulantly hurled his instrument off the stage, knocking cold a pop paper photographer — *bling!*

PM

THE FLESHTONES

AFTER THE Bush Tetras' success at raising the temperature — metaphorically, at least — and Polyrock's subsequent destruction of any good feeling built up, it was left to The Fleshtones to close and to stage a rescue attempt. By that time of night, half the crowd either had to leave or wanted to anyway. The terraces got barer than ever.

For a while, it looked as if The Fleshtones might succeed. They burst upon us in a blaze of energy and exuberant noise, very loud, very excited. Peter Zaremba added his breathless stage-presence, zany and demented, and then blew gale-force harmonica. The group's attack was built on thick, bulldozing rock'n'roll, filled out by the honking horns of the two Speath Brothers. As if awakening some latent headbanger sensibility in the audience, they provoked the most obvious response of the night — if not the most lasting.

But very quickly, or so I felt, it all began to fall apart. Two or three numbers into the set, when there are more technicians onstage than musicians (still the equipment difficulties), The Fleshtones' wall of noise starts to sound crushingly monotonous. The masses of discordance that they introduce don't so much induce a sense of challenge and variety as turn the whole thing into one vast mess.

The highspot of 'Shadowline' out the way, the performance plummets. The decent thing to do, I suppose, is resolve to watch the group, and all the others, in another place, another time.

But right now all I know is it's late, I'm cold and tired and I'm going home.

PDN

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Pigbag

London University

MESSAGE TO pork eaters: Pigbag are no butchers. Rather, they're the living beast, charging out of the pen with a curious blend of Afro-jazz that's been galvanised by rock's current infatuation with heavy percussive rhythms. They sound as though they've done a lot of homework with their Miles Davis and Ransome-Kuti records and caught the current strain of Burundi fever.

There's not a keyboard or guitar in sight; instead a rhythm battery of drums, timbales and congas pounds the skins and a trio of horns dance across the beat while a bassie — sometimes a doublebassie — underpins the whole rattling shebang.

Though impressive, the rhythmic power on tap is crudely handled, and the various percussion extras fail to offer any real counter-patterns to the central rhythmic drive. The horns offer more excitement; fluid zestful runs from the alto sax and eye-popping sprints from the trumpet, as well as some useful unison blowing. There are no vocals.

It was west country night, with coachloads of support inducted specially. Pigbag, originate from Cheltenham, and The Electric Guitars, who supported, from Bristol. They bear the mark of that city's beatnik *mode*, all intensity and haircuts. They have a whirling angsty frontman who sings defeated, pointless lyrics, and a crushingly conventional guitar-based musical outlook, noisy with it and all.

Dexter Fabian

Treatment

Rock Garden

A STRANGELY unremarkable name for a remarkably strange group. Treatment, who have just begun to confront the public at large, dare to fly right in its face. They have more bald nerve than post-revolutionary Iran and probably invite almost as much odium.

Intrigued? You will be.

With warning lights flashing, faces painted, signs, masks and sunglasses, they take the stage with the grim determination of a group that knows it's not going to be liked and doesn't much want to be.

Checking the sense of the ridiculous in with the coats, it might seem for a moment that the psychedelic revival is breathing down our necks — or, more fancifully, that someone has arranged a small rift in the time-stream. I never saw The Move or The Bonzo Dog Band in their day, but I imagine it would have been something like this — bizarre and colourful but without the foolhardy conviction a group like Treatment must need to do it in this day and age.

Bravery and stupidity often go hand in hand and Treatment actively defy the mockery they're bound to get.

Bully for them!

They wear the stigma with pride and love them or loathe them (which you probably will) we should be grateful for a group that rubs so hard against the grain, if not for testing the strength of the grain then at least as an antidote to uniformity. They are an anarchic little combo, impossible to take in at once, and often quite preposterous.

To coin a phrase on their behalf, only the strange survive.

Paul Rambali

THE VERY FEY RAY

Fay Ray

101 Club

WITH 'Family Affairs' getting an unwarranted amount of airplay it was clearly just a matter of time before the group responsible for that particular piece of undemanding metal pop was showcased in the eternal *Search For A Star*. Sheila Macartney, lead singer of Fay Ray, is this week's victim and will assuredly not be the last.

Evidently terrified at being the centre of attention, she over-compensates with rictus smiles for the cameras and nervous inter-song chat. Poor kid; even the band seem to look to her for support.

Sax, drums, guitar and bass all converge in a thin undertow of sound that neither challenges nor annoys, disorientates or enthralls — the perfect group! Sheila works hard at the microphone, tapping non-committally at a tambourine before donning a guitar to provide an occasional rhythm accompaniment. The boys (sic) play with studious concentration, though towards the end bespectacled guitarist John Lovering strikes up a kind of relationship with bass player Tony Travis, and heads begin to nod as they 'get into' the climax.

Meanwhile Jeff Taylor honks away on his saxaphone without undue threat. The entire set is calculated to show off 'Family Affairs',

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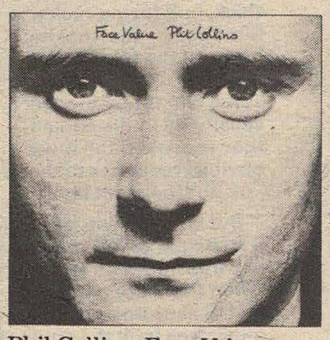

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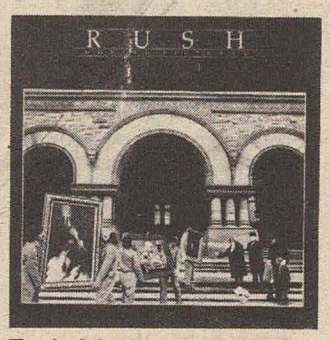

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WHSMITH

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Pic C. A. Fox

Sheila Macartney of Fay Ray.

in which it succeeds, as that is the only song 'most likely to' they possess. Riffs and lyrics of the rest are like so much processed cheese — OK in the package but tasteless as hell with the wrapping off.

"I don't think we deserve this tonight, but we're going to do it" says Sheila on being summoned for an encore by the record execs and company men that comprised most of the audience. And she's right; at least she deserves points for honest self-criticism. Faceless, competent rock, of a kind acceptable to Capital DJs, is the order of the day, with a couple of songs, 'Cold As Steel' and 'I Hide' struggling against the tide of anonymity.

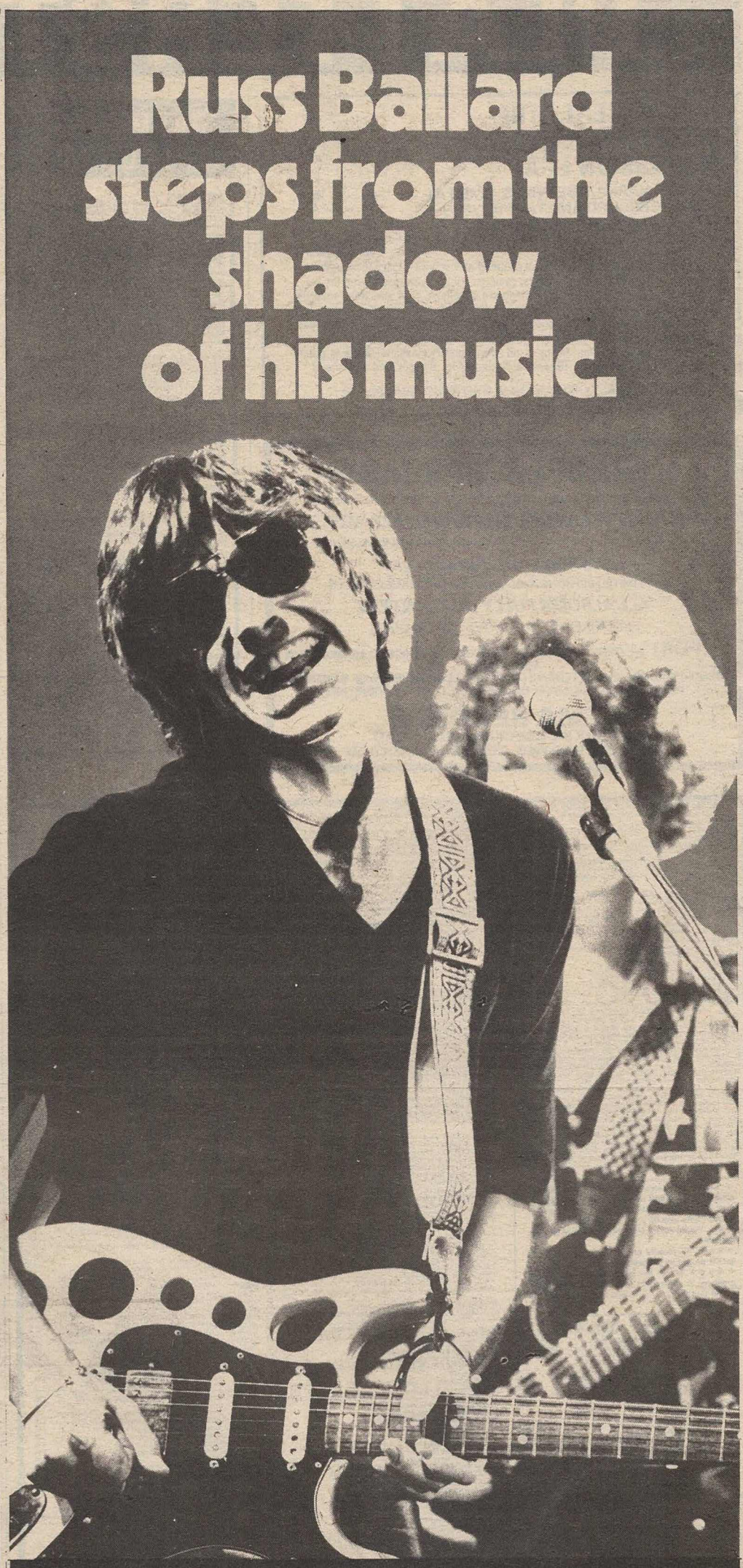
A girl singer with a limited range and a few half-good singles doth not the Next Big Thing make, as The Photos (anyone remember The Photos?) discovered to their cost.

The programming was unfortunate as support act The Cuban Heels effortlessly blew them away, one of the essential differences being that Fay Ray are acting like they've made it when they haven't, and The Cuban Heels act like they know they're going to make it, and will.

And to think that all this could have been avoided if that big ape hadn't been sweet on some stupid blonde . . .

Neil Norman

Russ Ballard steps from the shadow of his music.



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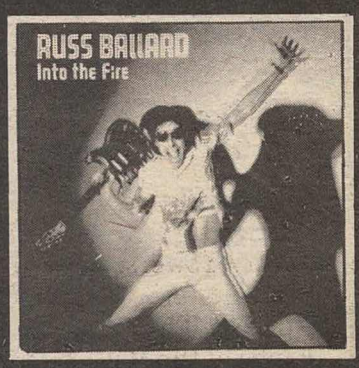

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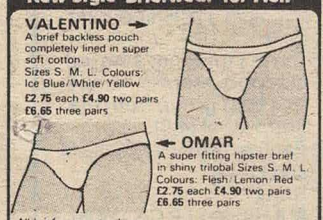

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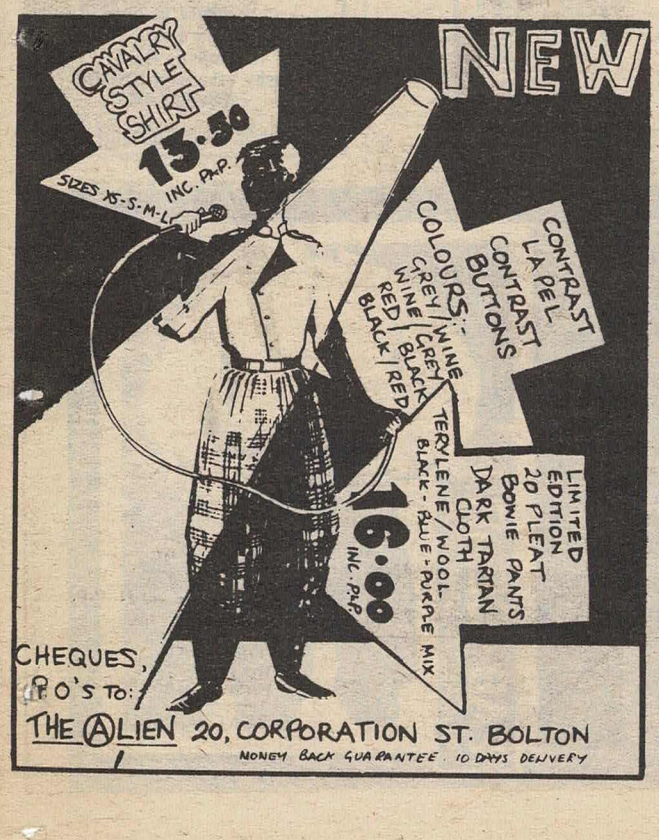

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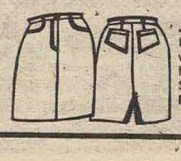

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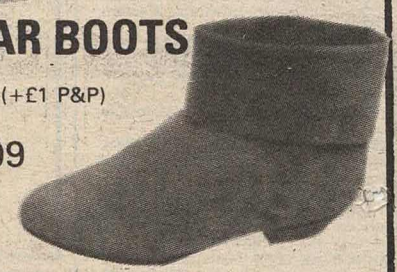

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SINGLES

Continued from page 20

MODERN MAN: Things Could Be Better (MAM): Midge Ure must have been flattered by their transparent mimicry of Ultravox into producing them. Or maybe he just liked the name. It's as superficial and as misleading as the title of 'Vox's 'Vienna', but at least that confection had an exotic flavouring completely lacking in this bland, timid and tasteless helping.

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE: Fuel To The Fire (Rage): Charmless synth combination take the easy way out by turning the machines on and letting them do-it-themselves. The sadness of it all is they don't seem to notice, though the more considered moods of 'Debris' suggest that there's something bubbling under the too familiar surface.

METHODISHCA TUNE: Orchestras (Eustone): Twee, self-satisfied soft pop featuring a typically English (ie flat and off-beat) vocal that wouldn't have been out of place in Canterbury circa '71.

ALBANIA: Kaytie King (Chiswick): All those pre-publicity gambles — postcard, maps, Albanian news cuttings, etc — for this? An inane, smart-assed novelty jingle that's nevertheless a very poor advertisement for itself.

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CLOCK DVA

From page 13

Charlie: "Mmmmmm, yeah."
Is 'Thirst' a rock LP?
Widger: "Yes."

Vibration!

Widger: "I would call it a rock LP. It's nothing else . . . It's a good rock LP. If you say it's a kind of funk LP then it's a very bad funk LP . . ."

Newton: "I think it's futurist soul music . . ."

Charlie: "Oh god, don't bring that word into it. It is soul more than it's funk."

Widger: "I don't think it's particularly soulful. It is to us, but if you played it next to Otis Redding then it's not soul at all."

Charlie: "'4 Hours' is pure soul, the chorus."

Widger: "I'm talking about soul music."

Adi: "A song is either soulful or it's not. You're not singing it. When I sing I try and put all the soul possible into it."

Quayler: "Are you talking about soul music or soulful music?"

Widger: "I'm talking about soulful music."

Charlie: "Aaah, get out!"

Adi: "It's soulful to someone. How would you describe soul music, tell me . . ."

Widger: "Something which is spiritual, something which moves within . . . our music is soulful within the context we've been pigeonholed, beyond that . . ."

Adi: "I wouldn't say it's a rock LP. It's just sort of . . . well, it's there. It's not this or that. It blurs the lines between a few things."

Quayler: "It's very varied."

Charlie: "We should go through the numbers and categorise each one!"

Adi: "Things flex against each other. I don't think you can define it."

Quayler: "There's no point in trying to define it."

Adi: "Well right. What I'm saying is there must be some soul in the LP because that's what we do and it's there and we put a lot into the music. There must be something, call it soul or whatever."

The whole thing — the conversation we're having — it's all a problem of language.

Agitation!

Charlie: "Yeah, wind the tape, forget all of that."

Dereliction!

How far would you take any change? Reversal of roles?

Widger: "Yes. I want to bring in more musicians as well, I'd like a sax section. I like the spectacle of lots of people."

Charlie: "Baaah. We'd end up like Talking Heads."

Widger: "No we wouldn't, Charlie. That's rubbish."

Volution!

Do you care about what you look like on stage?

Widger: "Yes. We care a lot."

Charlie: "I don't."

Widger: "Oh shut up. We co-ordinate a visual approach."

Adi: "To some degree."

Abstraction!

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D!

The talk, the transcription, peters to a halt. Enough has been said: little has been truly found out. It's difficult to get to grips with such a complicated romantic spirit. Clockmen are gathered together by artist Peter Anderson for photos. Such a visual jumble — a set up on contradictions, like their music. Lined faces, fresh faces, beards and cropped hair, sparkling eyes, careful eyes, they change or adjust their clothes for the session. They must not look uncaring. They're workers, this is work. Charlie complains. Must we go through with this: all this posing. Yes, snaps a Clockman, sternly enough to convince Charlie. Be seen to be involved and in control!

V!

Smile!

A!

In an earlier version of the sleeve notes Genesis P. Orridge wrote for 'Thirst' he ends: "To live is to either exist, or to struggle against imposed controls and fight for an individual destiny, vision and expression."

He then quotes Franz Kafka.

"I do not hope for victory. I do not enjoy the struggle for its own sake. I could only enjoy it because it is all I can do. As such the struggle does indeed fill me with a joy which is more than I can really enjoy, more than I can give, and I shall probably end by succumbing not to the struggle but to the joy."

CLOCK DVA!

Say goodnight, Charlie.

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J10B — Block Letters Please

Your recent claim that "At least six humans read each copy of *NME* . . ." is totally inaccurate. I am the only person who reads *my* copy. Then it is used for the cats to crap on. (My wife might look at it if there's a picture of David Essex in it.) (Or Freddie Mercury.) My friend says this is true of his copy also. After he has read it, he lights the fire with it. (I don't show *him* my copy.) (The friend.)
Algernon Blackwood, Leeds, and Pete Defeat (my friend).
It was a wild and crazy assertion; the actual figure is 5.7 humans per copy. Sorry. — M.S.

At last! Some criticism of Factory Records! *(Gasbag* February 21). Their sleeve is ambiguous; the name of the group, New Order, equally so. There is an element of that currently popular fad, Nazi-chic. How can Alan Erasmus deny this?

The fact is that Factory have merely capitalised on the 'New Wave'. Though not the first entrepreneurs (Malcolm McClaren is clearly their model) they are the most successful and have met the least resistance. "Enigma" is what they sell. To the question: "Can you manufacture abstraction and package it as Art?" one has to recognise that it's been done.

Given the complicity of groups eager for "stardom" and as such entirely malleable, yes it is possible. The 'pop star' syndrome, so derided by the New Wave, is effectively perpetuated, albeit remodelled to contemporary demands. It's a traditional formula. A combination of self-aggrandisement, the rewards of the 'pop' world, all self-doubt avoided by surrounding the enterprise with a coterie of sycophants.

Also, is the music really that profound and original? Why do I find so many traces of the past in the Factory output? It seems to be more than "influence"; nearer to plagiarism.

Whilst I concede Joy Division's value, A Certain Ratio's murmured, unintelligible, monotonic vocals are devoid of effect. As with so much of Factory's current output, I merely feel a reluctant curiosity, an elusive guess, as to the content; the *substance* of the music!

Apparently no such doubt exists in P Morley's mind. Is he the Factory/Manchester correspondent? Does he really write from the heart? Are New Order/Joy Division, A Certain Ratio and all other Factory products equally talented and "innocent"? Does Morley detect no contrivance? Will he criticise anything from Manchester? How does he view the forthcoming Factory release of a Joy Division double-album, a "tribute"?

How about some journalistic balance?
Dermot McGuinness, Chorlton, Manchester
I'm afraid Paul Morley is the *only* balanced journalist we have; he has a chip on each shoulder. — M.S.

Little Willie's Oi Division 'review' left me cold. It looks like something which got lost en route to the *Sounds* 1980 awards — remember those tasteful specimens of wit?

Paul Morley's New Order review was as objective as possible for someone moved by Joy Division, without being totally emotionless. The fact that he admits bursting into tears doesn't make me feel like pulling his article to bits. On the contrary, it shows he's human. Nevertheless, I'm pleased for Little Willie that he is of such low natural intelligence that a sordid piss take of something very special can fulfil all his literary ambition.
L.S., London
We have passed on your full address to Little Willie who, as you will have gathered from his 'review', fully appreciates constructive criticism. — M.S.

I am concerned about jibes in your rag about Blitzkids/New Romantics/Punk Peacocks (delete as appropriate). You have *T-Zers* quoting obscure DJs calling us crap, posers and upper-class prudes; Ray Lowry saying we are upper class snobs (hypocrite — he writes for *The Face).* Rubbish! Now is the most exciting time since '77. New groups are springing up, clubs are flourishing nationwide, magazines, pubs and shops are appearing to meet new demands. The best thing is that it's all done by young people! What's a matter? Feeling old? Feeling threatened?

The whole scene is completely classless. You can buy expensive clothes from PX, etc, or you can get them from jumble sales and create your own look.

Quote from Andy Warhol: "I used to say, 'In the future everyone will be famous for 15 minutes'. Well I'm bored with that now, I've got a new saying — 'In 15 minutes everyone will be famous'."

About sums it up don't it?
Steve Darquis, Bristol
Sure does, Steve! Is that your real name — *Steve?* — M.S.

I'm so hip.
Pelvis, near the top of the leg

Photo from the Sun, February 18th 1981 (also sent in by The Outsider, Hartlepool).

"The name 'New Order' has nothing to do with Nazis". — Alan Erasmus, Factory Records. (*Gasbag* February 21).

Do you need any more convincing? Incidentally, I seem to remember an American band called New Order which included ex-Stooges.
Dominic, London W2

Our American correspondent writes: "Guitarist Ron Asheton, who was indeed a Stooge, formed a band called The New Order in 1975 in L.A. and their '77 LP sleeve featured Nazi uniforms and assorted regalia; Ron (now a waiter in a vegetarian restaurant — fact!) is famous in the mid-West for his huge collection of Nazi gear and he wore some of it as far back as 1969, when with The Stooges. He went on to form the pathetic Destroy All Monsters and is an all-round helluva nice guy." So Factory's New Order are certainly keeping nice company. Don't you think it's about time they changed their stupid name? — M.S.

Embarrass your favourite pop group by writing to Gasbag, NME, 5/7 Carnaby St., London W1.

GASBAG

Edited by Monty Smith

Dear Edwyn of the O.J.'s, if you boys rewrite the theme from *Bonanza* again you'll get Tokio fae yir maw. Apart from that yir jist braw!
Fat Boab and Wee Eck, Stoorie Brae, Dundee
The only thing wrong with the theme from *Bonanza* is the way Orange Juice piss it about. — Big Hoss

My, my, what a smug 'Communist' Junior is *(Gasbag* February 21). So Left-wing equals Anti-Racist does it? Think again. The Nazi image of Jews as big-business exploiters of honest working folk is popular with the Left as well as the Right. Why does every German terrorist love to kill a 'Zionist'? And when the PLO plants a bomb in a market place do they put an ad in the paper warning non-"Zionists" to keep clear? By the way, Burchill's article didn't mention Zionism at all. How come all the letters attacking her have ignored this fact?
James Gunn, N London
Fanaticism is a weird thing; a spit away from fascism, in fact. — M.S.

So our Irish Communist friend reckons that Hitler's plans for racial purity coincides with the doctrine of Zionism. Schmuck. Zionism concerns itself with the idea of Israel being a Jewish state. This you may or may not agree with depending on where you happen to be sitting but the fact remains that many people other than Jews live quite happily in Israel without fear of being gassed in their showers or made into lampshades. A subtle, but quite important difference don't you think?
Geoffrey Deane, Leyton E10
I think the word 'subtle' is awfully well chosen with regards to this one. — M.S.

After the furore caused by Vanessa Redgrave's portrayal of Fania Fenelon, I must object to the choice of Robin Williams as Popeye. My reasons for doing this are fully justified. The fact is that Williams is a renowned Goofy fan and has openly campaigned for more Donald Duck cartoons on television. So successful has he been that DD cartoons regularly appear, driving the likes of Bugs Bunny, Sylvester the Cat and Popeye (!) from the promised land of children's TV. This has led to the fierce confrontation between the PLO (Popeye Lovers Organisation) and the KGB (Keep Goofy Barking), a party led by Williams himself. The fact that Popeye is still denied sufficient TV time while Mork from bloody Ork portrays him on the big screen is not just the height of irony, it is indeed obscene. I know Julie Burchill will agree, as she seems to thrive on important issues like this.
Jerry Mouse, Culver City, USA

If there is no such thing as a Jewish world conspiracy, how come when waiting for a Barnet-bound train at Camden Town they all seem to be going to Edgware?
Pissed Off, East Finchley
I wish that were true; they always seem to be going to Barnet. — Andrew Tyler, Edgware

I would like to reply to the letter written by Junior, N Ireland, whom I think it is safe to assume is of the male gender. Well, Junior, so you're a Communist, eh? Could've fooled me! Your sexual politics are more in line with the B.M. than the C.P.

As a socialist I am appalled at your sickeningly arrogant and ignorant attitude towards women. One of the biggest problems facing the labour movement is the presence of bigoted machos like you. How the hell can we ever hope to achieve the emancipation of the oppressed sectors within our society when we have to contend with the phallic brigade within our own ranks, hell bent on the suppression of the majority of the population? Is it any wonder that many feminist groups feel alienated from mainstream left politics?

OK, so you can't take the threat to your ego posed by the women's movement. Can't you see that by dumbly submitting to the role assigned to you by a sexist society you too are being suppressed? Until woman is free, man will not be free.
Stephen Madill, Hillhead Halls of Residence, Old Aberdeen
You, sir, are not only a student, you are an anti-Chicano bigot — macho is an adjective, not a noun. — M.S.

Yo, junto con mi hermano, somos de los pocos que, de vez en cuando, compramos en Cordoba (1) vuestra revista. Por que? Porque sabemos ingles (do you know Spanish?) y porque podemos pagarla, pero 160 pts no es un precio que pueda pagar cualguier "kid" de Cordoba por un periodico escrito en ingles. Que significa esto? Por ejemplo: 1—que el Punk en Espana es un producto de lujo. 2—que no hay revistas (pro-)Punk en espanol. 3—que no hay Punk en Espana. 4—que no hay Punk en Cordoba. 5—que no hay Diversion en Cordoba (Boredom si). 6—que no hay futuro en Cordoba. 7—que el rio de Cordoba (el Guadalquivir) esta "rotten" (podrido). 8—que que os importa a vosotros el Guadalquivir? 9—que que me importa a mi Spandau Ballet? 10—que etc.

Y ahora un pequeno chantaje: sereis lo suficientemente liverales para publicar esta extrana y lajana carta?
Eugenio de la Cruz Arribas, Cordoba, Espana (!)
***A Cannon For Cordoba* was shown on BBC1, Monday night. — M.S.**

So Peter Murphy reacted 'spunkily' to Chris Bohn's suggestions did he? I have a few suggestions concerning what I'd like to do with Peter's luscious body. Will he react spunkily to those, too?
The Countess, Welford-on-Avon, Warks
And you, madam, are a sexist. — M.S.

I'd like to congratulate Joe Dolce on his chart success with 'Shaddup You Face'. I'd also like to say that I don't believe that the Cosa Nostra were involved in a chart hype. Also, I don't believe that Joe Dolce has ever met Frank Sinatra.
Paul French, Bromley

What with 'Imagine' and 'Give Peace A Chance' back in the Top 40, all we need now is for the Vietnam war to start up again.
R.Nixon, California

Could you or anyone else at *NME* tell me where I could get copies of Lennon's 'Wedding Album', 'Life With The Lions' and 'Two Virgins'?
Tony Warren, Romford, Essex
Why not try a record shop? — M.S.

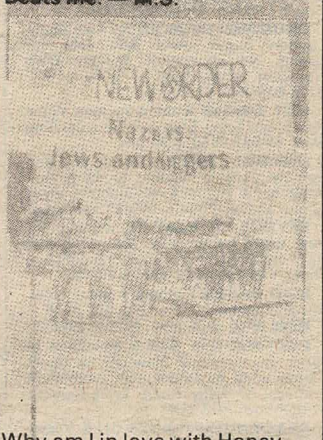
You can tell Phil Clark *(Damn Latin* fanzine) and Chris Bohn *Gasbag* February 14) that the reason we rock fans weren't aware of the Velvet Underground in '69 was because at the time the media shut right down/lost it's way, and:

(a) The *NME* was tipping The Nice as "brightest hope for the '70s";
(b) *MM* were choosing 'Blood Sweat And Tears' as L.P. of the year; and
(c) Radio One was telling us the Northern Dance Orchestra was where it was at.

So, is it so surprising that to us rock fans Velvet Underground LPs were just anonymous sleeves in the record shop racks.

Judging by the present high performance of the *NME* (Morley *et al)* at spotting up and coming crucial bands such an oversight seems unlikely to happen again, thank goodness. All we need now is for the radio stations to loosen up a little and we could be back in a 1965 WAUUUUGH!! situation.
Kerouac fan, Torquay

Would you please explain to me what it is your paper thinks is so bloody clever about putting writing over a photograph? You end up not being able to see the picture due to its being covered in writing. Or not being able to read the writing when it's over the black bits on a picture. And not infrequently both. Why? Why? Why???
Moaning Old Git, Carnforth
Beats me. — M.S.



Why am I in love with Honey Bane?
Someone who does not know why people fall in love with other people, especially famous people, Aberdeen
What famous people? — M.S.

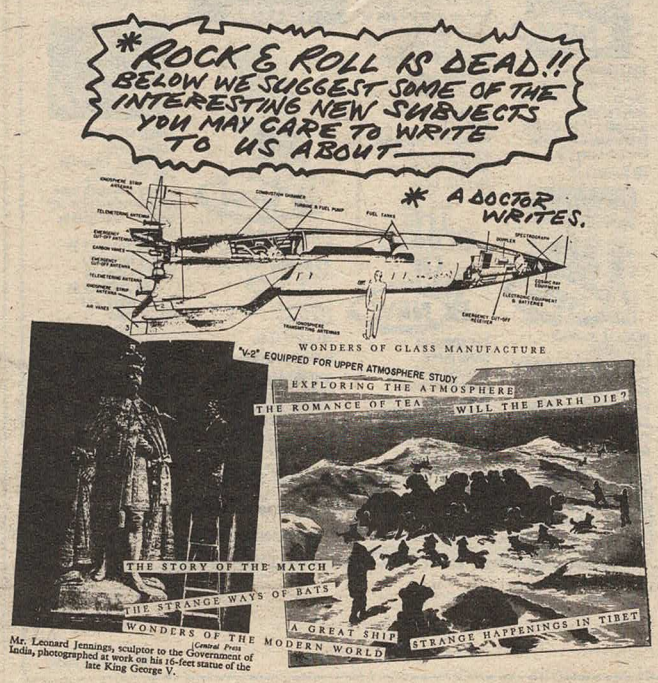
I had Danny Baker staring at me in Cheapside one Saturday afternoon about two years ago. I wanted you to know.
Joseph K (the unforgettable) Magistrate, London EC4
Now that's famous. You must be very proud. — M.S.

Travolta for Jim Morrison? Eek! This is the end.
John, Ray and Robbie, Peterborough
P.S. Can 'Livvy' play Pamela, please?
Over Jim's dead body! Which I guess isn't so hard to arrange. — M.S.

At last I think I've found the difference between you and *Melody Maker!* They print letters complaining about people standing up at Boomtown Rats concerts, so that those at the back can't see the band, whereas you sit down at the back, under the misapprehension that Jethro Tull are on stage. A good argument for taking the seats out of the Rainbow if ever I heard one. Good job they didn't play Elephant's Graveyard first, or you might have jumped up thinking it was Elvis Costello.
I can't sit down for standing up, Coventry
Everyone knows the difference between *NME* and *MM* is 5p — one pee for every year we're ahead. — M.S.

Is it too late to say I hated *Rock Follies?*
Iggy, Southampton, Hants
It's never too late to say that. — M.S.

The best words in *NME* last week were the ones I paid £5 to have printed in the classifieds.
Jo, Stockport, Cheshire
You were the only one who thought so, Jo. Which makes you unique! — M.S.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WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD
A GREAT SHIP
STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN TIBET
Mr. Leonard Jennings, sculptor to the Government of India, photographed at work on his 16-feet statue of the late King George V. (Central Press)

Illustration by Ray Lowry

T-ZERS

Little 'Locomotion' Eva steams back courtesy of T-Zers black slacks fan club.

JOINING THE throng for the **Bush Tetras** London club debut at Cabaret Futura on Monday (the Rainbow didn't count) was **Spandau Ballet** riffmaker **Gary Kemp** who intimated that the group would be playing selected London, Birmingham, Manchester and Scottish dates to promote the yukkily-titled 'Journeys To Glory' LP.

Kemp also took time out to dissociate himself from the current crop of synthesiser groups. "I'm sick of us being labelled a synthesiser band! I reckon that it will really surprise some people that our album is not all dance music. There are a lot of slower tracks on it, and not even that many synthesiser tracks.

"It pisses me off that everyone's going on about funk being the new thing right now, when six months ago no-one wanted to touch it. I did this interview about a year ago on television when we first started playing live, and I remember saying how we were into funk then. Now the music press are all plundering funk just like they plundered every other working-class music. *(Some of us music press were "plundering" funk in 1972-3 — Soul Ed).*

"It's just like what happened with reggae. A few years ago, people like **John Peel** would never play any reggae stuff, and you'd get reggae acts getting canned off stage at rock festivals. Then suddenly someone catches on and they all do an about turn because it's the in-thing."

Is this a stab for musical as well as fashion credibility? Well, the next Spandau single is to be released in two stages. A seven-inch version will have the slowish 'Musclebound' as the A-side, while the customary 12-inch pressing features the more dance floor-orientated 'Glow' . . .

Smokey O'Robinson a guest speaker at a ban-the-demon-Angel Dust rally in LA. . .
William Burroughs to make an LP with **Throbbing Gristle?** Guffaw, guffaw. . .
Tiswas disintegrates: **Chris Tarrant** to leave the show, along with **John Gorman** and **Lenny Henry** — but he's still considering a late-night adult version of the programme. **Sally James'** plans remain unknown. . .

MYSTERY SURROUNDS the fate of black magic dabblers **Witchfynde** after two members of the heavy metal outfit disappeared last week — on Friday the 13th. Following a Midlands gig that night singer **Chalky White** and drummer **Gra Scoresby** left the others and drove away, and have not been heard of since. Both men — or anyone who knows their whereabouts — are urged to get in touch with group manager **Ben Silk** on 01-621 1124 . . .

THOSE SPECIALS just keep on branching out. The latest diversification from 2-Tone Central — in the wake of **Brad's** Race Records and **Lynval's** production projects — comes from **Neville Staples.** Now back from a far-from-relaxing three week sojourn in Jamaica, Neville was in London this week putting the final touches to the first single by Coventry group **21 Guns,** the first release on Nev's own Shack Records set-up. As for JA, where Nev was making his debut visit to see his mum for the first time in 20 years . . . "Man! I had me bag nicked the first day I was out there! . . . There's like 12-year-old kids touting M16's! . . . The place is heavy!" More details next week . . .

THE BONGOS were surprised to find **Throbbing Gristle's Genesis P. Orridge** an unscheduled guest onstage at the New York sixpack show on Friday at the Rainbow. Gen was one of a few "jammers" who ambled, apparently uninvited, onto the stage during their set. But the Bongos have kind words for their Fetish labelmate; "He's old, but he's a really nice guy!" Hmmmm. . .

BUSH TETRA DEE POP got his first taste of the uglier side of London nightlife at the **Fire Engines'** Moonlight jig on Sunday, when he was thumped in the chest during a guestlist fracas. Not anything out of the ordinary for someone used to the more sinister beat of the New York Streets you may think, although Dee was left completely unable to defend himself unless he aggravates the two cracked ribs he suffered in NYC just before leaving for England. Mused vocal Tetra **Cynthia** philosophically, "I don't know what it is but trouble like that just seems to follow this band around. . ."

JC Carroll: no trousers

RE—MEM—MEM—REMEMBE MEMBERS: **Erroll** sashayed down to darkest Fulham last week to witness the return of The Members, only to be refused entrance due to massive shows of support from the populace. An hour and three pints later, however, found our man back stage with the Camberley combo, listening to **Jah Tesco** chant anti-nuke toasts and watching young ladies signing the plaster cast on the leg of el Mem's new tenor saxist, one half of the so-called **Tooting Horns** *(Ouch!)*

Apart from an almost completely revamped soul and funk oriented set ("We refuse to play 'Sound Of The Suburbs' "), the group are also staring hard at the small print on various record company contracts. Managerless, they now plan to manage their own affairs. Whoever they sign with, several solo projects are in line: **JC Carroll** is hatching a single on Fresh entitled 'I Don't Have A Decent Pair Of Casual Trousers To Wear' (neither does Erroll), and he and Tesco — who seems to have recovered from his tired and emotional era — have a platter full of **Sly'n'Robbie** rhythms to play silly buggers with. Prospective collaborators on this include **Joe Jackson.** Tesco also supplies the rap on **The Cimarons** forthcoming 12" discomixxx. The Mems' own single will be 'Working Girl': "That's how it is these days — the woman will support the man, who can't get a job," said Nicky, in an apparent reference to his own recent domestic set-up . . .

MINGLING WITH the likes of **Secret Affair's Ian Page** — wearing the same **Mo-dettes** T-shirt he'd worn two weeks previously — at Cabaret Futura was Mute maestro **Daniel Miller,** there to look after new boys **Depeche Mode.** "You probably won't like them Errol" he offered. "They might be a bit too poppy for you."

So hit me with something harder. **"Boyd Rice** (Californian noise maker, late of **NON)** joined **Fad Gadget** for his encores when they toured together in Europe."

Great, gimme more. "They'll be recording together in the near future."

Can't wait. Fad's pop satire and Boyd's disarming noise together promises to be a potentially great mix. In the meantime, a new Boyd Rice record will be out on Mute shortly. And Depeche Mode weren't so painful either . . .

Jo Callis (ex **Rezillo,** once of **Shake** and now a former **Boot For Dancing**) is working with erstwhile **Human Leaguers Ian Marsh** and **Martyn Ware.** They're the **British Electric Foundation** (or BEF, not to be confused with BOFs). . .

And a moment of synthesised silence for BBC man **Ron Grainer** — died of cancer over the weekend — composer of the **Dr Who** theme and therefore a genuine electro-Futurist pioneer. . .

Nutty new romantics: **Madness' Mike Barson** has married girlfriend **Sandra Wilson.** And **Suggsy** has got engaged to **Bette Bright.** . .

GIRLS At Our Best! have at last re-emerged from their winter hibernation in their native Leeds. After a lunch date with Errol on Sunday, the group were refused entry to the Captain Pugwash film showing at the ICA Cinema in London on the grounds that they were "too old". This, despite having the incredibly childish **James Alan** in their ranks! The gals, meanwhile, have recorded a **John** 'Jig' **Peel** session featuring a disco medley of all their single A and B sides and are even threatening to play live one day when they've "learned to play their instruments or borrowed a tape so we can mime" . . .

Phil Oakey of **Human League** keeping tight-lipped about prospective career as a German film star. Of course, this could be because he hasn't got one. . .
Hasty re-sleeving needed for the **Creedence** 'Live At The Albert Hall' LP after someone remembered it was actually done 'live in LA' — if that's not a contradiction in terms. . .

Virgin have signed **Simple Minds,** leaving Polydor post-pipped. . .

Well done, *Observer!* Enthralling to read the preview of **Scorsese/De Niro** epic *Sitting Bull* (SIC, SIC, SIC — hic!). . .

Madness keyboard maestro Mike Barson & bride Sandra Wilson tuck into their wedding reception blow-out at George's Cafe, Holloway Road N4.

HA! SO!
T-Zers regrets that the **Mao** clone pictured in last week's Great Wall photo, accompanied by shapely Japanese recording artist **Phew** was **Mr David Claridge** and not the Wall's DJ **Pete Sofroniou** (who shares his turntable duties with **Billy James).** Wall climbers are also to be informed that **Anarchy,** the Japanese **Clash,** are to be featured at the club in the near future . . . and that means their version of 'Tokyo's Burning' (we kid you not). **The Plastics** will make the scene live in April, to tie in with their Island debut, and till then it's **Susan, Marionette, Karma, Spy, Hikasu,** and **Kenjiendo** on tape. More soon, of course, from our man in Tokyo **Max Bell** — if you're reading this now, Max, take it easy on the sake . . .

The People (Race Records ex-**Selecter**oids) to be produced not just by **Lynval Golding,** as reported last week, but also by Specials sound man **Dave Jordan** and label supremo **Brad** as well . . .

No Nukes Music running Friday night specials at the Roundhouse pub, Wandsworth Common in London. Interested bands send tapes to: NNM c/o 9 Poland Street, London W1. . .

Siouxsie and the Banshees' next single should be, if there's any justice, 'Monitor'. **Nils,** their manager, isn't aware the song exists himself, but that's showbiz ...
Altered Images, quite comfortable with their CBS contract after all, have already recorded the follow-up to their debut single 'Dead Pop Stars'. Called 'A Day Waits', it's even better than their debut ...
Adrian Thrills guested on **Charlie Gillett's** *Undercurrents* programme on Capital Radio last Sunday and shamed your average deejay with his selection of music; **Positive Noise, Fire Engines, Grandmaster Flash, A Certain Ratio, Buzzcocks, Bunny Wailer, Bush Tetras** ... the only blemish was his extremely rockist description of **Clock DVA's** 'Thirst' as "a promising album, but we're all human . .

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2	(2)	Ants No 2	20p
3	(6)	Ants Physical	20p
4	(3)	Ants No 1	20p
5	(4)	Ants Invasion	20p
6	(5)	Ants No 3	20p
7	(10)	Echo & The Bunnymen	20p
8	(7)	C.N.D.	20p
9	(–)	Comsat Angels	20p
10	(–)	Siouxsie — Israel	20p

NEW RELEASES (20p)
Bongo's, Fleshtones, Db's, Hollyrock, Raybeats, Tea Set, Tea Music, Psychedelic Rockers, Spizzles, Section 25 New Aswad Star, Hitch-Hikers Guide To The Galaxy (set of 12), Furious Pigs, Bankrobbers, Protest & Survive, The Demons, Spandau Ballet, Rockpile O.M.D., Comsat Angels, Capt Beefheart, Scientists Aswad, Essential Logic, New Cbaret Voltaire, Girls At Our Best, Studio 1, Vision Collision.
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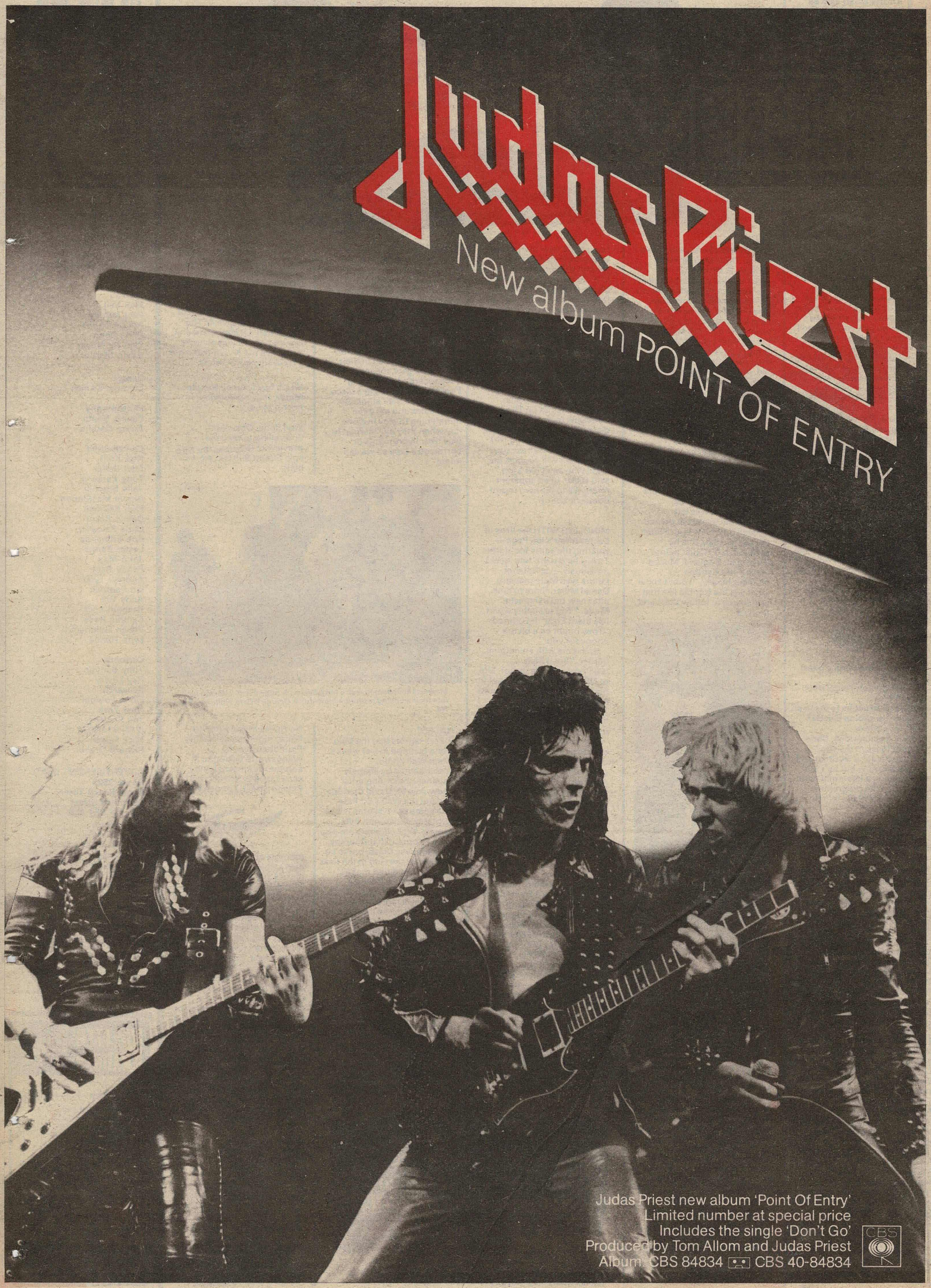
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